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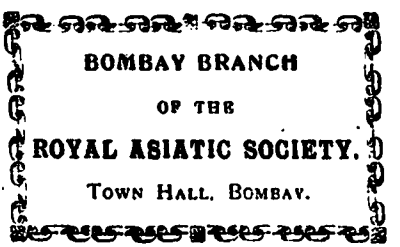

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INCLUDING

A WALK OVER THE FIELD OF BATTLE

AT

WATERLOO.

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By JOHN SCOTT,

AUTHOR OF A VISIT TO PARIS IN 1814; AND EDITOR OF THE CHAMPION, A LONDON WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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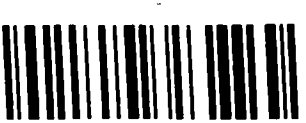

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PARIS REVISITED,

IN 1815.

CHAPTER I.

TO commence the account of my excursion as the excursion itself commenced, I must invite the reader on board a Margate Hoy. A more dignified starting point may easily be fancied; but none, probably, would so well answer the desirable purpose of exciting attention to the most striking peculiarities of our own country, just as we are on the point of encountering the features of one that is foreign. We may ransack the treatises of England's constitutional writers from one end to the other; we may explore the mysteries and complications of her commerce and finance, — but these will not afford any one national lineament so characteristically and exclusively her own as

a crowded *Watering Place*, situated within a moderate distance of the metropolis. As belonging to the place itself, must, of course, be included, the skilful and tempting processes of conveyance to and fro, as well as the elaborate organization of its customs and amusements, and the extensive assortment of conditions, tempers, and tastes, presented by its company.

There is no counterpart to this curious spectacle in any history of former times, or of other people. Nothing like it either has been seen, or is to be seen, but amongst ourselves at the present period. The display of human intellect, the glories of war, the pomps of courts, and the luxuries of the rich, offer no very strong contrasts between the different ages and places of the world. Mankind have generally possessed some good poets, and many bad ones: the revels of palaces were as well known to the people of antiquity, as to the living generation, to set any example but a proper one: and the elegant caprices of a Grecian Beauty, and the gratifications of a Roman *Bon Vivant* do not merit the contempt even of these enlightened days of

music-masters, millinery, and made-dishes. — But neither Greece nor Rome, can furnish us with a parallel to the enjoyment of an elderly London shop-keeper, — who, for eleven months of the year, looks at brick-walls, rises early in the morning to arrange his shelves, and sits up late at night to post his ledger, — escaped, with the gladness of a young bird, for a week or two, to stand on a chalk cliff and watch the waves of the sea, to ask questions about the tides of the fishermen, discuss the crops of grass and turnips with the farmers, and finish the day, thus devoted to nature, with half-crown loo at the libraries! — What edification and entertainment have we lost, inasmuch as this illustration of national manners and individual humour, did not exist in Steele's time to furnish suggestions to be improved by his exquisite genius! The beauty of the exhibition consists in what some may be apt to imagine it wants, — a rich truth to nature, and a strong marking of specific traits. The citizen, and the citizen's lady, are as entirely native in the bathing machine, as in the counting-house, or the back parlour.

The straw hat with enormous brims, the showy umbrella held against the sun, the inordinate appetite for every thing rural, are so many indications of the confinement of Cheapside: — they have not a feeling for the country that does not spring from, and suggest, a recollection of the city. The little boy by their side is made to walk with a cane, because people ought to look respectable when away from home. The bow is carefully careless, because customers are nobody more than any body else here. The waiter is called in a stern tone, not from ill-nature, but because those that can afford to pay their bill should be attended to, without distinction of persons. Their most distinguishing symptoms, however, are, a remarkable quickness of notice and accuracy of information relative to every thing by which they are surrounded. Those who have ridiculed the emigrants from the capital, as ill-informed and blundering, concerning what is foreign to the track of their own habits and occupations, are inaccurate observers, and unqualified to relish what is nicest in character. A London family, that has been accustomed to

make a yearly voyage to Margate, will be found, even to the young ladies that are released from boarding-school for the vacation, perfectly acquainted with the cant as well as technical names, given by the sailors to every turn of the river and every point of its banks. They will cause one who has only been to the East Indies as a passenger, to blush for his ignorance of marine matters, as they talk of Sea-reach, and Long-reach; — they well know when to look with the glass for the gibbets; — they smile in pity if you call a sloop a ship, or seem puzzled when you hear that you are going at the rate of six knots. They eat unceasingly to vanquish any suspicion of being "affected by the motion;" but their great triumph is, when the crew come round to collect money from those despised beings who have not before seen the Nore light! Papa, who is an old Margate-man, is still more nautically erudite. He is ostentatiously familiar with the captain; puts on his night-cap pretty early in the afternoon, and talks with a wink of turning in: — he, every now and then, throws his eye from the compass in the binnacle to

the vane, on the mast-head, — and recommends a lady with a pale face to go to the leeward-side of the vessel, but to take care of the boom when she jibes. Moreover, he is equally loquacious and expert when he is fairly landed in Kent, and comes in contact with the labourers in the fields. He sees, in a moment, the promise of the young wheats, — regrets that the black crops are likely to be scanty, — and praises, in the terms of a horse-dealer, the near Wheeler of the stage-coach that goes past, though he can perceive, with half an eye, that the poor thing's feet are tender through bad shoeing.

I dwell upon this portrait (perhaps too long) because, as I have before observed, it is one thoroughly and solely English: — it is no where else to be met with, and it is to be traced to qualities of national condition, indicating a degree of general advancement, that has not yet been attained elsewhere. I have been tempted to the description, in consequence of being forcibly impressed with the meagre, quiet, and empty air of the Continental Sea-port at which I arrived, comparing it, with the

bustling, jocund, full appearance of that which I had left but a few hours before. Large houses, scantily occupied; gloomy unfurnished shops, silent streets, a sleepy, poor aspect characterize Ostend. At Margate and Ramsgate, how different was the general effect! There every thing seemed overflowing; the demand went far beyond the means of accommodation, instead of lagging behind them; — business supplied pleasure, and pleasure gave circulation and vigour to business. It is only in England, and but lately there, that the intermingling of the different orders of society, and the intermeddling of one class of people with the proper habits of others, which constitute the life of a watering place, could occur. A very long and highly prosperous settlement of national institutions, and personal pursuits, is necessary, before any great number of individuals can have the power so to quit for a time their natural track, and respite their routine tasks: and an active, stout, and independent turn of thinking can alone account for the inclination to do so.

A German or a Frenchman landing at a

spot in England such as has been described, and uninformed of its nature, could only suppose, that, in the country to which he had come, the rich and the poor, the fortunate and the miserable, were arranged so as to inhabit separate towns, and that he had happened to debark at a place appropriated to those who had drawn the luckiest casualties in the lottery of existence. Considering what he has quitted, he cannot but be greatly surprised, when he learns that the swarm before him is a medley formed of every description of the nation; that the greater proportion of it is composed of persons of the middle ranks, who come from considerable distances, not more influenced by fashion, than competent to obey its dictates. A scene so utterly new to him, intimating a public union, opulence, and intelligence, so far beyond what he has been accustomed to see the signs of, cannot but give him a high notion of the land on which he has just stepped, and is calculated to justify in his opinion all the accounts of her wealth, power, and spirit, which may have previously reached his ear.

But to return to our Margate Hoy, that we may prosecute our voyage. A party of commercial men occupied the principal table in the cabin, and amused themselves, after they had finished a sumptuous dinner and desert, which they brought on board nicely packed, with playing at five-shilling whist, and betting highly on the various points of the game. Their iced port, and cant phrases,—their pine-apples, and city proverbs, assorted curiously. A gentleman, who lost ten guineas with the greatest carelessness, turned sharply round, after laying down a bank note for five pounds before the winner, to beg of a person, whom he heard speak of going from Ramsgate to Ostend, to take over for him a small sample of sewing cottons,—"But, for God's sake," said he, "be *very particular* in explaining at the custom house, that they are only *samples*, for otherwise I shall be put to the expence of a penny a-piece on the dozen balls, as harbour duty!"

An active, smart sailor, the upper leathers of whose shoes scarcely covered his toes, and whose black silk handkerchief was put on

loosely, to shew his brown, but handsome throat, sat observing this party of players, with looks that shewed how eagerly he sympathized with the chances of the game, and how well inclined he was to share in the hazards of the adventure. He was a man turned of forty, but had all the light brisk air of sea foppery, which may often be observed in our tars, united with the indications of hardy habits, simple minds, and desperate spirits. He was returning, I found, to Margate, to see his wife and children, after an absence of ten years. He had belonged originally to one of the hoys, and soon became possessed of a boat of his own, but fell into rough hands, in consequence, as he said, with an arch wink, "*of taking a trip across, to fetch the old women a drop of gin.*" The Excise seized his boat, its cargo, and himself: he lost four hundred and fifty pounds, which he had saved, and was sent on board a man of war. He had been for several years cruizing on the American coast, and described pithily, but simply, the miseries of a cold unhealthy station. His ship had lost many of its men, and, as he said this, his own

lungs were torn with a dry cough, which boded very fatally. It was impossible to hear this portentous signal, to look at the intelligent but dissolute and fierce countenance of the man, and listen to his story, told in quaint, sometimes highly comic, and always very forcible language, — without questioning, with feelings of regret, the value of that national system, to which he had become an unfortunate victim. Here was an individual utterly ruined in principles, constitution, and circumstances. He spoke bitterly of the treatment of the seamen by their officers, prophesied that our navy had seen its best days, and, while he shewed the most thorough contempt for the Americans, whom he described as cowards and lubbers, exulted in the idea that they were likely to be strengthened against England by multitudes of prime English sailors, who would seize with avidity any opportunity to escape from the lash, and low wages. It was quite clear that this man's testimony was strongly tinctured with the prejudices and various improper feelings of an irregular and unprincipled mind, composed of violent dispositions, and disappointed hopes;

but it is mere self-deception to set down as unworthy of notice all that may drop, as complaint or denunciation, from one so circumstanced. Those who exercise power, such is human nature, are quite as liable to fall into error as those who are the objects of its exercise; and the improprieties of the former are both the most dangerous, and the most intolerable. The downfall of great states has usually been produced by a disregard of the sources of alienation, and the feeders of discontent,—by a bigotted and harsh obstinacy in favour of every thing that bears the port of authority and the features of prescription, heedless of their natural tendencies to corruption and abuse.

Not the least characteristic of the passengers were two elderly women, who came together. They each carried a lap-dog, a well stocked and well arranged basket, and a stone bottle, the contents of which it would be impertinent to examine. The magnificent superfluity of their preparation, the skill and care of its adjustment, betokening luxurious tastes,—and the pampered appearance of their fourfooted friends,

contrasted oddly with their obstinate rejection of the proffered assistance of the porters to carry on board their weighty delicacies. Rather than pay three-pence to one of the men on the quays, they stumbled, and panted, and pushed, under a load which was heavier than it need to have been by at least five shillings, laid out in ham and mutton pies, more than the voyage required. A genteel lady and her husband, who took a cold fowl from the footman attending them, were rescued from the dilemma into which their culpable heedlessness as to such essential matters had involved them, by the loan of a little salt, very promptly extended from these more thoughtful caterers. It was delightful to observe the hasty carriage of good-will, mingled with some natural pride, and not a little self-approbation, with which these benevolent persons went at once to the precise corner where lurked the identical paper parcel: having found it, they held forth its treasure with an air and mien full of the dignity that attends alleviating the effects of the improvidence of our

fellow-creatures. This dignity is chiefly felt, when the objects of our bounty (as in the present case) — have pretensions in some respects higher than our own.

CHAPTER II.

RAMSGATE is understood to be the most eligible point of departure for Ostend. The trip to Brussels, going by one of the Hoys from London to the former place, or to Margate, and taking advantage of the beautiful canal navigation from Ostend to Ghent, is highly pleasant, and very easy, and is not necessarily attended with much expense. But those who go this way to Paris, find the journey from Brussels both long and expensive.

The view of Ramsgate, as the packet left its noble harbour, and stretched out across the spacious blue sea, under the weight of a summer breeze, was very beautiful. The handsome houses scattered over the cliffs, the walking and riding parties on the sands, the rows of white bathing machines, formed an interesting and

pleasing picture. The vessel rippled the transparent water as she inclined easily on her way. By degrees the smaller features of England became less distinct, and, as they gradually faded, afforded the means of calculating the progress we were making. As we advanced further from the land, more of it opened on our sight: the Downs presented a rich and animating throng of masts; the bold headlands threw themselves against the waves to the north and to the south of us; — our country appeared "stoutly ramparted with rocks," and the light shadowy sails, that gleamed and shifted around this sublime barrier, might, with but little help from a poetic imagination, be deemed the "Guardian spirits of the isle."

The first shade of the evening rendered it doubtful whether it was the gloom or the distance, that melted down the outlines of the earth into the slight and shifting tracery of the air and the ocean. — By an instinctive impulse, our eyes, which had hitherto been directed behind the vessel, were now fixed in the direction she was proceeding, — in haste to discover, since the curtain

had dropped on England, what new scene was about to be disclosed. The night, however, fell thickly on our view, — and it was in the hazy, cold light of a very early hour of the following morning, that I perceived the round, sulky looking bent hillocks, whose dwarfish elevation told us we were approaching the port of Ostend. Its light-house was just distinguishable, rising from the blank flatness of the apparently interminable coast. As the day advanced, the houses of the town shewed themselves; but they seemed to look forth scantily and with jealousy, from within the bulky projections of grass and stone that denoted its fortifications. We waited impatiently for the hoisting of the flag at the end of the wooden pier, which is the signal that the tide serves for entering a most inconvenient and dangerous harbour.

The passengers in the packet were chiefly persons connected with the British army, called over in consequence of the arrangements necessary after the great battles. Before the morning had assumed its fresh cheerful aspect, and while the heaviness and damps of night yet lowered on its

brow and chilled its influence, my attention was attracted to two women, the wives of soldiers who had been wounded, and who were going to Brussels to see their husbands. They had apparently squatted out, in the same attitude, and with the same unmoved looks, the whole of the hours that I had passed below. As I left them, so I found them. Their natures had become, under the constant action of coarse circumstances, callous, cold, and stiff, — what the body becomes when it is weather-beaten. I asked them if they had spent the night on deck? They said they had; — they believed there was not room below. I enquired if they had not felt it cold? "No Sir,"—one of them replied in a slight tone, — and the other, moving her shoulders, and making a sleepy sound with her breath, drew her cloak more closely around her. There was something more touching in this insensibility to hardships, than in any common susceptibility to them. It seemed more melancholy that we should lose the faculty of feeling evil when it pressed upon us, than that we should groan under its weight. The inequality of human

condition was more affectingly exemplified in the torpor of these poor women, contrasted with the artificial sensibilities and idle affectations of so many of their fellow-creatures, than it could be by any lively complaint of wretchedness.

The signal was given, and we rapidly approached Ostend. Its houses, roofed with tiles, give it an English character, so that the strong impression made by the foreign aspect of Dieppe, which I have described in another work, was not now experienced. The boatmen who joined the crew had nothing about them of the grotesque look of the French pilots; they were open-faced, well-dressed, and well-made fellows. The women on the pier seemed simpler in their general air than those which last year constituted my first specimen of French females in their own country. These early indications of a prepossessing nature were pleasingly corroborated when I saw more of the Netherlands.

The harbour was full of English transports: soldiers of the same nation were distinguishable by their red coats, walking on the ramparts, and standing as loiterers

on the beach. On the quays, English cannon-balls were piled in large pyramidical masses. "I am a British officer," said one of our party as we came up to the custom-house; — the people there immediately touched their hats, and we passed on with our trunks unopened and unstopped. These talismanic words operated with the same efficacy through the whole of the Netherlands. When the baggage of a crowd of passengers arrived at the first frowning barrier of each of the several fortified towns on the road to Brussels, the individuals, appointed to perform this duty, began a busy inspection of boxes, bundles, and frequently of persons: — this operation, accustomed as we are to a process of a similar nature at some of our towns on the coast, has always an unpleasant look with it to an English eye, and more particularly so when it occurs at inland places, and is exercised on the few small articles carried by the country-people in their short journies. In behalf of the general restraints and strong inflictions of the *arm* of the law, the well-being of society conciliates every reasonable mind; but extreme disgust and sharp ani-

mosity exist amongst the public of England against the petty meddling of its *fingers*, — and this disposition is by no means to be deplored. In the course, however, of these irksome examinations, the authority and suspicion of the inspectors were instantaneously transformed into the signs of implicit confidence and profound respect, at the intimation that they were laying hands on the trunk or portmanteau of an English officer. It was immediately released from the forms to which the others were compelled to submit, and this privilege was extended to all that claimed to be joined in its company. The inhabitants, delayed and obstructed, saw their visitors pass on before them as if superior to all regulations. It was sufficiently plain that the habitual observation of this courtesy and deference, paid to our countrymen, had excited and diffused the most lofty notions of our country. The officers of other nations, in alliance with the King of the Netherlands, had not any thing like the same degree of favor shewn to them: — but the word English was every where a passport and a protection: it was an admission to what was

generally concealed, a title to what was generally denied, an excuse for what might be irregular, an introduction to every one's intimacy, and a certain appeal to every one for assistance and kindness.

Much of this disposition, so pleasant and profitable to British travellers, is to be traced to their immense influx into these foreign places; a circumstance which, added to the belief which is universally entertained on the continent, of England's absorbing share and commanding influence in all the political transactions of Europe, — seemed to give the Belgians an amazed sense of the strength and splendor of the people, of whose means they received so large and superb a specimen. It certainly was calculated to strike their feelings in this way, to hear all their inn-yards re-echoing with the wheels of British equipages, and the strange voices of British servants; to see their roads choaked and their streets crowded with a pouring tide of British visitors, most of them sufficiently well informed to speak the language of those amongst whom they had come, — and superior to all about them in the arrangement and

quality of their conveniences; bearing themselves with an independence of manner, and decisive air, that gave the assurance of personal respectability, and vouched for the power to remunerate the attentions and services which they rather peremptorily demanded. The cause of this visiting on so large a scale, was well known to involve no motives of gain or necessity, but to arise from a public enthusiasm relative to the grand military achievements, the pride as well as the expence of which were acknowledged chiefly to belong to our nation. The awfulness of these had in a great measure smitten the faculties of the people amongst whom they had occurred, but it had roused the spirits and kindled the animation of the English. Every one who has lately been abroad must have observed the very distinguished estimation in which circumstances have caused the British name and character to be held; and the vindictive irritation of the French against us, and their ignorant abuse, form a testimony coinciding with the evidence of the kindness and respect shewn by others.

But while we cherish the exultation thus

very naturally excited, we ought to bethink ourselves of the responsibility which our impetuous interference in European politics, the remarkable accomplishment of our wishes, and the success of our exertions, have imposed. Amidst much that was disastrous and malignant in the disorders that have been afflicting the world, there were many excellent tendencies to public improvement, which men had the sagacity to perceive and the wisdom to applaud, though they were unfortunately encompassed, and even connected with what was hateful and mischievous. The principal agents in the destruction of the bad, are called upon to distinguish properly in their work. If they do not, the honour and praise which have been awarded them in the hour of triumph, will be turned to infamy and execration when, in calmer moments, it is discovered, that they have crushed all that gave hope for the future when they struck down what was presently irksome. He has not accurately observed the nature of the public feeling of the nations of Europe towards England, who is not convinced that an admiration of free

institutions, in the possession of which she is justly believed to be in advance of other states, is the great source of the respect paid to her name and people. To her attainments in this way they all look with an earnest eye of desire; her liberal and enlightened endeavours to extend the blessings which she enjoys and prizes, are what all expect and demand from her. If men are disappointed in these their hopes; if they find her following up the display of her transcendant strength by encouraging and abetting the re-imposition of what they know to be imbecile, odious, and unjust, — the whole of her wonderful exertions will be placed to the account of a sordid and selfish spirit, and the few virulent traducers of her fame, whose murmuring spitefulness is now drowned in the cheering of disenthralled kingdoms, will be joined by the unanimous outcries of mankind, thus infamously deceived and fatally abused. That British statesman can have no proper feeling of his country's policy and duty, who is not keenly alive to the force of the appeal lately made in the name of a people, — it does not much signify through what organ,

—"We do not wish to be more free than England, but we would not willingly be less!" This address, while it is a glorious testimony to the value of what England is at this moment, may soon become, and for ever remain, a bitter reproach of the bad principle by which she guided her influence on the greatest crisis for the general interests of society, the issue of which history will probably have to record. — A Parisian who was obstinately sceptical about the superiority of our army at Waterloo, and seemed very much inclined, like many of his countrymen, to dispute the defeat of France, — was nevertheless surprised into a rapturous exclamation in favour of our island, in consequence of an accidental remark made in his hearing, that she gave to every prisoner the right of demanding a trial; and that her newspapers printed what they pleased, whether it pleased her rulers or not. In this, it must be confessed, he shewed truer notions than one usually meets with scattered about that capital; but an involuntary testimony from such a quarter ought to have great weight. It is not pleasant to know, that the insignia of British honours,

the esteemed rewards of British heroes, and the stimulating inducements of our country's noblest ambition, which, in justice to those whose pride they are, should never be attached but to worth, have been disgraced and depreciated by their presentation to an individual, whose unworthiness to receive such a gift is most strikingly exposed by that which was very mistakenly regarded as his only claim to it,—namely, the station of royalty, which he has rendered a curse to his subjects, and a reproach to the name of government. *

Ostend seemed to owe all its symptoms of life to the British troops that occupied it as a depôt of army stores, formed on the point of their debarkation. Nothing can be imagined more dull and cheerless than

* One cannot admire the taste of those Englishmen, who think themselves honored by displaying the gaudy orders of that merit, which finds favor in the eyes of *Ferdinand of Spain:* and still less can one admire the taste of those Englishmen who made *Ferdinand of Spain* a Companion of British Knights.

its own proper aspect, — but the people seem cordial and pleasant in their manners. Their liveliness looks like the result of a frank simplicity of character; it is thus relieved from that semblance of grimace and trick which has so disagreeable an effect in the manifestations of French gaiety. This commendation applies generally to the Netherlands: the appearance of its inhabitants is certainly very much in their favour: good figures, fine complexions, and pretty female faces, are combined with a winning open expression, the assurance (in which a neighbouring nation is so very deficient) that the sentiment corresponds with the external symbol.

At the town-house the guards were composed of British troops; the spacious market-place was filled with groups of our soldiers; and, in the Café's, the officers were lounging playing at dominos. The whole of this scene gave one an unpleasant idea of the languor and cheerless dissipation that belong to the inactive part of a military life. The weary task of killing time was never brought so thoroughly home to my conception, and never so strongly inte-

rested my commiseration, as by the appearance of these individuals belonging to straggling and detached parties of our army, quartered in this corner of a foreign country, and doomed to find resources to get over the long days, out of the monotonous and poor presentations of a Flemish sea port.

CHAPTER III.

A LARGE commodious boat, fitted up expressly for passengers, goes up the superb canal from Ostend to Bruges, the distance being about twelve miles: the fare is very trifling. Strangers from England who cannot here procure those conveniences for travelling by land which they expect and desire from being accustomed to the complete arrangements of their own country, may consider themselves very fortunate in having the opportunity of embracing this most agreeable mode of conveyance by water. Besides, these canal journies in the Low Countries are characteristic of the place; and the elegant cabins, and spacious decks of the Schuyts, afford the means of that easy and intimate communication with the people, which is so valuable and pleasant to a traveller.

It was a beautiful summer evening when we started from a vast lock about a mile from Ostend: and, what with the fineness of the weather, the luxuriance of the surrounding vegetation, and the number and gaiety of a very respectable company, the scene formed a refreshing contrast to the previous part of our expedition, which consisted of a night and day spent at sea on board a close packet. The canal here it very broad and deep, admitting large vessels to proceed a considerable way up the country, and unload their cargoes at the place most desirable. We were drawn by three horses, and proceeded at the rate of four miles and a half an hour. We had thus the consciousness of making a pretty rapid progress, but unaccompanied with the feeling of any motion, except a pleasing sensation of gliding. The placid repose of the surface of the canal, was relieved from dullness by the rays of the setting sun, and was mildly interrupted by the advance of the boat, skimming rather than cutting her way. The opulent rest of the fields, exuberant in the fatness of their produce, and lying low under the weight

of their own richness; — the frequent appearance of snug happy looking houses; — the occasional view of sturdy, simple, and well-fed peasants, carrying their fishing-rods and filled baskets, — united with the other circumstances to produce a sense of tranquil enjoyment.

All this might be contemplated in its own quiet from the further extremity of the boat; and, turning one's face toward the stern, it might be contrasted with the flutter of gaudy flags and white awnings, the nodding of women's bonnets, the sweeping of their gowns, the bustling, loud chattering, and quick movements of a laughing set of passengers. The Belgian ladies and gentlemen all talk French, and I would describe their manner as consisting of what is best in that of the French, namely, its liveliness, and speedy familiarity, omitting what is worst; — its artifice, theatrical effect, and warning of insincerity.

An old man came on board to grind his organ; — he seemed very stupid and awkward, — but he brought with him his grandson, a child of seven, who had ample

vivacity and readiness for his sire and himself. His repartees on those who attempted to plague him, were much better than the shrill singing with which he accompanied the miserable instrument. — But it was best of all to see the professional dexterity and avidity, belonging to him as a public exhibitor, succeeded, the moment he had finished the collection of a few sous in a wooden cup, by the genuine and pure simplicity of the child, — displayed in eagerly recurring to his work of cutting out, from a bit of stick, the body of a man, and ingeniously fixing two pins for its legs.

Below the deck where these fine entertainments were going forward, there was a suite of cabins; the first one being handsomely furnished with crimson velvet curtains and cushions, where a few who were more languidly inclined than the others, or who found peculiar satisfaction in the conversation and attentions of a single companion, experienced suitable accommodation. Several of the other apartments were occupied as shops for dispensing fruit, liquors, and various refreshments.

Among the seats on deck, one was occupied by six or eight English women, the wives of serjeants and serjeant-majors of our army, whose round caps, small straw hats, and plain brown cloth pelisses, were sadly overpowered by the shawls, feathers, and flounces of the fair Belgians. But they were in high glee notwithstanding,— they talked loud, laughed carelessly, and told every one to whom they could make themselves understood, how long it was since each had seen her husband, where she had lived in the meanwhile, how many children she had living, and how many dead.

We had also on board a man whom I would have taken for a British sailor, but for an expression of cautious shrewdness in his broad hard-featured countenance. He shewed a restless anxiety to speak to every Englishman, which I soon found proceeded from the pride of broken English. "I have served in your navy," were his first words to me:— he had fought at Camperdown under the Dutch Admiral Storey, whom he cursed for a traitor, and added, —"So you see I was taken for a prisoner of war, and then I went for to serve in

one of your king's ships, which was better than for to starve; wasn't it, Sir? Ha, ha, ha!" A Belgian, who partly comprehended what was said, seemed to think he had made an improper choice, and said something in Flemish to the renegado, which caused the latter to turn sulkily away from the speaker, sticking his hands in his breeches' pockets.

When we were about half way to Bruges, a boat put off from a brig that was lying to unload her cargo, — and a stout fellow, in a blue jacket and trowsers, threw himself into our schuyt, with the air of Sheerness in all its grace and activity. He also was a Dutchman, and had also served in our navy. The transformation in this case was more complete than in the former, though sufficiently deficient to render the exhibition grotesque and ridiculous. Our new passenger was, as a British sailor, very drunk, — and, as a native of Holland, very clumsy in his jokes and caperings. The other Hollander was, at first, very suspicious, and exercised the right of cross-questioning the new comer as to the truth of his pretensions to have served on board

a king's ship; but finding, after an interchange of craft secrets, that he was no impostor, maintained over him for the rest of the time, the superintendance which a sober comrade ought to preserve over a drunken one, — winking, with much self-complacency, to the English, as his friend gave vent to the nautical oaths in rather a foreign style. The *Marchand* below soon discovered the value of his acquisition in this fresh passenger, and was not wanting in the necessary attentions to one who needed no extraordinary temptation to commence a familiar acquaintance with the bottles. As the drunken fellow put a glass of liquor to his mouth, his eye caught mine, and instantly changing the cast of his look from one of gloating satisfaction to one of doleful regret, he exclaimed, — "Ah, Sir, on board the *Ajax* I drank rum; here, d—— — ——, I must drink gin! I served King George for twenty years, and now I am returning to my own country, well clothed, and with plenty of prize-money." — After finishing his draught, he reeled round to the musician, and called upon him to play up a "*nice tune*." The

old man did as he was ordered; — when he had done, his little boy kept pushing him earnestly behind, driving him on to extract from the intoxicated sailor a reward, proportioned rather to the condition of the customer than to the worth of the commodity. Not finding his pushes, or some gentle kicks, properly attended to, he undertook the work of importunity himself, and pursued it with great perseverance, till he was rather roughly repulsed. The ladies, on board, regarded the troublesome Anglo-Hollander as a strange monster, and it was easy to discover from their looks, and some few words which they dropped, that they gave to England the principal share of the honour due to his formation.

We arrived at Bruges late in the evening; and, after a short walk from the canal, surrounded by a crowd of porters, coachmen, cabriolet drivers, &c. accustomed to wait the arrival of the packet boat, our progress was stopped by the first outwork of this fortified place. This passed, another soon presented itself, and lastly came the heavy town-gates, leading through the

massive walls which formed the third line of the triple defence. Intending to set off in an hour or two by another boat for Ghent, I was told that no time must be lost in dispatching my luggage through the opposite gates of the town, otherwise the men, who carried it, would not be able to return home, as the barriers would be closed against all entrance for the night. This necessity, pressing on the inhabitants in arranging their visitings or business without the walls, is one of several circumstances that startle those who are unaccustomed to the precautions and restraints of fortified cities, observed in countries that are often the seat of war. England, "the ancient and the free," has been long and happily exempted from these severities and inconveniences.

Bruges, like most of the towns in the Netherlands, is very large, but contains a small number of inhabitants in proportion to its extent. The houses here, and elsewhere in Belgium, are bulky but ill-filled: yet a neatness and orderly arrangement are visible in the external appearances of the streets throughout this kingdom, which one

in vain looks for in France. My stay in Bruges was only for an hour or two of darkness, so that I can say nothing of any of its objects of curiosity. The spire of the principal church seemed to be magnificently light and lofty, and this is the general character of the churches in this quarter. Their architecture is of an order of the Gothic, the effect of which is very imposing.

When supping at the hotel here, our host came in with a book, in which he is compelled to enter, every day, the name, age, profession, and domicile, — also the place coming from, and the place going to, of each of his guests. The list is sent every twenty-four hours to the police. I found it full of the recorded particulars of a host of my countryfolks, of each sex, and every age, profession, residence, and condition, all on the swarm for Brussels. Many of them, however, with much simplicity of acknowledgement, had put down the precise point of their destination, in the words, "*Field of battle, near Waterloo.*" There were whole columns of those very familiar patronymics, the Johnsons, Robertses, Davises, and Jack-

sons, coupled with Highgate, Pancras, Camberwell, and even some of the streets of London, such as the Strand, Oxford Road, and Charing Cross, as the places of their respective domiciles. These will remain in the archives of the police at Bruges, as the memorials of a most extraordinary time.

Proceeding to the boat in which my fellow-traveller and myself were to perform our night voyage to Ghent, our Fiacre was stopped by the centinel at the gates, the hour of shutting them against return having arrived. Expressing some disappointment at being compelled to walk at least a mile and a half to the point of our embarkation, an honest Flemish farmer, who was passing through to his abode, offered us seats with him in his cabriolet. He was a hale, jolly, worthy fellow, — an excellent specimen of his country's productions, both in size and sentiment. The only recompence he asked was, that we should do as much for him when he came to England. He stopped at an Auberge, making us drink with him some of the white beer of the country, and when we offered to open

our purses, stopped us with a look of good humoured anger. "Here," said he, "we live well; we have plenty of every thing we want, though in your country you would not call us rich; but twenty francs here, go as far as a hundred with you."

It was quite clear that he was right in speaking of his country as abundant in its possessions: respectable villages, honest faces, green fields, and pretty peasant girls, every where greeted us. The general language of the country, after advancing from the coast, is French, but its habits and general appearance are very superior to those of its neighbour. The individuals who have lately written of the happy condition of the peasantry of France, have surely not passed from the Netherlands within the French frontier. In the former, one may see hamlets, bearing evidence by their snug, orderly, and clean look, that their inhabitants are as well off as people in their condition of life can be; but one cannot enter France for six miles without observing a totally different aspect. Gaunt houses, ill-filled with poverty and grimace, ruined

chateaus, slovenly grounds, again struck me as they did last year on my first visit to France.

Sterne calls Flanders the great prize-fighting stage of Europe, and the appellation is a just one. There is not a town here, I may say not a spot bearing a name, that does not instantly, when mentioned, suggest the recollection of famous campaigns, including able military manœuvres, great battles, important treaties, alliances, discords, and devastations. Here "some of the finest sieges have been laid to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe." My Uncle Toby rode most furiously, as every one knows, on Flanders, as his hobby horse. His model of a fortified place, provided by the ingenuity of Trim, was made, we are told, to be a perfect Proteus. —— "It was Landen, and Trerebach, and Santvliet, and Drusen, and Hagenau, — and then it was Ostend, and Menin, and Aeth, and Dendermond." Among these towns, or in their neighbourhood, I now passed. I was surrounded by Liege, and Bruges, and Malines, and Juliers, and Tournay, and Mons, and Jemappe, — the

scenes of the fiercest encounterings of the armed strength of nations. I now followed the march of Marlborough and of Eugene, the chastisers of the ambition and vanity of a French King: I rolled over the ground on which the French Republic assumed her awful character of the conqueror of Europe: I trod on the field where, after a long career of unexampled victories, a French Emperor tried a last and desperate effort to ward off his own and his country's humiliation, and failed, and was beaten down into disgrace and captivity.

One would expect that a country so long devoted to these terrible doings, would shew itself but as a Golgotha — a place of skulls; but, by some happy qualities of character and circumstances, it seems to have overcome the severities of its fate in this respect, and its people have acquired amiable features, and their condition has taken a kindly, flourishing look, under events that seem calculated only to brutify and destroy.

We found the boat going from Bruges to Ghent very deficient in its accommodation,

compared with the one that brought us from Ostend to the former place. The regular passage schuyt goes in the morning; that which takes its departure at night, is adapted chiefly for the conveyance of goods, having only a small cabin for the inferior order of travellers, who embrace this opportunity on account of its cheapness. A British officer, in his furred great coat, covered with frogs, who had committed himself rather rashly to this floating receptacle for Flemish peasants, looked misery and despair as he came up, driven on deck by one peep into the crowded apartment below. He stretched himself on some large crates, and procured a dangerous shelter from the cold night air, by covering himself with damp sacks. I felt no inclination to make a similar attempt at repose, but preferred going down to look at the crowd of strangers amongst whom I had been accidentally thrown, and whose merry conversation assailed my ears in violent gusts of noise.

I could scarcely force my way into the cabin: it was lined with sitters three deep, and a number of standers near the door

were on the alert to discover and seize vacant places. Men and women were jammed together, — some nodding in an uneasy sleep, others hushing their children, whom the heated atmosphere and the confinement rendered irritable and teazing, — some eating out of baskets of provisions, others labouring hard to get room for their legs. In the middle, a small space was reserved for a card table, at which two men were seated, playing with a well used pack that belonged to the boat, forming part of its accommodations for the nightly voyage. One of these players remained stationary at the table for many hours, receiving various antagonists in the game as they presented themselves in rotation. According to a sort of general understanding, which no one expressed but every one felt, he seemed to be installed with certain privileges over his companions: he evidently had a presiding influence, which did not, at first, seem to me very explicable, as he was a man "severe and stern to view," turned of fifty, whose manners had no particular refinement, and whose *toute ensemble* told you that, as to the gifts of fortune, he was far

from being above those by whom he was surrounded. The secret, however, was explained, when I afterwards discovered him to be the well-known schoolmaster of a Flemish village. "Full well" his neighbours laughed," — but not "with counterfeited glee," at "all his jokes.

—— "And many a joke had he."

The sudden peal of merriment, rising after he had uttered one or two uncouth syllables in the country language, startled the sleepers, and made them spring up with an enquiring gaze on their half awakened faces. The conversation was all carried on in the Flemish dialect, the harshest that can be imagined. I sat as one out of all society, yet hot and pressed in a crowd. Those by whom I was squeezed looked at me, and I looked at them, but the interchange conveyed little or no communication from either side. When they laughed to the danger of their sides, I could only laugh with them, in the confidence that they would not allow their lungs so to crow without sufficient cause. At the hazard of being thought sentimental I must confess

that my thoughts flew quickly between this strange scene and that from which only three days had removed me. At home, the garden was then lying quiet and clear in the moonlight, — the faces, best known to me in the world, were most probably resting placidly on their pillows, — and here was I, — wakeful and unregarded, — not understood, not understanding, — perspiring at every pore, and silently listening to coarse jokes, uttered in guttural German.

The first hours of morning came, and the boat stopped for half an hour to allow us to take coffee in a house of refreshment by the side of the canal. The throng of passengers rushed out of the cabin and threw themselves into seats on each side of a long table, covered with the preparations that were in perfect readiness awaiting their arrival. We drank as much coffee as we pleased, and ate our fill of bread and butter, for six sous, — threepence, each.

Between four and five o'clock, the sun struggled to get above the round willow trees that enclosed the canal: we passed numerous villages that shone in the silver

of its early light; the inhabitants were up, and already at their occupations; the smoke was rising from the cottages; the children were at the doors half naked; the dew hung heavy on the grass. During the night, those who went on deck had only heard the feet of the horses that drew the boat,—but now they were to be seen, at a small distance,—*not* guided by the rough-looking boy who dozed on the back of one. The country continued flat and rich; the people and their habitations, cheerful and comfortable. A party of Belgian soldiers were huddled in a group near the bow of the vessel: they conversed in French, and talked of Buonaparte;—he had *lost his head* they said, no wonder then that he had lost his crown.—With all imaginable carelessness, they struck from these contemptuous remarks, on one that was lately so terrible, into a song, the chorus of which was, "*Vive le Roi,—le Roi des Pays bas!*" What a change did all this indicate from the state of Europe's public affairs as they were in 1812 and the preceding years! The alteration, though in many respects gratifying, was, in one, melancholy and hu-

miliating to human nature, for it shewed what mere creatures of circumstances are mankind, including their opinions and their interests; —it shewed how little things here are regulated by any fixed standard of propriety, — but how easily the "great globe itself, and all that it inhabits," become cast and re-cast, in every variety of "form and pressure," according to the predominating influence of the day, —What song would these soldiers have sung three years ago?

The high and florid spire of Ghent, rose, in the cold blue clearness of an atmosphere, which the sun's rays had not yet reached, with all its notched and carved outlines distinctly marked. The eye was led to it along a stretching line of water, shut in by two regular rows of cropped willow-trees on the banks. There was no catching, at this place, even a glimpse of the country on either side; it was impossible to look in any direction but along the narrowing *visto* of canal, terminating in a point on which we were gradually advancing.

At the landing place at Ghent we were surrounded by a crowd of ragged boys and officious men, — most of them speaking

a little English, and nothing loath to display their acquirement. One insisted upon conducting us to the best hotel, another would shew us the church, a third would lead to the office of the diligence, — and there was not wanting one to whisper, though it was before breakfast, that he knew where the " pretty girls lived."

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CHAPTER IV.

IF this work professed to give an account of the Netherlands, I should be ashamed to confess that I remained but a couple of hours in the large city of Ghent, the greater part of which time was occupied in breakfasting and arranging my departure from it. But Brussels and Paris were my objects, and towards these I moved with all possible rapidity, — feeling that moments spent by the way, as they must necessarily be few, would not permit me to indulge in any thing worth the name of observation, while they would prove a serious loss in regard to my main pursuits. Perhaps, as I have little or nothing to narrate of Ghent, or of the places between it and Brussels, the present may be a fit opportunity for saying something general on the Netherlands; for, as we advance, we shall become very busy with the scenes immediately before us.

[redacted]nt is known as the city to which [redacted]s the XVIIIth. retired from before the [redacted]ccessful usurper of his throne. It gave the King of France an asylum for the three months which formed the period of his second exile. It is an extremely extensive, but very empty place. The houses large, substantial, and in many instances elegant, gave but few tokens of animation, and none of opulence. The dullest country town in England can afford no idea of the stillness and vacancy of the several noble looking cities on the line of road from the Flemish coast to Brussels. The peasants in their hamlets and farms seem all prospering in their lowly and simple condition; but, when we arrive at those huge masses of buildings, whose lofty spires have challenged our attention for previous leagues of flatness, and where we therefore expect to find astir the many noisy operations of human industry, and to be saluted with the shew of life in its largest and gayest state, — we are plunged suddenly into shade and silence. Not the shade of the woods which soothes, but of heavy walls which startles; — not the silence of the fields, which is that of

nature in its fertility, — but of untenanted habitations, which is that of society in its decay. A solitary individual may be seen walking in the middle of one of the long and narrow streets of these towns, — like a sexton stepping down the echoing aisle of a cathedral, — listening to the reverberation of his own feet, instead of hearing the enlivening sounds of a crowded thoroughfare, — gazing with a contemplative air, as if in the paved court of a college, instead of glancing with a vigilant one, as one must in the crowd of Cheapside.

Here, then, man appears as if he had fallen away from his sumptuous and capacious coverings: "His youthful hose, well-saved, a world too wide for his shrunk shanks." In the neighbouring country of the United Provinces, it, was till very lately, quite the reverse. But, under the system of Buonaparte, the exchange of Amsterdam, and its warehouses, were rapidly becoming what the splendid churches of Belgium are, — relics of the past, rather than signs of the present. It is curious too, that, at the very time when Buonaparte was taking measures which rendered useless what existed, he

was not only projecting but executing vast public works, that could only have their proper utility in that extension of commerce to which he was a determined foe. Having deposed his brother Louis for indulging the trade of the Dutch in violation of the rules of the anti-commercial code, framed for the continent of Europe by its conqueror, he instantly set about improving the sluices, and multiplying the canals of a country which he was reducing to beggary. His justification of such conduct was probably rested on what he had in view as the final result of his violent endeavours, to which these were only the means of reaching. He always represented that the prosperity of his vassal states would be the consequence of the complete success of his plans; and, when England was overthrown by his arms, when grass grew in the area of our Royal Exchange, when the bosom of the Thames should be unbroken by the keels of ships, and bear along with it to the sea no sound but that of its own deep current, no freightage but its own parted weeds, then might the canals, which our enemy cut in Holland,

and the roads which he made in the various kingdoms which he conquered, have become the channels of traffic, and of the numerous communications of a thriving people. But his design must now be judged of as one of those pieces of inflation, which are great, not in substantial qualities, but precisely because they are not solid, — which swell beyond common bounds because the slightest puncture may reduce them far within these. He who will disregard all chances of failure, to provide for which others withhold a portion of their means, will have more than others to expend in the pursuit of success; and is therefore likely, for a time, to be more brilliant than others in his achievements; but, if his career should happen to end in humiliation and disaster deeper and more abrupt than fall within the usual scope of reverses, it is but fair to consider what he gained as closely and necessarily connected with what he afterwards lost, and to found the estimate of his talent on the value of his complete career. A prodigal may astonish us by his magnificence over the man of prudence, — but the prodigal is

likely to leave his splendid saloon for a prison, while the man of prudence runs but little risk of being taken from the fireside of his parlour. It is not meant by this to confound genius with mediocrity; but to make a distinction between imposition and reality, — between tinsel and gold: — to enter a protest against permitting the flightiness of second-rate minds to receive the honours due only to the strength of first-rate: — to caution those who are inclined to mistake empiricism for science, and the desperation of a rash gambler for the skill of a wary calculator.

Buonaparte might occasionally soothe his own consciousness with the idea that he was ruining Holland only to raise it, as a fox-hunter talks of ridding the farmer of vermin, while he prohibits him from carrying a gun, and rides over his crops with dogs and horses; — but Buonaparte shewed in this instance, as in others, that, however he might allege an ultimate object of improvement as a justification, his passionate desires were to be known in certain intermediate measures that were both savage and brutifying. As ultimate public bene-

fit could scarcely have sanctioned these, their failure must consign them to ignominy and reprobation, since it has proved them to have been ill-calculated for any thing but the gratification of a violent and ruinous ambition, whose selfish cravings were to be appeased at any expence of general suffering and mischief. Of him may be said, as of Philip of Spain, "With great talents, he failed to obtain the reputation of a great prince, because, with a knowledge of mankind, and the power of benefiting them, he became the destroyer of his species, the chief instrument of human misery."

The real carelessness of this person for the fine and salutary objects, about which it was common for him to talk, has always been discoverable in some coarse and hasty action, contradicting the tenor of his professions, and shewing his true disposition. Thus, notwithstanding his tawdry allusions to classical fame, and his canting shew of veneration for antiquity, and admiration for art, he actually sold the superb Gothic church at Utrecht, standing as it was in perfection and strength, that the sum given by bricklayers and carpenters

for its materials might pay the expence of a pyramid to record his victory over Austria! — It is not to be denied, however, that since the administration of the public affairs of the Dutch provinces has been shifted into milder hands, what he has done in the way of improving the conveniencies of the country will be found of the greatest use; and the numerous, populous, bustling, and neat towns of that country, are likely to present again, as before, striking contrasts to the lethargic Flemish cities, — to which it is now time to return.

Flemish industry and ingenuity were, from an early period down to the sixteenth century, unrivalled; and these produced that opulence, which, according to the taste and character of the times, lavished itself on the magnificence of the many superb churches which adorn that country. It is not easy to see the justice of the attacks that have been made so often on trade as mean in its spirit, and of degrading influence; for, if the history of states be regarded, it will be found that those of a commercial character have been distinguished, not only by the love of enterprize, but also by the love

of independence. The Flemish cities, then populous and active, are noted for their refractory disposition, as it was called,—perpetually leading them to resist the oppressive measures of their unwise masters, the Dukes of Burgundy. The citizens of Ghent, in particular, rose in their market-place on one of these Dukes, and compelled him to restore their ancient and important right, of which he had deprived them,—namely, that each of their trade-companies should carry in procession its respective and proper banner! But it was the ruinous imposts levied by these Sovereigns that did the most harm to the Flemish cities: in process of time the trade of Bruges declined in favour of Antwerp, and one of the consequences of the noble stand for liberty made by the Seven Protestant Provinces, in the glory of which the others did not share, was to transfer to Amsterdam the commerce of Antwerp. Since this period the ports and cities of the Netherlands, have been more associated with the fatal operations of war, than with the exertions of peaceful industry,—and their size and magnificence, resulting from

the skill and thrift of their people, have been taken advantage of to furnish princes with instruments for carrying on those hateful feuds of which the people are always the victims.

It was a fatal thing for these fine provinces that a religious jealousy prevented their complete union in the struggle for liberty and independence against Spain; but their majority professing the Roman Catholic faith, and the minority of seven adhering to the Protestant, that alienation of sympathy which religious differences engender more than any other, occasioned a division of their strength and interests, at a moment when a combination of heart and power was most peculiarly necessary and desirable. Since then, the inhabitants of Belgium and of the Dutch Provinces, have entertained that strong dislike of each other which generally follows the rupture of a close connection.

This feeling, it is understood, operates with all its original force at the present moment, and is much to be regretted as it embitters the recent national union of the two countries, and, for the present, at least,

deprives both of the benefits which they might derive from this political measure. I was told, that during the night previous to my arrival at Ghent, a man had been killed in a disturbance occasioned by a religious dispute. The populace of the country had got it into their heads that their new Sovereign was about to pull down all their fine old churches! My readers recollect the opposition lately made by the States of the Netherlands to the law in favour of general toleration; which opposition rendered it necessary that the King should declare, that the law in question was a part of the public code of Europe, enacted by the Congress of Vienna, as applicable to the kingdoms influenced by its arrangements, and therefore not subject to the adoption, or rejection of particular governments *. If there be any thing suspicious, or objectionable in this interference with the rights of national legislation, there is something so admirable in the general principle, thus solemnly consecrated by the

* Why was Spain left out of this arrangement?

act of the assembled authorities of Europe, that one would willingly look over a trifling irregularity for the sake of the assurance thus given to mankind, that the late terrible agitations have not afflicted the world quite in vain, but that a great moral and political improvement has occurred as their issue. Nor ought we, in passing judgment on public character, to overlook the difficulties which the ignorance and violence of the people have frequently thrown in the way of their princes, when the latter have shewn themselves inclined to introduce institutions and customs more liberal than had heretofore prevailed. It would indeed be a delightful thing that there should be no appearance of force in bringing about the union of states, or of violation in the adjustment of territories, or of any thing but the popular will in the publication of laws, — but what is to be done when contiguous provinces hate each other because they do not take the sacrament in the same way, and when a people cry out tyranny because of toleration? It would not be very practicable, if it were desirable, to animate sovereigns with the opinions

and feelings of certain warm political speculators, — the good must probably continue to be worked out, as it always has been, by a rough collision between those who with-hold, and those who demand, too much: — but there is neither honour nor prudence in denying, that the rulers of the present day have convinced themselves of many important truths as to the extent and nature of popular rights; — that they have been impressed by facts which were calculated to reconcile these rights to their inclinations; — that they see more clearly than they ever before did, the connection which subsists between the real strength of governments, and the independence of subjects; — but that in their fair intentions they have too frequently been calumniated, in their salutary endeavours thwarted, and that their favourable dispositions have been, not unnaturally, disgusted, by the inconsistent and irritating jealousies which assail them from sides so opposite in sentiment, as to render it impossible to secure the approbation of both.

Another complaint urged by the Belgians against their union with the Dutch,

seems more rational than that which has been already noticed. They say, that the public debt of the Dutch Provinces was much more heavy than their debt, and that now, the whole being lumped together, they will have the worst of it. Such being the state of their minds, composed partly of the most objectionable, but the most pertinacious sort of prejudices, and in part, probably, of reasonable discontent, the new order of political affairs cannot be supposed to be very popular. But a more pleasant view for the future opens, in consequence of a curious coincidence between the present disposition of the people of this country, and that for which they were in former times remarkable. Philip de Commines says, that it was a proverb of one of the Dukes of Burgundy, "*that the citizens of Gaunt love their Prince's son well, but their Prince never.*" The inhabitants of the Netherlands now verify the proverb, for, while they speak slightingly, and in a grumbling tone of their King, his son is a very great favourite with them, and is never alluded to but in affectionate and even admiring terms. The conduct and habits of

the Hereditary Prince are certainly well calculated to inspire this favourable sentiment. His spirit in the field is well known; it was generally noticed and praised in Spain, when he fought as a young officer in the British service; and, in the recent memorable engagements, it was finely proved in the sight and at the doors of those who have become the subjects of his father. But there is in his character, besides this prepossessing feature, a lively frankness, which, in its effects on his manners, is extremely pleasant to the people of these parts, as being in unison with their own habits and tempers. The present moment of the world is generally unfavourable for what was formerly so successful, — the ponderous and solemn display of kingly state, — and, in the Netherlands, the cheerfulness of the people would turn them from it with peculiar disgust. They are, accordingly, delighted when they find the heir-apparent of their sovereign sitting gaily down amidst the promiscuous assemblage of a *table d'hote* in Brussels, — discarding, to all appearance, every recollection of his high rank, and maintaining only the companion-

able deportment of a gentleman. His Serene Highness has thus been fortunate and judicious enough to secure both the respect and the affection of those over whom his family is to govern; and, as nothing is more intolerable than the prospect of a bad succession, so the hopes of seeing the sway pass into the hands of one with whom they are pleased, will most probably soon reconcile the people of Belgium to these arrangements by which the sovereignty over them has been vested in the house of Orange.

I was anxious to ascertain whether there existed in Belgium, what could be called a public feeling in favour of that authority which the old governments of Europe have been lucky enough to put down, after a series of terrible struggles, and after having been themselves long kept in a state of humiliation under its influence. The existence of that authority, mischievous as in many respects it was, and meriting the odium of mankind, is nevertheless associated with deliverance from much that was noxious and galling, — much that insulted the understandings, while it injured the in-

terests and rendered uncomfortable the conditions of the people. Moreover, its triumphs were splendid while they were cruel; its training was vigorous, while it was severe:—false, deceitful, and really degrading as its character was, it had a strut and swell in its port and gait, and a declamatory tone in its language, which altogether rendered it a superb and dazzling piece of imposition, well adapted to strike the imaginations and overcome the feelings of the mass. The countries too, over which it chiefly prevailed, were very deficient in public information generally,—but more particularly ignorant of political doctrines, and the merits of political practice. The consequences were, a simple credulity in favour of the new quackery, and a ferocious discontent against the old systems of government. The latter had not covered their palpable absurdities and oppressions with any veil of artifice, and, not using the fashionable cant to recommend them, failed to render even their best qualities acceptable. In England, the trick would not have passed current for twelvemonths; but, on the continent, the declamation about the

empire of the west, and the freedom of the seas, and eagles, and dynasties, filled the multitude with a kind of admiring awe even in the midst of their sufferings, — causing them to cherish a pride in the yoke which pressed on their necks, and the harness which bound them to drag the chariot of a conqueror.

We still, therefore, find, in most of the countries where Buonaparte had established his predominance, a sort of hankering after the ornamental parts of it. Many persons in these countries rather confess his faults than declare them; they speak of him as of a favourite sin, — as of something which cannot be justified, but was not disliked. This kind of sentiment seems to prevail in the Netherlands, and I understand also in Holland, which is more remarkable. It is chiefly to be traced to a want of that sense, always prevailing in a land of liberty, by which a violation of personal independence is felt as a personal insult, not to be atoned for even by what is called national glory. Where men have been accustomed to think of themselves and their interests of every kind, as at the

mercy of a superior will, they do not estimate privations and inflictions, falling on individuals, as a free people would estimate them, — and, being utterly without the consciousness of dignity as individuals, they set great store by that parade and achievement which cause the national name to rattle sonorously in the ears of their neighbours, affording a consolation for internal hardships and humiliations in public spectacle and external fame.

The Netherlanders, or at least those of them who had any pretensions to intelligence, did not attempt to say a word in direct praise of Buonaparte, but they referred to the zenith of his success in terms of admiration, and seemed to feel as if his downfall had caused them to subside into something smaller and less attractive than they were before. At the same time their common expression was, that latterly he had become *usé*, — and that his personal influence, in consequence of his late blunders and defects, was for ever destroyed. Consistency and sound reflection, however, on political subjects, you cannot meet with on the continent; — these talkers would violently blame the

measure of religious toleration, as ordered by the present sovereign of the Netherlands, yet betray an evident leaning towards one who was for ever mortifying the Catholic superstition, who shewed, even in what might be termed his attentions to religion, that he had no very implicit respect for its authority, — and who, according to the natural tendency of an intelligent mind, uncorrupted in this respect by selfishness, was bent on completely abolishing those arrogant assumptions of particular faiths, which are made as much to the injury of the political strength of a state, as to the abuse and violation of its civil rights.

The existence of the feeling which I have described as prevalent in the Netherlands, may seem to my readers to bode ill for the duration of that order of public affairs, the arrangement of which has been represented as the uncovering of the established and fruitful face of things, on the subsidence of the deluge of destruction. But I do not think that the danger is imminent; at least it is very easy to see where the means of counteracting it lie. It only requires that certain opportunities should be decently

improved, to turn the channel of public sentiment into quite another direction. It is very evident that the governments which cannot dazzle their subjects' eyes, ought to address their hearts and understandings; and it is not less certain that the latter method will inevitably produce a superior degree of attachment, and a more changeless fidelity. The growing prosperity of the United Provinces of the Low Countries, restored to all their natural relationships, and enjoying, in the guarantees of public quiet, and the duration of public establishments, inducements to private enterprize and industry, — will not long be without its natural effect on the tempers of the people. The recovery of the admired objects of Art, which these provinces had lost, is likely to be in this way highly valuable. It will give them a sense of increased importance and dignity; it will add to their national claims on respect; it will provide them with the means of bringing strangers to visit their cities, — a communication which is both profitable and agreeable; and it will open safe and noble pursuits to occupy the ambition of

the aspiring, by placing before them examples of fame, permanent, general, and exalted, acquired by the cultivation of an elegant skill, administering to the peaceful entertainment of mankind. It is then most right that these advantages, belonging as it may be said to the tranquillity and improvement of Europe, should be secured for its different states. The security for having quieter times than the past, lies in the value of what has succeeded to it, — it is impossible, therefore, to conceive any advice more injudicious than that which was given to leave the spoils of nations in the hands of the defeated spoiler, — to perpetuate the shame of the continent by imperishable memorials, and to provide for no vestige or proof of its glory. — What would this have been but to point the lesson against the interests of society, by leaving the sense of humiliation pressing on those who were injured, but who struggled for, and gained the power to redress themselves, — and the exultation and self-congratulation to be enjoyed by those, who for a while triumphed in outrage, but were at length reduced to the situation of overpowered criminals.

The regard for the English prevailing in the Netherlands, and resulting from the recent intimate communication between the two countries in a trying time, is another circumstance promising well for the future. The Belgians are quite alienated from the French; they have seen, and warmly acknowledge, how much better the British troops conducted themselves than those of other nations. There is not a family in Brussels that does not cherish respect and attachment for our countrymen, founded on experience of their behaviour in their houses; — in many instances these feelings have become stronger, and taken a closer turn, under the influence of the appeals made by the distress and agony of the brave, answered by the kindest receptions of hospitality, and the tenderest attentions of female compassion. The Netherlands and Great Britain are now closely connected by the kind feelings of their respective people, — and it is to be hoped that this connection will be strengthened by a conviction of their public interests, and thus doubly operate to enhance the world's security against a fresh burst of public disorders.

CHAPTER V.

ON approaching Brussels, the country begins to assume the diversified aspect of hill and dale, of which there is not an appearance for many miles from the coast. The rain fell in frequent and heavy showers during my journey from Ghent, but so it commonly happens, I believe, here. There had not been a day fair throughout, for the three months previous to that on which I paid my visit to the awful field near Waterloo, which was remarkably fine. The diligence crept along barely at the rate of four miles an hour, and when the clouds burst violently we were dragged below the sheds near the inns, that the postilion might not be drenched. At the doors of these inns, stood several of the miserable cabriolets, let out to travellers, soaking in the pouring rain,—the single wretched-looking horse of each, half drowned in the torrent,—and the forlorn travellers taking a momentary shel-

ter, only to set out again in a wet and dirty open carriage, seated side by side with a rough fellow, the driver, in a dripping great coat, whose constant employment is to scourge with a broken whip the raw back of his poor broken-down animal. The means of travelling in this country are wretched: there is not so great a difference between the carriage of the King of England and the worst hackney coach on any of the London stands, as between an English post chaise, including its smart driver and spirited horses, and the conveyances which are to be procured on these Flemish roads.

I was in the outside seat of the diligence, which is covered over with a head like that of a one-horse chaise. The servant of a British major was next me; a British officer filled the remaining place. Wishing to know the name of one of the villages through which we passed, I put the question in French to a man standing at the door of a cottage. It appeared that he only understood the Flemish: my fellow-traveller, the servant, instantly called out, with much briskness, — "*What is the nom of this*

twite?" The person to whom he addressed himself looked as if he had heard Arabic pronounced. My curiosity could not be satisfied, but the groom was perfectly so with himself. He turned to me, saying, — "I have picked up a *little* of the language, you see Sir, while I have been at Ghent, and that makes it very pleasant." — The officer, who, with myself, smiled at this, afterwards told me, that it reminded him of an Irish captain in the Greek islands, who used to talk what *he* called Italian to the Sicilian and Calabrian sergeants, but of which they could not understand a word; — when he had finished delivering his orders, however, he invariably, and with much self-satisfaction, motioned the men, who were standing staring in his face, to withdraw, and then would call to his brother officers to know what the devil they would do if they had not him to interpret for them?

From a picturesque elevation to which we had been gradually ascending, I at length saw Brussels. About this time, too, we began to meet persons walking, as if they had come from a small distance for recre-

ation: they carried with them the external British stamp, but the circumstance of so walking would have proved them to be countrymen, for the traveller in general does not meet with a soul in the neighbourhood of any continental town, except persons who shew that they have occupations causing them to be on the road. Those whom we now saw were chiefly young men, walking alone, and there were some others, whom my military companion very confidently pronounced to be *chaplains*. Beyond the city, which lay downwards from where we were, a black skirting outline ran along a ridge of high ground: this could only be the wood of Soignies; we assured ourselves of this in an instant, — and the wood of Soignies it was!

We were conducted to an hotel in Brussels which I shall avoid naming, because probably the remonstrances made to the landlord by several of his guests, may have produced an amendment of the general conduct of the house. In behalf of this, as I found it, nothing can be said. The attendance was bad; — the head waiter had been one of Buonaparte's soldiers, and

could scarcely brook to wait on the English. The provision for the table was by no means what it ought to have been, considering the very high rate of the charges. My chamber was on the fourth story: — no bells in the room, or on the floor. No chance of hot water in the morning, or of clean boots, or of any thing that might be wanted, but by bawling *garçon* over the window, down into the immense depth of the court-yard; — after thus exercising one's lungs for half an hour, it was possible that some of the several servants, male and female, passing to and fro all the time within hearing, might deign to turn their heads up, and exclaim — "*Oui Monsieur, bien — bien*," — and, in another half hour, it was possible that some one of them would come up.

The first view of the streets of Brussels was most interesting. I was instantly greeted with the sight of a red coat, and almost instantly with the Scotch bonnet and plaid. The place seemed in a throng of English, Scotch, Irish, Prussians, Hanoverians, and Belgians, — of officers and privates, — citizens and military. But not

one of the fine young men loitering through the city were uninjured: their careless, lively looks, and their gay carriage, struck one, who was just arriving from scenes of peace, where the reports of the distant war sound terrifically in the ear, as strangely contrasted with their shattered arms and legs, borne in slings, or supported on crutches, — their scarred faces, and other appearances of bodily debility and damage. The convalescent privates, too, were all out in their great coats, each giving testimony by some external sign to the dangers of the terrible fray, — but seemingly as settled, happy, and familiar, in this foreign town, as they appear in Broad-Way, Westminster, or the Bird-Cage Walk in the Park. It is the necessary property of a soldier to be soon at home, for if he were not speedy in this, he would seldom or never find himself there. Our men came bolting out of the bakers' shops at Brussels, with their loaves under their arms, as unembarrassed as if the language and customs of the place were their own; — they were as close in their attentions to the passing females, as if the most prepossessing conversations had

taken place, — whereas they were in fact restricted to make love by dumb shew. They seemed, in short, to be in every respect on a most free and easy footing with the town's people, and the town's people seemed to be on a very cordial one with them.

It happened that on the evening of my arrival in Brussels, I was introduced into the military hospital. The spacious court-yard was crowded with brave men, recovering from their wounds, but not yet well enough to go abroad. They were walking up and down quite unconscious that any interest could be excited by looking at them. These, then, were the fine fellows of whom we in England had read, and heard, and spoken so much:—these were they who had been in the midst of that tremendous conflict, the very news of which stunned our senses,—which has justly superseded all the former glories of our country, — and of which the due praise is yet to come in the applause of future ages, and the celebrations of future genius, raising this noble achievement to an equal rank with the most renowned of classical days. The men then

moving quietly before me had been in the shower of death where it fell heaviest; they had pressed forward into the very heart of the storm of slaughter; they had faced, what appals in contemplation; — their presence seemed to realize all that had been read in romance; — they afforded the reality of what had before been only imagined; — they impressed with the substance of those spreading shadows which move in the mind as its ideas of those great and terrible adventures of which only descriptions have given it any knowledge. I could scarcely avoid feeling a contempt for myself when I gazed on these maimed soldiers, the relics of the great fight of Waterloo, — for how much had they performed, and what had I done, but come to stare at them!

My walk along the narrow passages of this dark hospital, past the numerous small silent doors leading to the beds of the sufferers, was even more affecting. Young surgeons moved quietly, but quickly, in every direction; and, in a bare looking room, I found one of the heads of the Medical Staff, surrounded by his inspectors, purveyors, and clerks, all occupied with regimental lists,

and long accounts in columns. Thus it seems, that what is poetry to one, may be book-keeping to another. I was pleased to hear that the wounded had in general done very well, and that the number of unhappy cases was fewer than on any similar occasion. I afterwards mentioned this information, which I had received at the hospital, to an officer, and his reply was that the distressed had to thank Providence and not the Medical Board. I would not willingly render this work the means of spreading an injurious representation, but the complaints on this point were so numerous, that it seemed scarcely possible that they could be without foundation; and, if well founded, it would be a direct violation of duty to permit so fatal a neglect to pass without animadversion. It is due to the meritorious and useful class of men liable to be affected by it, to press for its correction. Much has been done to improve our military economy of late years, that reflects the greatest credit on the illustrious person at the head of the military administration. The departments connected with field preparations, and the subsistence of the army,

are now constituted according to admirable systems, and do away the disgrace of our tardiness in making improvements in these respects, by the superiority to which they have been carried since the work of improvement has been set about.

Brussels had the general air of a town thrown quite out of its ordinary way. The inhabitants and their visitors seemed all animated by the influence of a vast holiday: they mingled with each other, and filled the streets and public walks, as if their regular lives had been unsettled by some irresistible interference, — as if all the common rules of intercourse had been respited, and the usual calls of industry and domestic management overpowered by more inspiring invitations. People seemed to meet each other as they do in a fair, or at any public festival, with eyes kindled, and steps lightened,—not so much under any one particular cause, as in consequence of a general and undefinable excitement, belonging to the period and the place, forming the atmosphere which every mind breathed, and giving to each a glowing complexion, and a brisk and airy carriage. " This is no

time to think of *hats*, Doctor," cried the fellow in the election mob to the author of Rasselas, who happened to have rather a shabby one on his head. — "No," was the Doctor's reply, — "*hats* are of no use now, but to throw up in the air when we shout!" This very well represents the lively feeling, prevailing with the inhabitants of Brussels. Hats seemed only worn to throw up in the air, — that is to say, the violent impulses given to their spirits by extraordinary events, had driven them beyond the bounds of concealment, or even reserve; and the succession of certain things which could not but have been uppermost in every one's thinking at the same instant, and have raised similar feelings in every breast, necessarily produced the signs of universal intimacy, — for intimacy of manner almost always follows a consciousness of analagous thinking and emotion. It is impossible to look coldly in the face of any one whose mind you know to be occupied with the same images, and engaged in the same way as your own. Hence great emergencies, perils, and pleasures, always produce a cordial and close intercourse betwixt all the parties to

them, however alienated, in common circumstances, by difference of condition, temper, or sentiment.

All that had recently occurred here was in a most peculiar degree adapted to engender this sympathy and frankness, and to add to these a tenderness of disposition not without its dangers to some. In the houses of the middle and higher classes, the officers of our army were billetted; many of them young and good-looking, most of them of prepossessing manners, and all of them at leisure to practise those assiduities which cannot but please, and touch as they please. It was new indeed to Brussels, as it would be so generally on the continent, to find the military behaving as gentlemen, — as if the rules of honour and politeness were binding on the soldier when quartered on the people of a country. The frank unassumingness and contentedness of the British officers and troops, were the themes of eulogium in every mouth, and were by every one contrasted with the ferocity, greediness, and insolence of the French, — nor were there wanting many complaints against those allies of the Ne-

therlanders, the Prussians. Hospitable sentiments were thus excited in favour of the British, — and the steadiness of character, and martial appearance of the Scotch, made them in peculiar request as inmates. A lady who travelled with me from Brussels to Mons, said she had petitioned the proper authorities to send her "*les Ecossais*;" they had been mindful enough of her request to send her *four*, two Highland grenadiers, and two officers. These left her house on the evening of the 15th of June, and *one* returned to it wounded; the others were left on the field. She shed tears when she gave me this account, — which afforded but one instance of what took place generally. After growing from lodgers to be acquaintances, from acquaintances companions, and from companions friends, — after exciting interest, kindness, and in many cases affection, — after appearing daily at the family meal, and retiring nightly with the family to rest, — the cry of war suddenly went forth, and they were called away: — their entertainers saw them march through the darkness to encounter the perils of death. Few came back, and

those who did, made their appearance, pale, disfigured, crippled, and bleeding, — their once smart dress torn and blackened, their gallant air sunk in weakness, their smiles of politeness changed to the expression of agony and helplessness. Hospitality and kindness, under these circumstances, kindled into the enthusiasm of compassionate and affectionate sensibility. Hearts were then in tune for all that was tender and overflowing, for the feelings excited by the sufferings of others were blended with alarm for themselves. The cannon sounded without their gates: the most fearful reports were brought into the city, — who would dare to promise that a shocking fate would not fall upon it? In the mean while their brave defenders arrived, testifying by their miserable plight how gallantly they had struggled to preserve Brussels from violation. They were received with open arms and streaming eyes; the softest hands in each house smoothed the couch of the agonized warrior, — the finest faces hung solicitously over it, — the vigilant attentions necessary for his recovery were not left to servants; — wives and daughters were led by

the finest of motives to take charge of the dressings of his hurts, to present his food, to anticipate and supply the wants of his painful condition.

But all this could not be done safely for that virtue in which it originated. I am afraid the morals of Brussels have not been improved by the defenders of her independence. A constant amatory parade seemed going forward in its streets and its park. The convalescent officers and soldiers had but one pursuit; — and the females, high and low, married and single, were to all appearance abundantly susceptible. They will not soon forget the events of the last eight months, and there is reason to fear that much unhappiness may result to them, from the seductive pleasures and interests of this period, — when their martial friends shall have entirely left them to a state of living, which, in their excited tempers, cannot but appear dull and disgusting, contrasted with the intoxications of chivalrous gaiety, and the fascinations of gallant addresses. It is but too probable that they will then find themselves utterly unfitted to derive comfort

from what is alone left to comfort them; — that their homes will appear solitudes, — their duties pains, — and that a long train of domestic discords and neglects will shew how fatal in their consequences are habits of levity and dissipation.

The out-of-door dress of the middle and lower classes of females in Brussels is very pleasing in its general effect. It consists of a black scarf thrown over the head, long enough to descend down by the shoulders to the waist. It is, I believe, of Spanish origin, being introduced here by the Spaniards, when they were masters of the country. Its shape, and the manner of wearing it, very much resemble these of the plaid, which may still be seen as the Sunday garb of the women in the small country churches in Aberdeenshire, and other parts of the north of Scotland: — but the many coloured Scotch tartan has not the genteel, simple, and interesting look of the black shawl of Belgium. There is a more decided expression in the continental female face than we usually meet with in England: the eyes are more predominant in it over the complexion; they, in consequence, con-

vey a more immediate and powerful challenge, — and permit less diversion of attention from what is the most captivating influence. These black eyes,—these colourless but clear complexions, which leave the countenance in a fine state for any emotion to paint itself with a sudden flow of its proper hue, — these stealing looks, and dainty steppings, — took additional charms from the nun-looking wimple. *

The whole system of female manners here, inasmuch as it is more natural and true than that of France, may be termed purer, and more grateful to the best feelings cherished in regard to the female character. Wherever the heart beats with its own genuine impulses, circumstances of temptation may indeed operate fatally in single instances on the susceptibility, but, as susceptibility is as active when fairly interested on the side of duties, as when unfortunately it is seduced against them, it is

* So fair and fresh as fairest flower in May,
For she had laid her mournful stole aside,
And widow-like, sad *wimple* thrown away.
SPENSER.

quite incompatible with that grossness of profligacy, which being heartless, is irredeemable. Besides, it is of the highest importance that the variety of natural disposition should shew itself; — that we should be able to interpret minds as well as things as they are, — and above all, that the external sign should legitimately represent the internal impulse. When this is the case, we have a security; when it is not, we have none. An experienced and winning seducer would, beyond a doubt, be more successful amongst the young girls of a retired English village, accustomed to hear their curate preach every Sunday, and to attend to what he says, — virtuous in their principles, but warm in their affections, and unsuspecting in their tempers, — than among the *Demoiselles* of Paris, guarded as the latter are by duennas, mincing in manner, downcast in look, and finical in conversation. — But, *one day*, — the day of marriage, — that in which new duties are incurred, and in which the female character should assume a higher, purer, and more considerate cast, is sufficient to metamorphose the reserve of the latter into licentiousness, —

to change the demure and shrinking girl, into the confident, dextrous, and intriguing woman: — whereas that one day relieves the former from all their dangers; — it instils sanctity and regularity into their hearts, — the flow of their natural sensibilities turns in favour of domestic affections and obligations, — their tenderness, which before exposed them to peril, becomes the guarantee of their virtue, — and, as temptation cannot now assail them without at once exposing its real purpose, they are safe from its influence. Of course, unhappy exceptions will arise, and their number has not of late decreased: — but the difference holds generally good, as I have described it. Can there be any question as to the comparative purity of those respective systems of society, — in one of which the danger increases after marriage, and in the other exists only before?

The great rendezvous for pleasure was in the Park of Brussels. The Duke of Wellington was walking here with some ladies and gentlemen, on a fine summer evening, when the first Prussian Aid-de-Camp brought him news that the French army

under Buonaparte, had burst the Belgian frontier: he did not immediately, it seems, believe that this was a serious attack, and hesitated to commit himself by issuing orders to his troops, suspecting Buonaparte of playing some trick; but a second messenger speedily arrived, and decisive measures were immediately taken. — The Park, when I saw it on the evening of the King of the Netherlands' fete, was crowded with gaiety and animation: the walks were full of officers, — British, Hanoverian, and Belgian; — they, of course, brought all the ladies of Brussels to the same spot. Almost each individual of these several hundreds, had been wounded. On entering this scene of shew and gallantry, the first person I saw was a German youth; — he belonged to the artillery, and had been cut down at his gun, by the enemy's cavalry; his face was notched with their sabres, the deep marks being imprinted across and across. A still younger lad, whose fine shape was well shewn in his sharp-shooter's uniform, was playing the part of the coxcomb very pleasantly: I learnt that he had been extravagantly brave in the engagements

both of the 16th and 18th, — that he had been wounded in both, — and he was now here, an elegant cripple, ogling the ladies. The noble, portly-looking Captain of a Scotch Regiment, went past, with his arm in a sling: he seemed to carry a mild reproof of all that was fantastical or licentious around him, in the unpretending dignity, and good-humoured calmness of an aspect, in which courage sat in companionship with all the honourable, social, and kind qualities. He was a veteran both in fact and appearance: he had fought in all the battles in Spain, — and in one of these had been so desperately wounded, that he went still disabled into the fight at Quatre-Bras: here again he was hit, and most severely injured. When the regiment to which he belongs was hotly engaged with a large French column, that was pouring into the shattered ranks of the Scotchmen a murderous fire of musquetry, this gentleman was seen walking slowly backwards and forwards in front of his men, restraining those who were breaking out to rush forward for the purpose of making a desperate and premature charge. In fact they were invited to

do so by the younger officers, who were roaring themselves hoarse in the enthusiasm of the moment, and anxious to get, by a violent exertion, out of a shower of balls, which every instant was knocking down four or five of them. Their more experienced companion kept them back till the proper moment, and the young men whose over-eagerness he checked, told the circumstance after the battle, in terms of affectionate and admiring acknowledgement of the superior coolness of his courage.

The story was narrated to me, at a dinner party in one of the Brussels hotels, and when the gentleman whom it chiefly concerned, was sitting at another table, socially and merrily enjoying himself with good fare and good company, but still suffering in his person under the hurts which he had sustained. It was impossible to look at him in that pleasant situation, and listen to the narrative of his gallant conduct, when placed in one of so very different a description, without being struck by the versatility of the dispositions, and the variety of the circumstances of human nature. The laughing and talking crowd in Brussels' Park,

made strong and even affecting impressions of the same kind. It was but a few months since many of these young men parted from anxious mothers, and other not less affectionate connections: — it was but a few weeks since they were in the heart of the battle, black with gun-powder and sweat, — manly, fierce, and terrible, — bleeding, groaning, and dying: — it was but a few days since they were extended helpless on mattresses, disfigured with bandages, and too much occupied with their pains to think of the graces or the attractions, — and now they were out in a pleasurable promenade, after much careful preparation at the toilette, leering at the fair, and casting not a few complacent looks of regardfulness towards the symmetry of their own proportions!

I met here, bearing the weight of honourable wounds, some who had been intimately engaged with me in the exploits, embarrassments, enjoyments, and various interests of our mutual boyhood, and early youth. These former years did not promise to them that they would have to sustain their country's glory in the grandest of those fields of

death and victory, which illustrate her noble history: and still less did these years seem to intimate to me, that I should have an opportunity of helping to commemorate such illustrious doings, and of expressing the excited feelings raised by the sight of the place where the slaughterous, but immortal struggle was waged, while the relics of its fury remained to testify to its horrors, and bear witness how much had been suffered and performed by the combatants, in the power and fortitude of their kindled spirits. Such a meeting, then, was calculated to give great additional interest, springing from peculiar circumstances, to scenes and events, the general interest of which was of the highest order. A word recollected and quoted of these our early days, an image recalled, a place named, an adventure recounted, came with a force, as if the distant things themselves, that formed the past, had suddenly leaped to the foreign and most dissimilar objects that surrounded us, and that made up the present. This was meeting with old imaginations and feelings, as well as faces in a foreign land; — it was viewing, from the

height of Mount St. Jean, surrounded by the graves of our countrymen that had fallen, every step of the roads of our lives, all their windings and uncertainties, their abrupt arrivals, and their long delays.

The fete of the King of the Netherlands, to which I have before alluded, corresponded, I believe, to our celebration of the birth-day of our sovereign. It was distinguished by certain popular festivities, — such as erecting smooth and soaped poles in the grand square, called the *Place Royale*, with tempting viands placed on their summits, to reward those of the mob who should be able to climb their way to them. This sort of exercise is a favourite part of the Continental Saturnalia. — Buonaparte, it will be recollected, elevated these objects of ambition, to put his people in a good humour with the unsatisfactory *Acte Additionel aux Constitutions de l'Empire*, after the parade of the *Champ de Mai* had given it a pretended sanction. — In the evening, the neighbourhood of the Park, which is the court end of the city of Brussels, including the palaces and public offices, was

generally illuminated. Bands of music played to entertain the collected populace, who threw squibs and other fire-works with great loyalty. There was a heartiness visible in the tumult, which rendered it not unpleasant, and which put me in mind of what I had seen in some of the towns of Scotland on similar occasions, where the police is not so strict, and where there is not so much occasion for its being so, as to the south of these.

The soldiery of the various nations mingled with the inhabitants, but certainly did not observe the most orderly behaviour. It was a picturesque spectacle, however, that was afforded by the mixture of national uniforms and physiognomies. The Hanoverians, in their smart dark dress, seemed in general active, dextrous, and spirited; and I heard, from various officers, the highest praise given to their conduct in the field. The Belgian soldier was more awkward, and had, in every respect, less of the military air and assurance. — The Brunswickers were chiefly hussars, dashing and clever in appearance. The Prussians had a look of quick ferocity, and lively courage:

their grey eyes sparkled like those of the hawk, over the mustachoes which hid the expression of the human mouth under a brindled tuft of hair. The British soldier was known among these foreign troops, not more by his red coat than by a certain steadiness of gait, and open firmness of aspect:—the Scotch seemed, more than the others, by their faces, to have been trained in the severities of weather, as well as in those of war:—but all bore about with them the stamp of real service; indications that they were in the habit of meeting hardships and perils as common incidents;—that what would alarm and astound the even dispositions of peaceable life, was received by them, without peculiar emotion, as in the common course of their habits. When men of this description are of necessity made principal in society,—when their accommodation must be the chief thing considered, and circumstances give scope to the coarseness and wilfulness of their temper, it is easy to conceive that much detriment is likely to be sustained by the more defenceless classes. In these public rejoicings, the soldiers went in among

the common people with much of savage licentiousness in their manner, though with smiles on their faces: it was easy to see that opposition only was wanting to make them fierce, and that, without opposition, they were insolent and indecorous. One could not but shudder at the information which this moment of mirth and of plenty gave of what occurs at a time of exasperation and need: when the soldier on the march must enforce a supply from the cottager of the unhappy village through which his route lies, and where the greediness of ignorant and unprincipled individuals, with arms in their hands, finds pretext and opportunity in the operations of war, and the confusion and carelessness as to matters of property and life, which attend those tempestuous conflicts of nations that are pretended to be in behalf of both.

There was an air of health, and strength, and general carelessness, about these throngs of military, that was striking as a contrast to the usual characteristic appearance of collected assemblies of human creatures. These commonly include a large portion of the infirm, the old, the dejected, and the

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thoughtful: — but the crowds of soldiers were all hardy, all bold, all full of vigour and spirits; — no signs of care about them, — no appearance of concern for themselves beyond a desire of immediate animal gratification, — and still less of sympathy for others, whether strangers or companions. The great bulk of these had left their relations, their connections, the homes of their infancy, the villages of their youthful days, far behind them. Yet there was no symptom of repining, and probably there was not much of recollection. They seemed not only to act literally on the advice of taking no thought for to-morrow, but equally to avoid giving any thought to yesterday. The officers were attentive and affectionate to the ladies in Brussels, as many of them had been to the ladies of Portugal, of Spain, of Canada, as well as of Ireland, Scotland, and England, and as they would be to the ladies of Paris, or of wherever else they might chance to go. The privates smoked and drank in Brussels as happily as they could smoke and drink any where else. This disposition is the natural result of the call to which they are perpetually liable.

He who may be summoned to leave the earth, and all its faces, by one of the thousand whistles that have been dancing past his ears for hours, cannot afford to suffer acutely on leaving a father, a mother, or a wife: — nor is he likely to run away for shelter from a shower of rain, who, according to *Trim's* pathetic description of his casualties, — "has been standing twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, — or engaged for months together in long and dangerous marches; — harrassed perhaps in his rear to-day; — harrassing others to-morrow; — detached here; — countermanded there; — resting this night out upon his arms; — beat up in his shirt the next; — benumbed in his joints!" But, to one who is liable to these things, it becomes of much importance to seize and make the most of every passing opportunity of enjoyment; to allow nothing fanciful in the way of regret to interfere with the reality of gratification: — nor is it to be wondered at, if the coarsest-minded of those who are so situated, should make as light of inflicting injury on others, as they do of suffering harm in their own

persons. It is scarcely to be expected that they should make a very bountiful distribution of compassion, who have need of so large a stock of fortitude. We must apply to *Trim* again, however, he best understands the matter, and how to set it in its proper light: — "Look along the line — to the right — see! Jack's down! —— well, — 'tis worth a regiment of horse to him. —— No — 'tis Dick. Then Jack's no worse. —— Never mind which, — we pass on!"

Before leaving Brussels, a few words may be said of the city. The country round it, as I have mentioned, is extremely picturesque; — it is beautiful both in cultivation and natural variety. The walk on the old ramparts presents several most engaging views: the landscape has the snug happy look of English scenery, in which what is graceful is so well united with what is free, and what is wild with what is secure. The previous remarks on the apparent poverty of the Flemish towns were not meant to convey that the individuals, seen in them, were poor or forlorn in apparent condition,

but that their capacities of large cities did not seem to be improved, — that much of them remained unfilled up, — that society seemed on a smaller scale than the receptacles which were provided for it. But the country places of Flanders (I repeat) present every where happy pictures: the peasant and the farmer are evidently in situations of great comfort. The interior of a small village public house is superabundant in every convenience as well as every necessary; and the cottages are well furnished. The farms are generally small, — a system that provides for much individual enjoyment, though it is not calculated to swell a nation's mean into that greatness of wealth and strength which enables it to take a first rank, and imposing attitude, in the community of civilized states, at this advanced period of human history.

It is over a country so distributed, and cultivated with the most scrupulous attention to neatness, as well as provision, that the eye wanders from the ramparts of Brussels. Interspersed, however, with the farms, are the magnificent rural appendages of a capital. A long alley, between opposite

rows of lofty trees, stretches for two miles its shady length. The palace of Lacken commands attention by its situation, and is surrounded by beautiful gardens and plantations. The large forest of Soignies, now so famous, and ever to remain so, forms a vast black skirting of all the southern horizon.

The upper part of the city of Brussels is very magnificent. The noble park forms a feature in the grandeur of the public buildings: it is a square of great size, laid out in large regular walks, finely shaded with trees, and surrounded by the façadas of the palaces, public offices, and houses of the great. This combination of gardening, planting, and architecture is very striking and well adapted for a metropolis. It introduces nature in a court dress that is very splendid, and does not shock the best regulated taste when thus placed in the very centre of courtly state and pomp.

The lower part of Brussels is the old town: the streets here are dirty, as are those of all the continental towns, but not so close as the streets are in most of these. There are quays, and something of the

bustle of commerce, by the side of the large canal. In the neighbourhood of this, I saw the great collection of cannon, taken from the French in the battles: there were above 200 pieces, guarded by British soldiers, being a trophy of war of the most magnificent description. The device of causing the dogs to labour, by harnessing them to the small carriages in which the porters convey, what in most other countries they would carry, attracts the attention of the British visitors. It is very much in vogue in Holland, and forms a bit of what may be called *Dutch finishing*, applied to their habits of industry and economy. In England we have got beyond this; when things are conducted on a great scale, such close attention to little matters but wastes time, and furnishes excuses for indolence. A stout Thames' street porter, with his knot, is worth twenty dogs for the conveying of burthens.

Public fountains are interspersed through Brussels, — one of them is ludicrous, but not very decorous. It is said that Louis the Fifteenth, in his extreme regard to decency, made the child a present of an

ample wardrobe, which was used on procession days, that the modesty of the image of the Virgin might not be shocked.

The market-place of Brussels is superbly beautiful, but in a very different style of architecture from that which characterizes the buildings around the royal park. The exquisite Gothic spire of the *Hotel de Ville* seems the work of fairy hands, from its carved and florid lightness, scarcely supporting its elegant loftiness. The fronts of the halls of the trading companies are all wrought in the same way, with ancient inscriptions, complicated ornaments, and all those ingenious overdoings which arise from the ill-regulated ambition of skill and talent. There is, however, a captivating harmony in the proportions of these Gothic edifices in the Low Countries.

The Cathedral of Brussels is not distinguished by any very peculiar beauties; it is, however, large and noble-looking. The French had stripped the churches here, as well as every where else that their hands could reach to. No local association, no feeling of attachment or veneration, no propriety or advantage of position, or right

of property, was ever regarded in effecting these barbarous removals. They were perpetrated in a cruel coldness of heart, and the restoration has been made by France in unexampled humiliation of character and condition.

When I was in Brussels it appeared populous, but that appearance was caused by the number of military to which it was then giving temporary homes. In common times, its very considerable size is out of all proportion with the scantiness of its population. It is described as seven miles in circumference, — yet, when it lately formed a part of the French empire, it was not supposed to hold above seventy-five thousand inhabitants. British visitors and emigrants, however, have in former times shewn, and are now again shewing, a predeliction for this charming city, which is likely to render it more animated than it has been during the late dark and unnatural period. Its attractions are palpable and strong; the air is salubrious; the country pleasant; provisions and the necessaries of living are generally cheap,— and the people of the most agreeable disposition. The court

of Brussels, while it will always give distinction enough to the place to recommend it to persons of genteel habits, and those who are fond of a little parade — is not likely to be very difficult, or to place itself at any very inaccessible distance, — but, on the contrary, it will probably hold out the temptation of access to its parties and ceremonies to those who would at home rest within a secondary circle of society. This will be no slight invitation to numbers from the United Kingdoms. The government of the Low Countries is mild and free in its practice and its principles; and there is, in short, a general approximation in them to what the British most highly prize in their native land,—while they supply much that cannot now be there enjoyed but by a very few.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was at one o'clock on the morning of the 16th of June, 1815, that the echoing bugle sounded through the streets of Brussels, summoning every soldier to his proper rendezvous. Orders had been previously issued for every one to be in readiness to march; but the final decision does not seem to have been made by the Duke of Wellington in his own mind when he first heard of the attack of the French on the advanced guard of the Prussians. Perhaps he waited till he thought that the commands, transmitted immediately on his receiving this news, to the various divisions of his army, cantoned at different distances from Brussels, would have so operated, that something like combination and order of movement would take place; or, perhaps, he waited to receive further confirmation and acquire certainty as to the manœuvres of the French.

We have heard a good deal here of the Duke's being taken by surprize. It has been suggested, that he and his force ought to have been nearer the frontier supporting the Prussians, and to stem immediately any advance of the enemy. I was at some pains to ascertain what might be the general opinion of the officers, concerned in these glorious affairs, on this point. I think it will not be invidious to say, that the sentiment of the majority seemed to be, that, if the Duke's information had been complete, as to the plans and movements of the enemy, he would most likely have been considerably in advance of Brussels at the moment of the first attack. But the most judicious military men affirmed, that such advance could only have been prudently made in positive certainty of the intentions of Buonaparte, which certainty could only be acquired by his committing himself to decisive proceedings. To have taken up a position in anticipation of the campaign, near the Prussian army, would, as the best authorities agree, have been bad generalship on the part of the British Commander. Buonaparte would thus have had

more scope for manœuvring, and an opportunity for putting in play those tricks and devices that are his favourites, but which, although dextrous, do not generally emanate from the highest order of intellects. It was absolutely necessary, for the purpose of subsistence, that the large military force occupying the Netherlands, should be distributed over the country; but, setting that aside, it is one of the most invariable rules of military tactics to station, close to the front of the enemy, only a force sufficient to maintain a retarding resistance till it can be supported. The Prussian army was, no doubt, thought, by its own gallant Commander, to be fully equal to this; and the Duke of Wellington, when at Brussels, was placed so as to guard against any rapid attempt, either to cut off our communications with the coast, or to throw the fury and pressure of the war on a point less prepared for defence, than that where the Prussians were collected.

The Duke's fixing his head-quarters at Brussels, up to the very moment of the blow's being struck, is, therefore, only a proof of his talent for good arrange-

ment, and of the soundness and caution of his views; — the question is, whether he ought to have had earlier information than the messages sent by Prince Blucher, that Buonaparte had committed himself to decisive operations according to that plan which, as it turned out, was in reality adopted by the French leader. This question it is not very easy to answer. We have seen nothing in the Duke of Wellington's military character, as displayed in his career, to render it tolerable that, in the vagueness of uninformed speculation, he should be charged with gross want of care. It is not pretended that he was not most sensibly alive to the responsibility of his situation at the late terrible crisis, both as it concerned his own fame, and his country's fortunes. All that he had achieved was to be as nothing, or to be doubled in value, according as he might now succeed or fail. It is well understood that he felt this, — and if he did, is it likely that he, being noted over Europe for caution and vigilance, should, at this most interesting and important instant, be peculiarly remiss? — On the other hand, it is easy to conceive,

that the Duke was sufficiently sanctioned, according to every proper military consideration, in acting as he did:—if Buonaparte's thorough, and unexpectedly rapid discomfiture is to be traced, in any considerable degree, to the clumsiness and unsoundness of his operations in this war for his existence as a ruler,—it does not appear to be fair to claim of the Duke of Wellington, that he should have anticipated the commission of gross errors on the part of his enemy, more particularly when it is remembered how high the military reputation of that enemy stood in the almost universal belief. It seems very probable, from all that can be learned on the subject, that the British Commander-in-Chief, was slow to credit that Buonaparte intended to embark so decidedly in the momentous struggle, with the very slender means for withstanding the coalition of Europe, which he had collected. If His Grace believed, as it was likely he should, to a certain extent, the published declarations of the French Imperial authorities as to what they *could* do in the way of raising men, he would naturally be led to imagine,

that many more than the French camp opposite to him contained, would be raised and brought forward, under the Imperial standard, before great movements were made. A good player is not called upon to calculate on very rash or foolish conduct on the part of his adversary. It is more to his honour, if he be prepared to meet the most skilful attempts, and, at the same time, be sharp enough to repel and disappoint desperation or obstinacy. The Duke of Wellington fully merits this praise! — if he was taken by surprize, it was not to be defeated, but to defeat the enemy who surprized him, — as indeed that enemy has astonished almost every body else in the world, but by no means to his own ultimate advantage or renown.

When the Duke pronounced the final word, the bugle sounded, — and this was, as I have said, at one o'clock of the morning of the sixteenth of June. It struck on many thousands of ears through the darkness, but few did it awaken that night from sleep. The officers of our army had been in a bustle of preparation for the previous hours since the evening, when they received

the orders to hold themselves in a state of readiness. Brussels was agitated and anxious in all her hearts: every house was the scene of adieus, not the less tender and sorrowful on account of the shortness of the intimacy that had preceded them. The young men that had not been very provident, were in a flutter trying all sorts of expedients to procure a few necessaries for the march. Relations and intimate friends, belonging to different regiments, hurried together for an instant, to shake hands and charge each other with short confidential commissions, to be discharged by the survivor. One affecting instance of this sort I know: two officers, connected by intimate ties, and attached by the closest friendship, spent a part of this eventful evening together; but they were soon forced to separate to attend to their respective urgent duties. They were not in the same regiment: — one was known to inquire for his friend, of a soldier who passed by, just before he went into action, — the other made a similar inquiry, when engaged in hot fire, and heard from a wounded ser-

geant who was going to the rear, that he was never again to see his companion. Shortly after this, the last inquirer was hit himself, but he has recovered of his wound. There is something very striking in these hasty interrogations put by a soldier concerning a comrade whom he had but lately left in the full enjoyment of health and spirits: — interrogations that are very likely to be cut short as they are put, by the fate, dreaded for a friend, falling on him who cherishes the solicitude.

The spectacle in Brussels, as the troops were collecting and falling into their ranks, is described to have been most peculiar and impressive. It could not fail to be so. The darkness soon gave way a little, as the first light of a summer morning broke through the edge of the sky; but the candles still continued to shine through the windows, shewing that there had been no one at rest during the night; and their pale hue, as the morning advanced, gave a melancholy sickly character to the look of the streets, corresponding with the general feeling of the spectators who crowded to see gallant men go forth to death. The light was

scarcely sufficient, before the march commenced, to discover faces; — feathers, flags, and bayonet points, were all that could be seen. They went on and off, and gathered and formed, in a hazy obscurity. Mounted officers emerged rapidly from the deep shadows that lay in the distances: loud cries were heard causing a confusion that soon, however, settled itself into military regularity. Women who had bidden farewel at home, could not be satisfied with that, but came forth, and stood, in slight neglected clothing, at the corners by which they knew their friends would pass, — almost ashamed of their own feelings, but unable to resist the wish to gain one more look, and receive one other pressure of the hand. Our officers speak with enthusiasm of the signs of affection shewn to them at this affecting moment by their Brussels' hosts and hostesses. A friend of mine was embraced by his landlord at the instant of parting, and made to promise that if any accident should send him back to Brussels, he would return to the house where he had been long and kindly entertained. The promise was kept: one day only intervened

before the officer made his appearance again at the door of this good citizen. He presented himself bleeding, exhausted, and in agony: his inviter received him with open arms; — "now," said he, "you have made me your friend for ever, for you have observed your promise, and have shewn that you relied on my sincerity." Every possible attention was extended to the wounded officer for the several months of his slow recovery, and there was as much delicacy in the manner of these attentions, as heartiness in the disposition by which they were dictated.

The hasty march was long and painful. The officers, though they very well knew that the enemy had attacked the Prussians, did not think that they were on their road to immediate battle. But the fact was so. The divisions of our army were at this time all making their way to the point of concentration fixed upon by their commander: the whole dreadful machine was now in motion, — no one part comprehending its relation to the others, but the eye of the mover superintending and understanding all.

The Duke of Wellington remained for some hours in Brussels after the troops had quitted it:—he probably waited to hear news from the more distant divisions of his army, in reply to the orders sent them over-night. The officer of a Scotch regiment was sent down to a village to procure some water, with a small party from his battalion, which was at a little distance: the road which the Duke took lay through this village: he was passing at the instant, dressed in a grey frock coat, followed by four or five gentlemen in military great coats, and trotting his horse not very quickly. He returned the officer's salute, and then suddenly stopped. There was a good deal of anxious, not to say troubled thought in his countenance. He named several regiments to the person whom he had thus met, and asked if any thing had been heard of them? The officer replied that he had heard nothing. The Duke hastily pulled out his watch,—considered for half a minute,—and then, again touching his hat, rode on.

It was about one o'clock of the forenoon of the sixteenth, that the officers and men

of one particular regiment, as they were marching forward carelessly enough, debating whether they were likely to see French troops within a week, heard a distant sound that carried with it a concussion that went to all their hearts, though not to sink them. It was the rumble of cannon. They had been too often engaged in Spain not to be well acquainted with the intimation. A new impulse was now given to all: a serious smile broke out on every face, and each body bent forward. The few women, permitted to accompany the regiment, were affected differently. Some of them began to weep in the prospect of what was likely now soon to occur; but the old female campaigners shewed a hardihood not inferior to that of the soldiers, but unpleasant, because unnatural, and unmixed with any thing gallant.

The battle, as is well known, had been for some hours maintained by the Brunswickers and Belgians, before the British could get up. Ney, who commanded the division of the French army opposed to these, was pressing them back, when the British regiments began to arrive one by

one. Each, as it arrived, marched directly into the field, and took up its position. They became gradually engaged according to the direction given by the enemy to his operations. A Scotch regiment was for a considerable time unemployed by any French column, though exposed to a fire of round shot. The officers, who had a complete view of the field, saw the 42d, and other battalions, warmly engaged in charging: — the young men could not brook the contrast presented by their inactivity. — "It will," said they, "be the same now as it always has been! — the 42d will have all the *luck* of it. There will be a fine noise in the newspapers about that regiment, but devil the word of us." Some of their elders consoled them by assuring them of the probability that, before the day was over, "they would have enough of it." This regiment was one of those that suffered the most; and the greater number of those fine-spirited youths who expressed this impatience, were laid on the field, in cold and silent lifelessness, before the evening.

It is impossible, or at least it would be

most improper, to pass this affecting fact, without noticing the testimony it conveys in favour of the utility of that freedom and fulness of publication which is by no means so generally liked as it is praised. It would be difficult to suggest any other inducement that would have so powerful an effect in stimulating the zeal of these gallant soldiers, as our newspapers, according to their own confession, have. Nor would a press, under the direction and controul of government, possess half so much efficacy. In journals so regulated, all communications are tamed down to a general insipidity, — they avoid all those discussions of particular points and comparative merits that are most interesting to the feelings: they detect little or nothing, and the repetition of the language of the official dispatch is all that the public would receive from them to inspire their sensibility, and direct their judgment, relative to great public enterprizes. Individuals have little to hope or to fear from such notices. But a newspaper-press that is free to investigate and to question; that is directed according to the competition of personal interests, and

must therefore ever be on the alert to satisfy curiosity and affect opinion — such a press is the most powerful means that can be imagined of inflaming the ambition of the generous, and keeping the careless and ill-disposed to their duty.

Soon after three o'clock, the Duke of Wellington rode into that part of the field of battle which is close to the village of Quatre Bras. He was followed by his staff, which was not however very numerous. He halted a few yards in front of the 92d regiment, and exposed to a very heavy fire of round shot and grape. He spoke little or nothing: his look was that of a man quite cool, but serious, and perhaps something anxious. He looked intently at various parts of the field where there was firing going on, and often pulled out his watch, as if calculating on the arrival of the regiments not yet come up. He said something; at one of these times, about when the cavalry might be expected. The shot, in the mean while, was plunging into, and along, the ground, close to him. He had not been long in the field before the arm of a gentleman, with whom he had just been

in conversation, was carried off by a ball. The sufferer was instantly removed, — but His Lordship was not observed to take any notice of the unpleasant affair. It is thought a good, and even humane rule, to act in this apparently unconscious way, in these situations where neither spirits nor time must be wasted: all the relief that can be given to the injured is in waiting for them, and expressions of sympathy, or even its appearance, would but dissipate attention, and perhaps subdue courage. — On one occasion, in Spain, His Grace, then Lord Wellington, was riding hastily along the road, followed by his Staff, and several distinguished generals, while the French artillery was playing upon them very severely. The object was to get as speedily as possible out of so exposed a situation; but, before this was effected, a cannon ball struck Lord Hill's horse behind, and came out at his chest. The poor animal tumbled down head foremost, and its rider of course was precipitated with it most violently to the ground. Some of the persons around were reining in, to inquire as to the fate of His Lordship, who seemed to be killed as

well as the animal, but their commander called out that all should go on, Lord Hill would be attended to by the soldiers.

Shortly after the first-mentioned accident occurred at Quatre-bras, the Duke dismounted from his horse, and causing his staff to do the same, sat upon the ground for a short time. The regiments, as they came up, entered the field by the road near which His Grace was: the balls were perpetually flying in amongst them; one carried off the knapsack of a private from his shoulders; it went to a considerable distance, but the man ran after it, and brought it back, amidst the loud laughter of all those who saw the thing happen.

The Brunswick cavalry were charged back upon this point by the French cuirassiers. The Duke retired from before their charge. Our officers describe the courage of these French dragoons as extraordinary, but add, that it had an intoxicated inflated character, which seemed glad to sustain itself by a flighty desperation. It was too independent of discipline and system: as it went beyond the necessity on some occasions, there was no security that it should not fall below the need on others. There

was no steadiness of spirit visible in the conduct of these troops, but their briskness seemed of the kind that is very apt to evaporate. Individuals of them would ride out from their ranks, challenging and calling to their adversaries: a British soldier seldom behaves in this way; he does his duty, and this is doing all; he does not go beyond the line of this to seek, nor will he retire within it to avoid. He is therefore the one most to be depended upon.

These cuirassiers received some terrible fires as they approached the infantry: men and horses came tumbling down in heaps. One of them fell wounded, a few yards before our bayonets: a Scotchman went out in the fury of the moment to dispatch him. The Frenchman was sitting on the ground: he saw his destroyer coming with the point of the bayonet extended toward him, — yet he did not change countenance, except to put on a smile of whimsical remonstrance just as his enemy came up close: — shrugging up his shoulders, and extending his hands, he exclaimed, in a tone of good humoured appeal,—"*Ah, Monsieur Anglais!*" The Highlander was softened. "Go to

the rear you ——," was the reply. The poor Frenchman made a shift to crawl, but with smiles on his face, where his conqueror directed.

Some of these cuirassiers made their way to the very rear of our lines, and two or three came back galloping, shouting, and brandishing their swords. They received the whole fire of a battalion. One man still kept on his horse. He had the hardihood to cut with his sword at the infantry as he passed. A Hanoverian met him in combat and wounded him: he would not give up his sword but to an officer,—his enemy was on the point of putting him to death, when one of our officers interfered and saved his life.

The Duke again took up his old ground: —the battle was now spreading. An officer belonging to the battalion close behind His Grace, suddenly observed a large column of French infantry approaching. He exclaimed hastily and loudly — "there is a body of them!" The Duke heard what was said, and gently, without any alteration of manner, turned his horse's head in the direction to which the officer pointed, and

moved slowly that way. "Yes," said he, "there *is* a considerable body there — a considerable number indeed." Then, without altering his quiet tone, — "Colonel, "you must charge." — The charge was made, and other charges succeeded, the whole of which were successful, but scarcely a wreck of that gallant battalion returned, — and that small remainder was reduced to a remainder of itself on the glorious but dreadful 18th.

In the course of these charges, an officer pressing on, keeping his men up, felt a Frenchman throw his arms about his legs, and heard him imploring his protection to save his life. The person thus addressed, was too much occupied with his work, to pay instant attention to the supplication, but the wounded man entwining his grasp still more closely, and entreating by the love of God, the officer put back the soldier who was about to plunge his bayonet into the breast of the unfortunate Frenchman, who remained on the ground. His preserver was very soon in a situation of similar distress: he was struck by a grape-shot, and, when scarcely supporting himself to the

rear, he again passed the Frenchman, who was then sitting up gazing about him at the battle: — they exchanged silent looks, and parted, to remain in utter ignorance of each other's fates, though the one had been the object of a service rendered by the other, the most important that man can render to his fellow.

Many of our men when hit by the balls, became exasperated and threw their muskets from them in a rage. All sense of mercy, and even of decency, became extinct in the bosoms of the majority under these dreadful circumstances. The soldiers stopped to strip their fallen companions, as they passed on over their bodies, and the coarse joke, and the unfeeling taunt were but too frequently heard to break from lips that were likely the next minute to be quivering in their last prayer, or sealed for ever without having had time to put it up. The men were heard to make very different observations according to the different characters borne by those who fell. — Over one they would sigh and say, "Ah, poor fellow!" and then go on with loading their muskets; — while the corpse of another

would be turned aside with the foot, and "lie there," be sulkily muttered.

The military operations that led to the battle of the 18th, are generally known, and are to be found recorded in the proper quarters. I come too late to give a regular narrative, — my only object is to afford such illustrations of character, in anecdotes of conduct, &c. as were most interesting to myself when I heard them narrated, and which I do not know to have been as yet put before the public, at least in a way sufficiently prominent. The reader will have the goodness to observe that this is all I pretend to do: — had I written earlier, I should have wished to have made this work a history of these great engagements, — but it would now be impertinent to suppose any one ignorant of what has been, in so many shapes, put within his reach. Things however that mostly address themselves to the feelings, will never be taken up by two writers in the same way; and, at all events, I am tempted to make a collection of those accounts that chiefly struck my attention, when on the memorable spot, conversing with those who had been ac-

tive, and had suffered in the cause of their country's honour. — But, I repeat, that a regular statement of the facts of the battles, as they occurred, is not to be expected here, nor any thing like an enumeration of all that ought to be enumerated to give a perfect idea of their course, and of what was done and sustained for England on these great days.

When the army under the Duke of Wellington was retreating on the 17th, to keep up its correspondence with the Prussian army under Prince Blucher, that had been worsted by Buonaparte, — some very extraordinary instances of personal heroism were shewn by the commanders of our cavalry, who covered the retreat. The Marquis of Anglesea, then Lord Uxbridge, a lieutenant-general, and commanding the horse, displayed consummate personal valour, in the sight of the admiring men, — and, as the arms was then pressed upon by a very superior force, and was altogether in most critical circumstances, — while the cavalry on our side had scarcely yet been engaged, not having been up on the 16th, — it was perhaps not

less prudent than gallant to inspire our troops with good spirits, and rouse their emulation, by these displays of the gallantry and dash of their superiors. The men had heard tremendous accounts of the cuirassiers, — and a private of the Life Guards told me, that it was the general talk among themselves, that there was very little use in going against fellows who had got armour on. If this was the feeling of the troops, and more particularly as the army was in retreat, and it was pretty well known that it would have to maintain a desperate struggle, the officers were fairly called upon to shew a noble devotedness, and an animating cheerfulness, in the sight of those whom they commanded, — and this they finely did. The Marquis of Anglesea was in the rear of the last troop of cavalry, when, looking behind him, he observed a French regiment formed across the road to charge. He instantly turned round, and alone galloped back towards the enemy, waving his hat to his soldiers who had advanced some way on their retreat, and were at a considerable distance from their General. Major Kelly, of the Horse Guards, I believe,

was the first person to join His Lordship at full gallop, and these two heroes remained alone for a minute or two, close in front of the French, who stirred not, amazed as it would seem by the gallantry which they witnessed. The regiment soon came up, and dashed pell-mell amongst the enemy, who were entirely overthrown.

On all the three days, so arduous was the service, and critical its circumstances, that our superior officers felt it to be an incumbent duty to expose themselves in a very marked manner. The men were called upon to perform more than common, and their leaders felt that to have this claim upon them, they must set an example of uncommon exertion. To the prevalence of this noble sentiment we may trace the heavy loss of distinguished officers. But, although on this occasion our generals and superior regimental officers acted the part of forlorn hopes, this is not so commonly the case in the British army as in the French; nor need it, or should it be the case, where duty is regularly and judiciously distributed, and faithfully and steadily performed. The French soldiers have a

wilfulness, and require invitations and excitements, that are unknown and unnecessary in our ranks. A French soldier will call out to his officer, "Come Sir, shew the way, and I'll follow you:"—Their leaders must act in bravado, or their troops will do nothing: the former are therefore frequently to be seen, out in front of their men, in small groupes, execrating, stamping, and brandishing their swords against their adversaries. — All, in fact, is done with them under the force of artificial impulse, causing what is called a working-up, — whereas the British do all in the simple readiness of their natures. But these French officers often excited the greatest admiration of their bravery by their exploits in the sight of our ranks. They were commonly fine young men, who threw themselves in the way of death, and generally met with it.

Our soldiers, though not expecting nor requiring to be thus drawn on, yet exercise very freely among themselves the right of discussing the comparative courage of their officers: — one of the latter told me, that, on a night in Spain, when he was upon out-

post duty, he overheard some of his men conversing over the merits and spirit of their respective officers with little of reserve or delicacy. They shrewdly observe, and strictly remember, any symptom of too cautious a regard for personal safety: and any one who is too careful of himself, receives but little of their respect.

It has been well observed, that these engagements seem to have combined all the energy and interest of the personal combats of ancient warfare, with the vast manœuvring and terrible thundering of the modern military practice. Our cavalry, on the 18th, were occupied in a constant series of desperate individual adventures. Shaw, the famous boxer and Horse Guardsman, distinguished himself peculiarly among the most distinguished. The line of cavalry, at the commencement of the engagement, was drawn up a little in the rear of the eminence on which our infantry was arrayed: they could not in this situation see much of the battle, but the shot and shells flew thickly amongst them, which they were compelled to sustain without moving. Nothing tries a gallant spirit more than this. Shaw was hit, and wounded in the

breast: his officer desired him to fall out: "Please God," said this brave fellow, "I sha'nt leave my colours yet." Shortly after, orders came down, that the cavalry should advance: the whole line moved forward to the top of the hill. Here they saw our artillery-men running from their guns, attacked by heavy masses of French dragoons. "It was agreed among ourselves," said a private to me, "that when we began to gallop we should give three cheers,—but our's was not very regular cheering,—though we made noise enough." The Scotch Greys made charges that were perfectly romantic: "those brave fellows, will get themselves utterly cut to pieces," said some of the British generals, when viewing them, a mere handful of men, plunging into vast solid masses of French horse. It was observed by a French marshal to some distinguished British officers at Paris, that the British were the only troops in the world that could be trusted in lines against columns: they would stand or advance, two deep, against a mass some yards in thickness. When the gallantry of men can be thus relied upon, they derive a great advantage from their bravery, tending to coun-

teract the effects of the superior numbers of their adversaries,—for they are thus enabled to employ every bayonet they have, instead of sinking the majority as a foundation for supporting the few. In this way, a single British battalion, consisting of one hundred or two hundred men, repeatedly drove at immense columns of the enemy containing some thousands. Our noble fellows were content if they could but make out a front something like that opposed to them; they cared not how few they had to back themselves, nor how many their adversaries had to support them. The 92d *, when there did not remain to it much more than a hundred men, threw themselves over a hedge directly against a mass of the Imperial Guard. The latter stood till the Scotch came close up to them. Some firing took place: these terrible adversaries looked each other full in the face, while they coolly levelled their muskets. At length the few of the 92d made the final charge with the bayonet. The French Guards stood still, but it was but for a moment: before the steel reached

* A Highland corps.

them, they had turned their backs, — but, too late to avoid it. At this moment the Scotch Greys poured in upon the enemy as a flood; they took 1500 prisoners, and actually, as an eye-witness said, "*walked over the French.*"

This thorough courage, however, which encounters any thing and every thing, demands much prudent management, and watchful superintendance on the part of the Commander in Chief. The small bodies of British must not be trusted to themselves too long; even victory would soon absolutely expend them. I understand that the excellent generalship of the Duke of Wellington is wonderfully shewn in the timely preparations that are always made, under his orders and directed by his eye, to sustain and support his troops at the proper moment. A regiment finds that, just as it has almost exhausted itself, and become involved in serious circumstances, another most opportunely steps up and relieves it. This regularly occurring in the moment of emergency, our troops have now a thorough confidence that it will always occur, and never hesitate to go at whatever comes before them, leaving to their general the

task of getting them well through the business.

But to return to the cavalry charges. The guards first encountered a regiment of cuirassiers: — Shaw, already noticed, was with one or two other brave fellows a little advanced beyond the line, talking, as one of his comrades told me, as pleasantly as if he were in Hyde Park. The French did not stand the charge: they turned "and then," said a dragoon, "we had nothing to do, you know, but to ride with them, and work away." Our brave fellows rode through them into a column of infantry, which they broke. A regiment of French lancers afterwards met the shock of the Horse Guards, and great slaughter ensued. Those who fought on that day are generally of opinion that the cuirassier is by no means the most formidable adversary, that his armour rather incommodes him, and retards his exertions than protects him; — but the lancer, they speak of as a dangerous fellow, — as one whom it is a serious thing to meet. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the cuirass will not be introduced into our cavalry: it might please a foppish taste by its glitter, but the very imitation would be an un-

worthy concession to those whose bucklered fronts our troops have broken with their naked breasts. Let us by all means still keep up this fine distinction; — it would shew the grossest want of sensibility to what is most glorious in these victories, to ape those whom we have beaten. Let the British soldier still go out to battle as heretofore, with the open face of his country, divested of the artificial terrors of mustachoes, and free to shew the genuine kindling of his spirit; — let his bosom have, as it needs, no armour but the heart within it.

As the day advanced, the cavalry scoured the whole field, and the men got together in small parties: — in this way they encountered bodies of the French, and fought it out with their swords. In a lane, up which our troops pursued a considerable number of the enemy, and egress from which was shut up, a terrible slaughter took place. Very little quarter was given on either side. The passions of the combatants had become terribly exasperated. There is scarcely a surviving man of our cavalry but has to say that he put to death several of the enemy with his own hands; — these regiments, however, suffered terribly

themselves. The French are allowed, according to every testimony, to have had at least double the number of effective horse that we had: their superior proportion of heavy dragoons gave them great advantages. Our light cavalry was found of little or no use against these pondrous enemies. An opposition newspaper, I remember, ridiculed the measure of sending out the Horse Guards, as a piece of drivelling folly, but what should we have done without them? Deplorable and ruinous would most probably have been the consequences, if a provision of this description of force had not been made. In fact, our heavy dragoons may be considered as the salvation of our army on the 18th, — as it is clear that Buonaparte intended and expected that his heavy dragoons should be the ruin of it. He thought to bear our infantry down and trample them to pieces in this way: — their unparalleled steadiness did much to disappoint him, — but it is scarcely to be doubted that the result must have been unfortunate, if the guards, the blues, and the greys had not been in the field.

Almost every one with whom I con-

versed, that had been engaged in this desperate battle, alluded in terms of strong feeling to the appearance of the poor wounded horses. When they are hit they stop, tremble in every muscle, and groan deeply, while their eyes shew wild astonishment. The horse of a very distinguished officer of the horse guards, still retains the lively recollection of his hurts, and surprises, sustained in this engagement; the clamour and bustle of it seem to have perpetuated themselves in his ears: — when any one approaches him in the stable, he puts himself on the alert for a charge, and starts as if to get out of the way of a sabre cut. Some of the horses, as they lay on the ground, having recovered from the first agony of their wounds, fell to eating the grass about them, — thus surrounding themselves with a circle of bare ground, the limited extent of which shewed their weakness. Others of these interesting animals, to whom man so strongly attaches himself, were observed quietly grazing in the middle of the field, between the two hostile lines, their riders having been shot off their backs, and the balls that flew over their heads, and the roaring behind, and before

and about them, causing no respite of the usual instincts of their nature. Straggling soldiers from both the French and the English lines, inspired by that passion for gain, which, in so many, rises predominant over all the other feelings, that would appear more legitimately to belong to these sublime scenes, were observed rushing down, exposing themselves to imminent danger, to catch the valuable creatures. When unsuccessful in the attempt to get hold of their bridles, the men would stoop down to strip a fallen comrade or enemy of his shoes, to search his pockets, or seize any matter from his person that could be quickly taken and easily carried off. This business of *turning the penny*, was carried on with an intentness that seemed to have no distraction towards any other consideration, although it was two to one that these industrious persons would become the fair objects of the industry of others, similarly actuated, before they could carry back what they had acquired. When a charge of cavalry went past, near to any of the stray horses already mentioned, the trained animals would set off, form them-

selves in the rear of their mounted companions, and, though without riders, gallop strenuously along with the rest, not stopping or flinching when the fatal shock with the enemy took place.

It is affirmed, as an anecdote of the battle, that a French skirmisher took frequent advantage of the body of a wounded British officer, who had fallen far in advance during a charge made by his regiment. The Frenchman loaded his piece crouching down behind his fallen foe, and then went a little way in front to discharge it, returning again to prepare for another fire. During the continuance of this process, a conversation went on between the parties. "You English will certainly be beaten by the Emperor," — said the *tirailleur:* "You have no chance with us." This was repeated several times, as he returned to his old shelter; — but at last the Frenchman came back with a whimsical smile on his countenance, and, instead of stopping as before to load his musket, exclaimed hastily: — "*Ah, ma foi*, I believe you English will beat the Emperor: *bon jour, mon ami!*"

It was not always however that such good humour prevailed. The ferocity of the French troops to those of our men whom they wounded, or made prisoners, is universally spoken of in terms of indignation: and, as the news of their conduct after the battle of the 16th got abroad, a corresponding bitterness was engendered on our side on the 18th. It seems quite clear that so much of a personal feeling of animosity never before mingled in a national quarrel. The French military felt that the cause was their own, and that it was their own exclusively, having the majority of their countrymen at home against it, as well as the whole of the rest of Europe. The consciousness of general odium attaching to the object of one's favour, generally encreases the zeal of affection. A horse-guardsman, whose desperate wounds, going quite through his body, I myself saw — told me that he was left upon the ground within the French lines, wounded in a charge: he threw his helmet from him, for his enemies were chiefly exasperated against our heavy dragoons, by whom they had suffered so much. After some time he

raised his head: two French lancers saw the movement, and, galloping up to him, dropped both their weapons into his side: they left him for dead,—but he still retained life, and shortly afterwards a plundering party came down from the enemy's position. They stripped the poor fellow,—and several of them, who had been in England as prisoners of war, took this favourable opportunity of reading him a lecture on certain political facts and principles, such as the right of the French nation to choose its own sovereign, and the perfidy and rapacity of England, whose inexhaustible gold was ever at work producing wars and the various miseries of dissension. Our bleeding soldier was obliged to listen very submissively to these doctrines and accusations,—"for you know, Sir," (as his own words were), "they had got the best of it with me then." It is not very likely that such a singular scene could have presented itself within our lines:—many of the British would be found there to strip off the jackets, the shoes, and the stockings, of a wounded captive,—but none, I think, to interrupt their work with a lively

disquisition, accompanied with all the enforcements of gesture and action, on the moral character and public rights of nations. This could only be done by Frenchmen: the disposition from whence it flowed is a feature in their system, and shews itself in various indications connected with their social state, that are accepted by some, even among ourselves, as proofs of their polish, their feeling, their amenity, and generally exquisite civilization. Hence it is that they form all sorts of unnatural connections; — hence filth, which would not be tolerated in the vilest street of London, is to be found scattered in the gateways of palaces in Paris, more superb than the people of London ever think of erecting: — hence I saw myself, in the public garden of the Thuilleries, a lady and her daughter receive a most obsequious bow from a gentleman, a stranger, who came out, adjusting his dress, from the door of one of the public *lieux* in that garden, — while they curtsied, and sidled in to take the place he had just vacated.

After the poor horse-guardsman was stripped, they sent him to the rear, and

being too weak to walk, he was dragged with his feet trailing along the ground for fourteen miles; being occasionally struck by those about him, to force him to move his legs. He saw several of his fellow prisoners murdered. But the French being in full retreat as the night came on, and closely pursued by the Prussians, they at last permitted the miserable man to sink down on the dunghill of an inn, in one of the small towns through which they were at the time passing. Here he lay with his blood running about him;—he was awakened from a kind of doze, consisting partly of sleep and partly of bodily extinction, by one creeping down by his side:—he turned his head, and saw his comrade, the famous Shaw, before mentioned, who could scarcely crawl to the heap, being almost cut to pieces: "Ah, my dear fellow, I'm done for," faintly whispered the latter;—but few words passed between them,—and my informant told me that he soon dropped asleep: in the morning he woke, and poor Shaw was indeed done for: he was lying dead, with his face leaning on his hand, as if life had been extinguished while he was

in a state of insensibility. This brave man carried death to every one against whom he rode; he is said to have killed a number of the cuirassiers sufficient to make a shew against the list of slain furnished for any of Homer's heroes. His death was occasioned rather by the loss of blood from many cuts, than the magnitude of any one: he had been riding about, fighting, the whole of the day, with his body streaming: —and at night he died as I have described.

Several women, the wives of soldiers, were killed, and found lying in their plain female dress by the sides of their husbands, to whom they had brought water on hearing that they were wounded. Among the French dead, on the other hand, were found the bodies of several Parisian girls, in male attire, who had gone forth with their paramours, and actually fought in their company. This, I understand, was no uncommon event in the French armies. One morning, when passing through the Palais Royal, during my second visit to Paris, I saw one of these women dressed *en militaire*, with boots, spurs, and sabre. No

Frenchman seemed to consider the sight a strange one. A French lady of rank told me, that when she was young she was beautiful, and then her husband was very proud of taking her out dressed as a beau, sometimes on horseback to the Bois de Boulogne, and sometimes to walk in the gardens of the Thuilleries. She often went, she said, to evening parties thus metamorphosed, and evidently did not conceive that an idea of the impropriety of such conduct could cross my mind. The character of the females of the two cœre kis, might be safely, and I think fairly, malv to the evidence given by these poor slaughtered women on both sides. An officer told me, that, just as he was marching into action on the 16th, — he saw a private of the 28th lying asleep on the ground, exhausted by his march, and his wife sitting, looking in his face, as he slept, holding his hand, and weeping bitterly.

The Duke of Wellington, during the whole of this desperate fight, expressed to the officers about him great confidence in the result, founded on his knowledge of

the thorough bravery of the British troops. In resolving, however, to receive the enemy's battle in his position at Waterloo, he took into account the assistance which he required, and was assured he should receive from Prince Blucher. That assistance was delayed till late in the day, and of course the fiery trial was of longer duration than had been expected. It may be said with truth, that British soldiers alone could have so supported it. The day frequently bore a very serious and even alarming aspect: our troops were tried, to even beyond the strength of man; a moment's relief for refreshment could not be granted, when it was asked for the scanty survivors of the almost destroyed 33d:—"every thing depends on the firm countenance, and unrelaxed steadiness of the British,—they must not move,"—was the reply;—to which a few simple words of heartfelt sympathy were added by His Grace, and some short compliments well earned and honestly meant. But whatever the superior numbers of the enemy might have enabled them to effect the next day,—there can

be but very little doubt that we should have maintained ourselves on the field during the night of the 18th,—and that the battle of that day would have terminated with the overthrow of every attack made on our positions by the French, even if the Prussians had not come up. Buonaparte has let us know himself, and several of his officers have confirmed the fact;—that in his last dreadful charge, made with the old imperial guards, now first brought forward, fresh in bodies, keen in spirits, and in numbers far exceeding our wasted ranks, he was influenced by a conviction that the matter might be settled with the British before the Prussians could take any material share in the engagement; and the British did settle it before their friends came up. In the official account which he gave of his defeat, he does not in any degree attribute it to the Prussians;—he says that the young guard were charged by squadrons of English, and that their flight spread confusion and terror among the other French regiments. The fact, I believe is, that the last attack made by the enemy,

about seven in the evening, was the most terrible and alarming of any: it burst like an inundation to the top of our position; it caused our artillerymen to withdraw their guns; but on the elevation of the ridge our brave remnants of regiments met it, and stemmed it. It was at this moment that the few Scotch left of the ninety-second drove back an enormous column: — it was at this moment that the heavy dragoons of the French rode in small bodies about our infantry, watching for opportunities to plunge into their ranks, and occasionally fighting hand to hand with parties of our cavalry; — it was at this moment that devotion took the place of animation, and each individual of Wellington's army felt that he had but to fall without flinching; — it was at this moment that the Duke is said to have prayed for the Prussians or for night, — and to have exposed himself as much as the most forward grenadier of a crack corps, — rallying the Brunswickers in person — throwing himself into the centre of infantry battalions charged by cavalry, — and giving a few encouraging words to the exhausted soldiers, as he sat on his horse,

exposed to the shower of all sorts of bullets, watching for the proper instant to give the command for them to rise from their place of partial shelter, to stand to their arms as the enemy's column approached near. "Up, guards!—and at them again,"—was his exclamation on one of these occasions. "We must not be beat, my friends,—what would they say in England!"—was another of his short and pithy addresses. This moment, as I have said, was a trying and even a doubtful one: but its fury was encountered and repelled by the British unaided:—the last charge made by the enemy was completely repulsed:—the French retired from before us alone; and the arrival of the Prussians had only an influence on the future operations. This influence was certainly very valuable. To be sure, it was hardly likely that the light would have lasted long enough to permit Buonaparte to form fresh columns of attack against the British,—but he had men enough to do so,—he continued to outnumber us greatly,—and we were dreadfully exhausted. If he could have arranged another great charge before night fell, the

consequences might have been very serious: —but the Prussians came up, just as he had been again roughly dashed back from the immoveable British lines, —just as he had received his last lesson as to the matchless quality of the troops by whom his generals had been often beaten, and against whom he had to day been for the first time opposed. The arrival of our gallant allies under such circumstances, destroyed him. It is necessary, however, to observe, in consequence of some reports that are abroad, —that the Duke never despaired of the battle. It is said that a very distinguished British general, made some rather melancholy representations to His Grace towards the end of the day. "You are wrong," he replied, —and then pulling out his watch, added —"You will see that in half an hour I shall have beaten them. I know both my own troops, and those with whom they are fighting."

The pell-mell rout of the French has been described in a variety of publications. The Duke only rode as far as the small inn of La Belle Alliance, near which Buonaparte had stationed himself during the

greater part of the day: he approached it, not by the road, I believe, but from the right across the fields, and here he accidentally encountered Prince Blucher, — then hot in pursuit. The meeting of these two Generals in Chief, at the conclusion of this arduous engagement, is a circumstance that seems to have attracted universal attention, and will probably be commemorated in all accounts of the battle. They parted almost immediately: the Duke returning to Waterloo, to attend to the affairs of his shattered, but victorious army, who had done too much in the battle to do any thing in the pursuit, — the gallant old Prussian to pursue his impetuous course towards Paris, full of spirits, and at last gratified to his heart's content.

Alluding to the Duke's return across the field to his head quarters, after this interesting meeting, one of the many published accounts of the battle, rather forcibly describes, what I have heard testified by several as a fact: viz. His Grace's emotion on seeing himself surrounded by so many slain, and so few living, of those gallant friends, who had partaken with him of all

the cares and triumphs of his long military career. It had now terminated in the utmost of dignity and glory that the unrestrained imagination of ambition could ever have presented as attainable, — but comparatively few were left to enjoy with him this sublime result, of those who were best qualified and entitled to enjoy it. What he had gained, and what he had escaped, must at this moment have added but to the melancholy of his feelings, by heightening the contrast presented by the unhappy fate of so many noble and aspiring soldiers, now lying mangled and lifeless under his horses' feet, — many of them youths, the hopes of distinguished families, some of them his most intimate companions in private, and all of them his trusty companions, and the instruments of his renown in the field.

The passage in question is as follows, — for it is worth quoting —

"They parted; — Blucher proceeded on his way, Lord Wellington returned to Waterloo. As he crossed again this fatal scene, on which the silence of death had now succeeded to the storm of battle, the

moon, breaking from dark clouds, shed an uncertain light upon this wide field of carnage, covered with mangled thousands of that gallant army, whose heroic valour had won for him the brightest wreath of victory, and left to future times an imperishable monument of their country's fame. He saw himself surrounded by the bloody corpses of his veteran soldiers, who had followed him through distant lands — of his friends and associates in arms — his companions through many an eventful year of danger and of glory. In that awful pause which follows the mortal conflict of man with man, emotions unknown or stifled in the heat of battle forced their way, — the feelings of the man triumphed over those of the general, and, in the very hour of victory, Lord Wellington burst into tears *." The Duke's simple touch of the pathetic in the conclusion of his letter to the Earl of Aberdeen, on the death of His Lordship's brother, the brave Sir Alexander

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* *The Battle of Waterloo*, published by Booth, pp. xxvi—xxvii.

Gordon, beautifully coincides with this statement: — "The glory resulting from such actions, so dearly bought, is no consolation to me, and I cannot imagine that it is any to you: but I trust the result has been so decisive, that little doubt remains of our exertions being rewarded by the attainment of our first object; — then it is that the glory of the actions in which our friends have fallen, may be some consolation to me." — "My heart," he said in another letter, "is broken by the terrible loss I have sustained of my old friends and companions, and my poor soldiers! and I shall not be satisfied with this battle, however glorious, if it does not put an end to Buonaparte." In a letter to his mother, Lady Mornington, the Duke said of Buonaparte, — "that he did his duty — that he fought the battle with infinite skill, perseverance, and bravery;" — "and this," he adds, with a modesty that ought only to render him dearer to his country, "I do not state from any motive of claiming merit to myself, — for the victory is to be ascribed to the superior physical force, and constancy of British soldiers." — To his

brother he wrote, — "never had I fought so hard for victory, — and never, from the gallantry of the enemy, had I been so near being beaten."

When the Duke entered Brussels on the following morning, he was met, at the gates, by a tumultuous crowd of the congratulating inhabitants. "Yes Messieurs," he said to them, in his quiet tone, as he rode through them, "We have indeed gained a great victory. You will see the immense train of captured cannon shortly arrive." The most fearful confusion had been prevailing in this city: — a party within its walls certainly favoured the French cause, and spread accounts of Buonaparte's success, which were supported by the retreat of the British and Prussian armies on the 17th. During the 18th, the cannon was all day roaring in the ears of the people of this agitated metropolis, and runaways from the field spread the most disastrous reports to excuse their own appearance. The superior discipline of the Duke of Wellington's troops was now rendered very apparent; there were scarcely any straggling British; but against bodies of fugitive Prussians, who clamoured for

admittance into Brussels, it was necessary to oppose strong guards at each of the gates, for it was pretty well guessed that their object was to plunder the city, crying out in the mean while that the French were coming. Many of these fellows came with their arms and legs bound up as if they were wounded, — though nothing was the matter with them, — but they thought by this means to get access to where they might steal.

The fearful tidings thus spread, scattered dismay among the British visitors, the wounded of the 16th, and the females belonging to the army, that were in Brussels. The most lively pictures have been given of the hasty flights, the crowded roads, the lost and scattered property which were the consequences of this alarm. Those who raised all the commotion thus found opportunities of turning it to account: — many of our officers lost the whole of their baggage; their servants, who were terrified into deserting their charge, leaving it to fall a prey to the marauders.

The road betwixt the field of battle and Brussels, presented a scene that scarcely

admits of description, — and the streets of that city gradually assumed the same horrible character. The baggage train, having been ordered to the rear, as a measure of precaution, the road became occupied with three lines of waggons, full of stores and wounded men, — intermingled with horses, ammunition-cases, &c. &c. In many parts the whole got complicated and wedged: poor wounded soldiers were lying bleeding to death at every hundred yards, — many were seen jammed between the carriages, imploring assistance to get to Brussels. Hats, caps, jackets, bayonets, scabbards, and broken muskets, strewed the whole line of road. Here a waggon was broken down, there a horse had fallen. The confusion was dreadful! An officer, who was wounded, told me, that the horrors of his walk to Brussels were almost too much for recollection. The rain fell in torrents; the roads were deep; he was in severe agony with his hurt; the motion of a carriage he could not bear; his strength scarcely sufficed for him to drag himself along. He was often forced out of the road, to avoid being crushed to death, and compelled to

crawl along, through the deep wet grass and entangling briars of the forest of Soignies. Once, a Brunswick soldier ran against his wounded arm with violence, giving him great pain: — he threw off the man, who hastily lifted a sabre to cut him down; — seeing his wound, however, the fellow shewed great signs of commiseration and passed on.

Brussels gradually filled with wounded: all her doors were thrown open, and not more so than her hearts. Every one was employed in some fitting office of compassionate relief. It was a beautiful instance of the close alliance that exists between the most appalling incidents and coarsest passions, and the refreshing cordialities and endearing tendernesses of human nature. Here was found what is most amiable, and even enchanting, springing from almost unexampled rage, slaughter, and misery. Into whatever house you went, you found only the enthusiasm of doing good: the females were all employed in making lint, who were not actually engaged in dressing wounds: the soldiers who could not at first be taken into the houses, were laid along on straw in the streets, and the ladies or

Brussels were seen, during the whole night and morning, stooping over these poor sufferers, supplying them with refreshments, and, in the absence of medical assistance, doing their best to relieve their agony. The priests went round collecting for the hospitals; the wealthy sent out carts laden with supplies for the unhappy wretches, who, for several days and nights, remained on the field of battle, in the most awful state, — it being a labour almost inconceivable to bring in the thousands that fell there. The appearance of the field, just after the engagement, has been described, but the scene is almost too dreadful for contemplation. At Quartre Bras, men who had sunk through weakness in the midst of the corn-fields, came crawling out five or six days after the battle, emaciated, and in a state of wildness, nay of actual derangement, in consequence of pain, hunger, and cold. Those who visited the plain of Waterloo, during the first few days after the battle, saw exhibitions to which the mere heaps of the bodies of the slaughtered were pleasant sights. In some cases, those who had visited the wounded had supplied them

with spirits, or other strong fluids; and what with pain, intoxication, and the recollections of the battle, these poor creatures displayed an extravagance in their wretchedness, which had a tremendous effect. The industry, too, of the people who were assiduously employed in searching for any thing that could be turned to profit out of this mass of carnage, was not the least disgusting feature of the whole. It seemed most strange and degrading, that the sordid passions should find a scope where there were so many claims on the finer sensibilities. The guards that were posted on different spots of the field, to preserve the muskets, regimentals, &c. that were still serviceable, — rendered a walk over it at this time, not the safest of expeditions, — for a random shot, here and there, was not thought very seriously of, after so much of shooting had been going on; and as to the life of one or two fellow creatures, what importance could be attached to such a consideration, after the dangers that had been encountered, and the slaughter that had been seen?

A work including any notice of these interesting matters, should also contain a formal acknowledgment of the gratitude which all classes in this country owe to the good people of Brussels. It has been justly said in my hearing, by some of those who suffered in these engagements, "What would have become of us, if Brussels had not been near?" From the many thousands who appealed by their distresses to the humanity of the inhabitants, scarcely one complaint was heard of having appealed in vain,—and in the vast majority of instances, the liberality and kindness shewn to our unfortunate defenders, friends, and relations, went far beyond their bare necessities, and were extended into a zeal and solicitude, that could not in fairness have been asked for, nor even hoped for by those most interested in the gallant victims. I heard of the case of a young lady of one of the first families in Brussels, who persisted, even against advice, in dressing the wound of a veteran serjeant-major, after it had assumed the appearances of mortification, and was in a state requiring the utmost precaution for the safety of its dresser,

as well as rendering it extremely offensive to the senses. A slight puncture in her finger admitted some of the poisonous matter, and her life very nearly paid the forfeit of her humanity. God forbid that I should have dwelt so long on the angry and dismal features of these conflicts, and pass unnoticed those delightful examples, that prove how the better parts of human nature derive a noble exaltation and conspicuous display, from circumstances that, at first, seem to indicate its degradation, and to illustrate the coarseness of its dispositions.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was on a beautiful morning, the first that had been known in Brussels for two or three months, that I set off from that city to walk over the field of Waterloo. I had previously met hosts of my countrymen returning from a similar visit, and multitudes were on the road following my footsteps. It may be said that the opportunity was favourable for the gratification of this sort of curiosity, but it may also be said that never had a public interest equalled in intensity and diffusion that which was excited in Britain by the news of this great battle. We had often felt that our military exploits, though highly glorious, as shewing the dauntless courage of our troops, had, by some fatality, or misconduct, been defrauded of their most brilliant fruits: our arms had, in most cases, before the war in Spain, been employed in distant expeditions, in which success was

but little felt, because imperfectly understood; and even our triumphs in Spain were collateral rather than principal. Although, probably, the Spanish struggle, the strength and soul of which lay in this country, has been the parent of all the glorious events we have lately witnessed, — yet it was waged as it were in a corner, — it was not carried on upon the chief stage, — and, above all, a British commander had not yet been fairly pitted against him, whose reputation, as a master in the art of war, was regarded with a kind of superstitious feeling of admiration, even by those who detested the man and spurned his power.

Every thing that had been wanting heretofore, was, at Waterloo supplied. The British troops formed a part of what was the advanced guard of Allied Europe: — they occupied the most important and prominent position: — their commander had kindled universal attention and expectation: — his evidently approaching encounter with his imperial rival was waited for, as if it would furnish more than a mere trial of skill between two generals, — as if it would bring to a test the high pretensions of Eng-

land in every respect, and at once settle whether she should have that first-rate place allotted her in estimation which she claimed, — or be notoriously proved secondary to France, her inveterate and boasting enemy. Many looked on to witness this great trial, with emotions that would in some measure be gratified by our discomfiture, being connected with that vague feeling of ill-will that superiority often engenders. But the result was complete fulfilment on the part of England; and, as the exploit was performed in the eyes of all, so its consequences were too positive and vast to admit of any doubt or depreciation of its unprecedented value. The people of the continent had become acquainted with British troops during the few months they remained in quarters: they found them high-spirited but disciplined, — confident in their style of thinking, but not arrogantly assuming in their manner of behaviour. The day of battle came, and they then found these troops invincible in their courage, though in their numbers weak: they saw the terrific spectre of Buonaparte's power, which seemed again to

overshadow and throw into gloom the hopes and prospects of mankind, break into thin air at the talismanic touch of English steel. The thing was done in an instant, — and thoroughly done. France was at once laid defenceless and bare before the tenth part of her enemies were up: five days after the battle, Buonaparte was no longer an Emperor even in name — (his second act of abdication is dated the 23d June); fifteen days after the battle, Paris was in possession of the English and Prussians, — the other members of the alliance having only to hasten along the road, that had been opened to them, to enjoy what had been thus so completely effected. Within a month, our most inveterate foe had surrendered himself into the hands of England, as, in his own words, "the greatest and most constant of his enemies!"

It is most probable that as fine military qualities had been equally shewn on other, but more obscure occasions. Many a hard fought battle in Spain and Portugal, may, in real import, prove as much to the credit of both general and troops as that of

Waterloo; but there happened a concurrence of circumstances to give eclât to the latter. At the same time it is certain, that, in regard to actual performance, our army had never displayed a more brilliant combination of the noblest characteristics of good soldiers, as these were put to the test by the fatigues of a long and hasty march, — by a call to maintain a desperate resistance, for the sake of time, against an enemy pouring forward in enormous numbers, — by a necessary retreat, — and, finally, in a great battle, where no other sort of courage could have been of use, but that highest species, which is manifested in coolly receiving attacks, — in every man's standing by his ground, entirely and equally disregarding all temptations, either to advance or fall back. On no former occasion had the magnitude of the achievement been so authentically testified by the magnitude of the loss: — never had the families of Britain felt to such an extent the private affliction which follows weeping in the train of public glory. Scarcely one of our distinguished houses can be mentioned, that has not had a chasm made in it by the destruc-

tion of these terrible days; nor did the blows fall less numerous or less heavy within the abodes of humbler life. On many a heart the peal of victory struck as a dismal toll;—scarcely an individual over the whole nation could speak of these great deeds without enumerating a more or less distant connection who had helped to purchase the triumph with his blood. Thus the feelings of sympathy and grief added mightily to the flood of national interest, which poured irresistibly towards the field of Waterloo, and which has scarcely as yet suffered any diminution. It is grateful to think that the political character of these military events is so magnificently important, that the voice of history is likely to sustain to the full our present estimate of them,—and that the battle in question will always be described, as it is now felt, — namely, as the brightest gem in the crown of this country's fame, full as it is of these jewels, — as a fit companion to the finest achievements either of ancient or modern times, that have been picked out to stand prominent illustrations to the honor of human

enterprize, and to give the effect of sublimity to the annals of human affairs.

Such are the circumstances, connected with these victories, that caused them to have so powerful an effect on the minds and hearts of the people of England. So strong a national impulse of mingled gratitude and admiration was probably never before felt; and certainly one would not covet that frame of instinct and feeling, the effects of which, if at all known hereafter, will be known as exceptions to the general acknowledgment of that which posterity will undoubtedly deem an invaluable legacy of national fame. Earnest retrospects to the past for something to blame; and speculative forecastings to the future for something to alarm, if they be the honest, are certainly not the healthy workings of English spirits, when England has just given to the world an extraordinary proof of her heroism and might, in the final overthrow of a perfidious and violent man, who had proclaimed to the astonished and subdued kingdoms of the continent, from the great height formed by their ruin, that our

ancient island was doomed to come in the last but most magnificent appendage to the train of his barbarous triumphs. Was there nothing in the return of the poisoned chalice to the lips of him who had prepared it for our draught, to respite for a moment the ingenuity of censure, and to indispose to the search for abatements of exultation—haply to be found in a wide view of the perplexities and imperfections of the circumstances of public condition? There are occasions which put to the test the soundness of particular opinions, and the general value of the judgment, by proving the worth of the whole nature of the man;—which, by trying him as a creature, shew his fitness to be a reasoner. The fruits that more immediately come from the brain, must derive their flavour and nourishing qualities from correct affections in the heart;—and it may be denied that they possess these affections, who were not moved from the drudgery of their small criticism, when their country was celebrating in its innermost soul, and with all its external signs, a grand holiday,—sacred in its raptures, whether of a grief possessing many

of the consolations of joy, — or of a joy stretching its raptures into the sublimities of melancholy. "If I forget thee, Oh Jerusalem, may my right hand forget its cunning!" The love of our country, leading to glory in her honor, and to feel shame in her disgrace, is one of those delightful and sacred instincts, which form both the foundation and elevation of human nature, — which are placed in it as evidently emanating from something superior to itself, and which therefore defy the analysis to which the reasoning powers in their busy processes would subject them. They are something above our powers; they are our guides: — they are given to us with proofs of their infallibility in their incomprehensibility: — they are given to us, that we may not, in the most essential things, be the sport of temporary theories, and fashions, — of accidental situations, and unequal opportunities. The pagan and the christian, — the slave and the free-man, — he who lived thousands of years ago, and he who may live thousands of years hence, — are bound in a pleasant unity by the instinctive affections that are common to all our kind, — whereas,

without these, they would be as creatures of different planets, having no points of contact, no tendencies even to approximation, no intelligible communications. Thus would our sympathies be wretchedly limited, our imaginations restrained, our finest sources of mental pleasure shut up, — and even our reasoning faculties weakened by a diminution of the means of their exercise.

I have said this much, because there is a modern school of intellectualists and improvers, who found their claims to be considered impartial and shrewd, on a perpetual coldness to what their country does that is great and good, coupled with a lively warmth in exposing all the errors into which she is betrayed. The first quality, visible in their labours, renders their impartiality, so far as the latter is concerned, very suspicious, — and it would be more to the credit of their shrewdness, if they were to note what additional strength their cause might derive from addressing it to that large class of motives and prepossessions which exist for good purposes, — and, at all events, *will* exist, maugre their endeavours

to degrade them into hurtful prejudices. To run counter to the most innate popular feelings, when calling for the exercise of popular will, is not the most sagacious proceeding. The mass of the people will never be brought to think kindly of the theory of parliamentary reform, while they are accustomed to see its recommendation accompanied in the same page with sneers against the achievements of the Duke of Wellington. If the value of the former can only be made apparent by concealing the splendour of the latter, our multitudes will continue to shut their eyes to it, unless some unhappy change should take place in the social and political character of the country, which would dispose it to seek reformation in regardlessness of integrity, and to improve in the spirit of destruction. The fact is, that, after all our reasonings and demonstrations, there is more of certainty, and therefore more of wisdom, in patriotic attachments than in patriotic plans, — and therefore, when the latter are irreconcileable with the former they come to us with a confession that they are hollow. While the doctrines and assertions of old times,—to which

faith was pledged, for which blood was shed, and posterity invoked, — now present to us, on looking back upon them, but a mass of absurdities and uncertainties, displaying the weakness of those who fancied themselves so strong, — *public affections* afford us a changeless test by which to try the nobility of the qualities of character, and it is according to the manifestation of these that reputation has been adjudged. We think with indifference now of the squabbling in Athens whether Demosthenes had passed his accounts properly when the edict for crowning him was given in his favour, — but his orations against Philip are regarded with admiration, as speaking the true Athenian. We no longer criticise the expenditure of Pericles, but honor his high-minded desire to render his city magnificent in the eye of the world. We have no opinion for the merits of the sides taken by its inhabitants in these party questions, — but would now turn with strong distaste from the effusions of a Grecian writer of that day, directed to undervalue the result of Salamis, — or to prove that Darius, the son of Hystaspes, who was defeated at Mar-

athon, was a greater man than Miltiades, who saved the national independence of Greece by defeating its inveterate Persian foe.

It must be allowed, that, in estimating the comparative talents of the Duke of Wellington and Buonaparte, the mere result of the battle which finished the career of the latter, if considered independently of other circumstances, would prove little or nothing. There was very little scope for manœuvring in that engagement: the ground was wonderfully limited considering the number of the combatants; — there was no extensive chain of operations, including distant corps, and complicated movements. The French army was thrown upon the British and Prussians, without reserve, or reference to combination; and the British and Prussians had to keep their ground as entirely for themselves, as if Europe had supplied no other troops for the war. According to this simple way of looking at the facts, it appears, that, the hostile forces being about equal in strength and equipment, — but the French having the advantage in unity of command, and

probably in veteran soldiers, — the latter were nevertheless beaten. Their defeat, too, followed upon their own commencement of the war, according to their own plan, and at their own, selected time. It will scarcely be denied, that the means, of which Buonaparte possessed himself on his second return to France, were sufficient to enable him to raise an army that ought to have been competent to fight the British and Prussians; and, in point of fact, such an army was raised, — and was deemed by its leaders, and by every individual belonging to it, fully equal to defeating the troops of the alliance collected on Brussels. It was beaten, however, by these troops, — and, as no accident happened, as the French were well officered *, well appointed, and

* There was a cry, indeed, raised by the defeated French, that they were betrayed. The vanity of a Frenchman will always provide him with a consolation, even in the most shameful and abject circumstances, and at any expence of truth and probability. The Parisians turned this excuse, as they do every thing, into ridicule, — and exhibited a caricature, in which one of the imperial guard, having fallen into a ditch in his flight, roars out, " *Oh, I am betrayed!*" It was Ney that was said to have betrayed the army, — and the

zealous in their cause even to fury, — the conclusion must be one of two, — either that their commander is a very inferior general to those against whom he was then opposed, — or that his soldiers were still more deficient in firmness, or other essential military qualifications. — The battle itself chiefly proved the existence of a deficiency in the latter quarter: — the moment not having yet come for the Duke of Wellington to advance into France, and act on a combined system of attack, — and the importance of Brussels not permitting him to take any wide range, in conjunction with Prince Blucher, to discomfit the enemy by tactics, — he had only to put his men on their ground and leave them to maintain it, — he himself setting them a brilliant example of presence of mind, courage, and confidence. This he did, in a style that was never surpassed, and which equals the finest of those instances of coolness and heroism,

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military then attached all the horrid French execrations to his name; — a short time after this, Ney was to be shot as a traitor, and then the same party eulogised him as a model of every noble soldierly quality!

that have been shewn by great commanders, and which have immortalized their names, and given to history its chief interest. His life was exposed, both on the 16th and 18th, like that of his meanest soldier, * — his staff was almost entirely destroyed, — and, on the last day, it cannot be doubted, that he entered the field with as thorough a spirit of devotion as ever animated a Grecian or Roman warrior, — or the most romantic knight when engaged in the most hazardous enterprize. In this respect his conduct contrasts itself against Buonaparte's, in a manner which, without entering on the argument about sober views of duty in common cases, is, at all events, not unpleasant to English feelings. There are important occasions, when even duty unites with impulse to dictate to a nobly-constituted mind, to incur imminent hazards, as pledges of proper motives; and

* On the 16th a French officer of dragoons, having penetrated very far in a charge, was riding close to the Duke, who turning to some soldiers that were near him, said, — "what! will you allow him to escape!" The Frenchman was taken prisoner within a few yards of His Grace. I had this anecdote from an eye witness.

if the Duke of Wellington felt himself to stand in this predicament at Waterloo, how much more natural and proper was it that Buonaparte should consider himself as placed in such a situation. He clearly had no proper resource in case of defeat but death — that is to say, according to the rules of these violent but gallant adventures. — The circumstance of his having dragged a nation into a desperate hazard, without regard but to his own ambition, should, at least, have led him to shake off caution as it concerned his own safety, when he found that he had lost the stake for which he had thrown so fearful a venture. Certainly, of the two, the Duke of Wellington had not the most cause to expose himself: — it is understood, however, that "the Emperor" was never within the fire of musquetry, and that his leading onward consisted of the words "*en avant*," given to others while he remained behind. It really astounds one to think of his again setting his face towards Paris, after an overthrow so complete and disgraceful, thus rapidly following promises and vauntings so unqualified and arrogant.

But the great strength of the victorious cause on this occasion, lay in the sterling native excellence of the British troops. Yet some who very eagerly fly to this acknowledgment to lessen the merits of their general, should bethink them, first, that the Duke of Wellington anticipated every body else in stating what an advantage he had in this respect, — and, secondly, that the fine qualities of heart, which they now find to be so necessarily invincible, and so naturally the results of independent British habits, — were not sufficient to bespeak from them the slightest confidence in what our army would accomplish, — before it left them but this way of defaming the commander by praising his men. The British army and the Duke of Wellington are too closely connected with each other to permit this trick to be successful: they are to all intents and purposes identified: — it is not possible to ascertain, if it were grateful to inquire, how the division of merit should be struck: — all that can be known is, that, under the Duke, our army has, from being thought very meanly of in Europe, raised the military reputation

of this country to a level with its naval fame, — and that, by the help of our army, the Duke has reached the pinnacle of military honours, saved two kingdoms from a fate which his censurers described as not to be averted, and gained a victory which leaves him no rival to contend with, and England no enemy to fear.

Nothing certainly could be more apparent than the superiority of the troops of the three united kingdoms in these engagements. It is quite clear, I presume, that our countrymen evinced on that occasion a quality which is at present peculiar to themselves. The soldiers of other nations are brave: in the superficial appearances of enthusiasm, and the intelligence of individuals, the British army is surpassed by others; but it alone has that quality which may be termed the nobility of animal nature; which is called blood, and game, in the inferior creatures, and forms a natural and important distinction in the same species. This quality derives the ability to vanquish from an actual inability to yield, and leaves to those who guide the conflict, no need to estimate the extent of courage

to encounter, but simply to calculate the amount of physical strength to sustain. — It is this which gives to the British troops their universally-acknowledged superiority at the awful and decisive moment of the charge, — when the dreadful and final test is made, — when all the resources of dexterity and the encouragements of artificial feeling are as nothing, and the sterling worth of each individual combatant is assayed, by his being put to the direct proof with his particular opponent. This superiority has been incontestably our's through the whole course of the late campaigns, and it had its final triumph in its finest display at Waterloo. The history of our navy is the history of what this quality can achieve; and that it is properly national may be inferred from the coincidence of all our narratives of the past as well as the present. The British officers at Brussels, with whom I conversed, paid their enemies many compliments as to their steadiness and good countenance when standing fire, but unanimously declared that they never yet saw an instance of their meeting the shock of our men's bayonets. My Uncle

Toby, who was the modestest as well as the bravest of beings, declares the same, and he is supported by the excellent evidence of Trim. Speaking of the French, the former says, "If they have the advantage of a wood, or you give them a moment's time to entrench themselves, they are a nation which will pop and pop for ever at you. There is no way but to march coolly up to them, receive their fire, and fall in upon them, pell-mell: — Ding-dong, added Trim: — Horse and foot, said my Uncle Toby: — Helter-skelter, said Trim: — Right and left, cried my Uncle Toby: — Blood-an'-ounds! shouted the Corporal. The battle raged: Yorick drew his chair a little to one side for safety." *Tristram Shandy.*

Yet, although the battle of Waterloo, itself, may not, for the reasons already stated, supply a decisive test of the talents of the rival commanders, it forms a material point in the general chain of evidence, — and the sum of this evidence is, that Buonaparte's success is chiefly to be traced to what he disregarded, and Wellington's to what he considered. It only required that

the two systems should come in contact, that the former might be shivered to pieces by the latter. Buonaparte's genius, as a ruler and general, if genius it must be called, was of a very summary and simple kind: it consisted in saying "*let this be done*," no matter at what expence, no matter by what violation. This certainly gave him some important advantages over those who trouble themselves to find how a thing can be effected with the least expence and the least violation: but, — as has been observed in a former part of this work, when his character was under consideration, — a plan of this sort includes great reverses even more surely than great successes, and is sure to fail when its enemies at length unite energy with their caution, and activity with their reserves. From the circumstances of Europe when Buonaparte first came forward on the scene, it happened that it was long before he was so encountered, — but his glory, even when most splendid, was of a nature very coarse and unpleasant. Formerly, it used to be military science, acting with certain proportioned numbers, under certain rules of

forbearance; — forbearance as to the inhabitants and the troops, and science as to the acknowledged rules of war. Buonaparte rushed in, and carried all before him, not by refining farther on the methods in existence, but by stripping the military practice of every thing ornamental, generous, and humane. His gains were made at an expence of his soldiers' lives which no general would before have contemplated. To carry on this violent system of tactics, armies were levied, without mercy either for the countries furnishing the men, or those who were to provide them with supplies; — bivouacking superseded encampments, — winter campaigns were substituted for winter quarters, — masses were violently thrown forward where lines were before neatly deployed. What was all this but a retrograde step towards the clumsiness of barbarism? It was dropping the small sword to take up the club: — but, in its first appearances, it was deceiving, and the imposition assisted its own effect. "*It must be done*" was thought a god-like fiat, — whereas it was half suggested by a theatrical affectation, and half by a savage

insensibility. Rules of business were ill-observed, rules of society were disregarded, and rules of honor despised,—thus was constituted the greatness of Buonaparte. The moral and political system, the foundations of which he thus attempted to lay, was the most torpid and nefarious in its character and tendency that ever sprung from the evil desires of a "bold bad man." It had the coldness of philosophy without its wisdom, the fierceness of war without its heart and glow, the unsparing hand of reform without the rectitude of its intentions. Could it have been imposed on the world, the world would not have been worth living in; for we should have had names without things, and promises without even the momentary meaning to perform. But a system of this sort, which appeals to no human prejudice, and is also hostile to every rational and just principle, cannot last; and the victories finally gained over the extraordinary individual in question, belong to the same class of natural events with that ultimate ascendancy, which, in private life, regular men usually acquire over empirical speculators, who may at first

have dazzled the imaginations of their neighbours by the brilliancy of their establishments, and the unlimited extent of their dealings. Buonaparte's mode of transacting business with his minister of finance, explains the man and his means altogether. He always drew up the budget himself, and would put down arbitrary sums under the various heads of supply. The produce of one tax he would estimate at (let us say), three millions of francs: the minister well knew that it must fall short of this sum by at least a million, — but it was not his business to say any thing. The Emperor had so rated it, and "*it must be done*," was the imperial reply to all objections. To do him justice, however, when he said it must be done, he left his servants to do it as they best could. He bound them to none of the prescribed forms, or legal limitations. He quarrelled with no irregularity in the process, if the result was complete; nay, he did not much care what amount of future inconvenience and embarrassment was laid up for his administration, provided the present hour was got over with eclât, and the want of the moment supplied. In this

wild, preposterous, ruffian-like way, did this *great genius* conduct his affairs: — being without scruples, reserves, or foresights, he had much to expend in his first enterprises, but he became proportionably destitute at last, — and even his most obstinate admirers must admit, that the utmost of his success was not so remarkable as the extreme of his overthrow. This admission, if they consider it well, will be found to include all that has been said in these few last pages.

The total want of personal honor amongst the French military of the present day, is universally remarked by all who have had any thing to do with them as friends or enemies. This stripping off of the soldiers' moral lace and feather, was, in a great measure, the work of Buonaparte. A nice individual sense, cherished by his instruments, would have weakened his simple powers, diverted part of his means, and altogether have diluted his system. It would, for instance, have stood sadly in his way in Spain. Unfortunate as he found that war turn out, it would have been more rapidly so if his officers had kept themselves

within those rules which their great opponent observed. In the collection of the Duke of Wellington's orders to his army, many pages will be found devoted to the severity of rebuke and the strictness of regulation, having but one purpose,—namely, that of protecting the unfortunate inhabitants of the country which was the seat of the war. From the history of the French revolutionary campaigns, — the glories of which, according to the French nation's fancy, will be so brilliant in the eyes of posterity, — what instances of an equally honorable course can be adduced? I believe I may say of one; while it is stained with an undeviating and systematic practice of pillage and cruelty, that can only be paralleled in the accounts of modern wars, by adducing some few generally-reprobated instances of extraordinary outrage. The Duke of Wellington's talents as a general are not fairly estimated, unless account be taken of what he spared as well as of what he subdued, — and of the fame which he secured to his country, by coupling unexampled justice, forbearance, and humanity, with the more common military qualities of courage

and fierceness. The general acknowledgment of Europe to this effect has been gained by the Duke of Wellington for the British army. Along the whole line of road, through Flanders into France, and up to Paris, — I heard it repeated; — and on my arrival in that city, on the occasion of my second visit to it, the good behaviour of the British troops was almost the first remark that saluted my ears, coming as it did from a French gentleman, who, as it afterwards turned out, was not much inclined to think kindly of the conquerors of France. The commmander was no doubt assisted in producing this favorable impression by the national character of his men, which certainly does not include so much of ferocity as that of the French. It was said to me by a British officer, that our soldiers would steal readily enough, if they were not kept to severe discipline, but that they were very seldom found to commit murder. The French soldier, on the other hand, very frequently manifested a propensity to deviate from simple murder into ingenious cruelty.

The Duke of Wellington's ability has

been proved to be of a thoroughly British and sterling species. It includes those two fine qualities, honesty and common sense to temper, form, and apply the other more volatile properties of a well-furnished mind. It is not because a man can dance on the slack rope, and stand on one leg, and sit on a chair nicely balanced, that he is to be considered likely to beat, in a fair trial of the natural manly powers, another who only treads on sure ground, and is altogether more slow and sober in his movements and gait. Qualities should exist in a proper connection, and form a certain completeness of character, calculated for the general connection of human affairs:—this completeness indicates a much higher order of intellect than that from which emanates certain regardless and desultory impulses, which gain much only by leaving more unguarded, — which overcome by accidental surprise rather than by substantial skill, and therefore can only provide for a fortuitous pre-eminence, which is sure to vanish when circumstances permit others to recover from their fortuitous weakness. The Duke has won success out

of difficulty and disheartedness, and reared the height of his triumphs by laying certainly their foundations. Thus, instead of giving us cause to fear as his enterprise became gradually of a vast and overshadowing magnitude, he rendered its size a security for its strength; each advance resting solidly on what was next below, and being connected with it as effect is connected with cause. To this first class of character the Duke of Wellington is generally considered to belong, by those foreigners who have written and spoken of him, — and it is not from his usual omission of the word victory in his dispatches, — or even from the hasty, or, let it be said, the slovenly style of those descriptions which he chooses to give of what he performs in no slight or slovenly way, — that his countrymen should derive a title to undervalue him. If they cannot understand his merits as a general, until he take a lesson from the graces of a French bulletin, — he will still no doubt be contented to say to them, —

——— " Tis yet to know,
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate."

No one feature of his military character is more remarkable in the eyes of foreigners, than the disposition which leads him to let his achievements go so far beyond his boastings. The simple language of his dispatch, announcing to the British government and nation the great victory of Waterloo, struck an astonished admiration into the minds of the people of Brussels: — what a different thing would have been made of it in one of Buonaparte's bulletins, they said? But they felt the superiority of that cast of feeling which left the facts to speak for themselves. — In fine, a decidedly generic mark of high genius is to be found in the confident independence of the Duke of Wellington's plans, — formed as they are, in the silent and inapparent thoughtfulness of his own breast, — and utterly unknown to all about him, until they issue forth, in prompt and decided orders, calling for obedience not consultation, — and well-justifying the self-sufficiency in which they originate, by their own unfailing adequacy to produce the desired results.

THESE observations on certain debateable points, may, not inappropriately, fill up a space between the previous account of what occurred in the field of Waterloo on the day of action, and the description of its appearance when I paid it a visit. Its suggestions, on the latter occasion, were chiefly addressed to the imagination, — and it may be as well, that, before proceeding to these, we have got rid of argument as well as of narration.

The first visit to a field of battle, made by one totally unaccustomed to scenes of this description, throws him perhaps more out of his ordinary habits of mind than any other conceivable novelty would. He is now about to see what it was not very likely he ever should see, — such places being much out of the course of the inhabitants of these islands at least. The great cause of excitement, however, lies in his being on the point of converting into a visible reality what had previously existed in his mind as a shadowy, uncertain, but awful fancy. In this respect it may rank next to leaving this world altogether, to realize our doubtful but anxious ideas of the next. The shapings of the imagination will usually appear

to have been formed on a scale of more prominent magnitude, and to include more of the external signs of the surprising, than the truth bears out: — but there is something in unexpected simplicity of appearance, and an unassuming aspect, when contrasted with prodigious actions, and important results, which is perhaps, on the whole, more touching than visible "gorgons or chimeras dire." In this way, certainly, I was struck by the plain of Waterloo. No display, I think, of carnage, violence, and devastation, could have had so pathetic an effect, as the quiet orderly look of its fields, brightened with the sunshine, but thickly strewed with little heaps of up-turned earth, which no sunshine could brighten. On these the eye instantly fell, — and the heart, having but a slight call made upon it from without, pronounced with more solemnity to itself, the dreadful thing that lay below, scarcely covered with a sprinkling of mould. — On a closer inspection, the ravages of the battle were very apparent, — but neither the battered walls, splintered doors, and torn roofs of the farm houses of La Haye Sainte, astounding as

they certainly were, — nor even the miserably scorched relics of what must have been the beautiful Hougoumont, — with its wild orchard, its parterred flower garden, its gently-dignified chateau, and its humble offices, now confounded and overthrown by a visitation, which, from its traces, seemed to have included every possible sort of destruction, — not all these harsh features of the contest had, to my mind at least, so direct and irresistable an appeal, as the earthy hillocks which tripped the step on crossing a hedge-row, clearing a fence, or winding along among the grass that overhung a secluded path-way. In some spots they lay in thick clusters and long ranks; in others, one would present itself alone: betwixt these a black scathed circle told that fire had been employed to consume as worthless refuse, what parents cherished, friends esteemed, and women loved. The summer wind that shook the branches of the trees, and waved the clover and the gaudy heads of the thistles, brought along with it a foul stench, still more hideous to the mind than to the offended sense. The foot that startled the small bird from its

rest amidst the grass, disturbed at the same time, some poor remnant of a human being, — either a bit of his shewy habiliment in which he took pride, — or of his war-like accoutrements which were his glory, — or of the frame work of his body itself, which he felt as comeliness and strength, the instant before it became a mass of senseless matter.

The length of the road from Brussels to the village of Waterloo, is about nine miles, and the view, as you leave the city, is very pleasing, and even beautiful. The forest of Soignies soon receives you, and it has a deep, matted, impervious look, which more frequently characterizes the woods of the continent than those of our islands, and which gives them a good deal of poetical interest. My companion, a military friend, pointed out spots, as we passed along, where the troops halted for an instant, — where such a general officer rode by, — where some particular circumstance of confusion or distress took place when the wounded and the baggage were returning. The remains of bayonet sheaths, the tatters of caps and jackets, were seen lying

along the sides of the road, when we got about four or five miles from Brussels, and so continued for the rest of the way. Many bodies were buried along the whole track, the wounded having sunk at different distances as they crept from the field of battle, according as their strength failed them. For many weeks after the engagement, labourers were employed upon the line of this road to cover the remains of human beings. Behind our carriage, was an English sociable with a party of our countrymen and women on the same errand with ourselves: — before it was an English tandem; and, at the doors of the small inns, belonging to one or two hamlets, several English equipages were standing. The people of this foreign land seemed all to look as if they expected us, when we met them on the road. They nodded their heads to each other when they passed us, — as if saying, — "More of the English for Waterloo!" At last we entered this pretty considerable village, the name of which has such an import in the minds of its visitors, that its quiet rustic look almost surprises them. Waterloo! what a change

has suddenly taken place in all the associations of that word! From the obscure indication of the spot where a few dull Flemish rustics had their humble abodes, and went through their monotonous daily tasks, it has been raised to a par with the most famous names of the world, never to be forgotten until some interruption happens to the human race, and sure to form the inspirement of many a future impulse of patriotic emotion, of fiery ambition, and perpetuating and adorning genius. Our carriage rolled on past its humble church, — while at the opposite inn we saw a collection of vehicles, all belonging to strangers, — horses led by boys backwards and forwards, — and a bustle almost as great as occurs in a country town of England, when it happens that a horse-race, or a boxing match, takes place in its vicinity.

It is more than a mile from Waterloo to the small hamlet of Mont St. Jean. Probably the Duke of Wellington took little or no note of these few houses, in the immediate front of which his army was formed, and which might therefore have

been expected to give their name to the battle, notwithstanding that his head-quarters were at Waterloo, at the inn of which he slept on the night of the 17th. Whether it were accident, or intention, however, that caused His Grace's selection of the latter place, to distinguish his achievement, we have reason to be pleased that such a choice was made, — for the appellation that must occur so often in future history, and which is so frequently referred to by those of the present time, accords well with the language of the people, to whom, as a property it belongs.

Almost every house in the hamlet of Mont St. Jean, poured forth women and old men, to every fresh arrival of visitors, — who eagerly offered relics of the battle for sale. From the complete cuirass, the valuable sabre, carbine, and case of pistols, down to the buttons that had been torn from the jackets of the slain, — all the wreck of the field had been industriously collected, and each article found ready purchasers. Letters taken from the pockets of the dead, were frequently offered, and were always eagerly bought. In a bundle,

which fell into my hands, I found one addressed to a "*dear brother,*" written from Lyons, and congratulating the person to whom it was sent, on his being so fortunate as to receive from the Emperor a situation in the old imperial guard. It mentions the death of a near relation, and says, "*but we must console ourselves by force.*" This letter, with its congratulations, and condolences, could have come to hand only a day or two before he who received it was removed beyond all further loss or gain. — "Here's fine revolution;" as Hamlet says, "an we had the trick to see it." — In the pockets of the dead German soldiers, it is said, several bibles were found, — and in those of the slaughtered French, many of the loose pamphlets and collections of songs which are vended in the Palais Royal.

From St. Jean, the road immediately rises up the back of the ridge, — on the height and in the front of which, the infantry of the Duke of Wellington's army was formed in line. The cavalry, at the beginning of the battle, were posted on the St. Jean side of the eminence. The ascent

is easy: you reach the top unexpectedly, and the whole field of battle is then at once before the eye. Its sudden burst has the effect of a shock, and few, I believe, are found to put any question for the first five minutes. The point from whence this complete view of the scene, so often pictured in imagination, first presents itself, is one of the most interesting that it includes. It is, the summit of the ridge close to the road, over which hangs an old picturesque tree, with a few straggling branches projecting in grotesque shapes from its ragged trunk. The British position extended on the right and left of the road, for the extent of about a mile and three quarters, along the top of a continued line of gentle eminences, immediately confronted by very similar heights, distant from half to three quarters of a mile, along which the French army was posted. The intermediate plain, and the ascent of our ridge, form the field of battle. The tree, already mentioned, fixed on the bank above the high road from Brussels to Charleroi, denotes the center of our position, and, the Duke of Wellington having been near it the greater

part of the day, it goes by the name of the "Wellington tree." I found it much shattered with balls, both grape and musket; all of which had been picked out by visitors. Its branches and trunk were terribly splintered. It still retained, however, the vitality of its growth, and will, probably, for many future years, be the first saluting sign to our children and our children's children, who, with feelings of a sacred cast, come to gaze on this theatre of their ancestors' deeds. We who now describe them, must soon join those whose fall we commemorate, — and other generations will have their curiosity excited, only to follow us where all human interests cease; — but this venerable tree will remain, a long survivor of the grand battle in which it was no slight sufferer, — a monument of its circumstances, — a conspicuous mark to denote and to impress. Its old head, rising over the graves of so many gallant men, who dropped under what it withstood, struck one as conveying a mortifying reproach of the weakness of our species. An empire has withered under its shade; the hopes of am-

bition, the prayers of affection, the strength of the brave, and the skill of talent, lie abortive beneath its branches: yet it will continue to put forth its leaves in the spring,—to break the winds of autumn,—and to sustain the snows of winter,—to overhang succeeding crops, as it overhung the thinning ranks of armies,—to shelter the bird, whose note shall echo over fields, that groaned under the crushing wheels of cannon, and shook under the thundering tramp of charging squadrons.

A little way down from this tree, keeping near to the road, is the farm of La Haye Sainte. Here I saw, for the first time in my life, a specimen of what war does to the habitations of the peaceful. The spectacle was one of horror, and when, contrasted in the mind with the quiet and secure cottages and farm houses of Britain, enforced a lively sense of the good fortune of our country. The garden was a heap of devastation: hedges were levelled, walls broken down. The door was riddled through and through with all sorts of shot, and furnished a most appalling proof of the fury of the attack, and the determina-

tion of the defence. This post, after a most gallant resistance by the party to whom it was entrusted, was forced by the enemy, and every soul within the building bayoneted. Its situation must have rendered this a most alarming event. On entering into the court yard, the aspect of wretchedness and destruction was still more fearful. The farmer and his family had hastily fled, — nor was there as yet any indications of their returning. A little child came out to us, begging for a sous; the roofs of the dwelling house and offices were knocked into great holes by bombs and cannon balls: the windows were hideous wrecks, — not a pane of glass remaining in the whole range, — the frames all broken, and the fragments hanging most forlornly. The extent of the destruction went beyond all I had ever conceived of such scenes, assisted as one's imagination has of late been by numerous and minute descriptions.

From the farm yard I walked into an enclosed orchard: the combat here had been dreadfully fierce: the paper of the exploded cartridges still lay thickly on the

ground, and the caps of the soldiers were strewed about, most of them having holes through them, by which had entered the death of their wearers. The heart exerted itself to discredit the eye, when the latter testified that to some of these decaying bits of felt or leather, the corrupting remains of the heads of human beings were attached. In this orchard the trees were numerous, and in general very slender; but neither my companion nor myself, though we took a regular survey for the purpose, could find one that had escaped being hit by a ball. After observing this, I was only astonished that the number of men destroyed on these dreadful occasions is not greater than it is.

Many small heaps of newly up-turned earth disfigured the pleasant green of this orchard, — which we quitted by a torn aperture in its hedge, through which the French had forced a violent passage, under a shower of shot, and at the point of the bayonet. The flowered twigs now hung beautifully and silently over the relics of the carnage, and the signs of the tumult. A hasty step across the small ditch, brought me almost

upon one of the graves, that were dropped here about very thickly. The putrid smell was extremely strong, and the bodies seemed to be hardly covered: — a narrow rural footpath wound itself, emblematic of the gentleness and peace of nature, through these horrid monuments of man's fury. It led us from the fields to the road, along which we advanced towards the French position. Bodies were extended here by the side of the waggon ruts, only covered with the loose gravel; a man's hand shewed itself to terrify away the look from one of these heaps. As the road began to rise towards the inn of La Belle Alliance, we came, by crossing it in a direction to the left, as looking towards the French position, to the spot where Buonaparte stood, partially sheltered by a sand bank, when he was farthest in advance, and directed the last charge made by his imperial guard. Turning now again to look back on the English position, the extent of field on the other side of the road from La Haye Sainte, upward to the ridge which is separated from the Wellington tree by the same common track, appeared

to have been the theatre of still more terrible combating than any of which we had as yet observed the vestiges. It was here that the imperial guard charged upon the hedge where the highlanders and Scotch greys were drawn up, — and it was here that they were slaughtered. It was from this side too that the Prussians arrived, overwhelming the already routed French. The graves here lay in large collections, — and pits contained the bodies of hundreds of horses. Bayonet sheaths, bits of caps, and the rags of clothes, covered the ground.

We walked on to the famous house of La Belle Alliance. It is the most convenient mark for indicating Buonaparte's place in the battle, as the tree previously mentioned, denotes the post of our commander. In this, as in other respects, the latter has the advantage: La Belle Alliance had been sufficiently repaired to enable its proprietor to derive profit from the circumstances of the time: it had all the vulgar coarse appearance, when I saw it, of a crowded suttling house, and gave a turn to the feelings, very different from that

which they received under the influence of the Wellington monument. Its two disordered rooms were full of people drinking, as they stood or walked about. Every one was putting questions, calling for refreshments, their horses, or their guides. There were four or five British parties on the field on the day of my visit to it, and two foreign ones, I believe. Miserable paralytics, aged men and women bent double, and dirty ragged children, gathered about you here, clamorously importunate that you should buy from them eagles, buttons, serjeants' books of companies, grape-shot, and other refuse of the battle. — "*Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them!*"

The two rooms of this Flemish public house, offered a most singular spectacle in the scribbling on their walls, which were covered, like a seat in Kensington Gardens, with names, inscriptions, drawings, devices, and poetry; all the fruits of those "longings after immortality," that are peculiarly impulsive in the breasts of our country folks, if we may judge by their peculiar taste for

these records, written and hieroglyphic. The whimsical humour that distinguishes the public character of these islands, had not been at all repressed by the awful circumstances of the situation. A "Mr. John Todd," had been careful to leave behind him information that he "came to the field of battle at Waterloo, the 10th July 1815," —and some one had done him the justice to supply the deficiency, for which his modesty was accountable, by adding, "*veni, vidi, vici!*" There was something less pleasant in the bit of biography, tacked by some impartial person to the rather too concise history, which an individual had thought proper to give of his interesting self, in the words "Thomas Jackson:" a pencil inscription, in another hand, rendered the memorial less meagre, and more instructive, by stating, that "he was hanged at the last assizes for sheep stealing!" The portrait of "Thomas Sutcliffe, of the second life guards," had been delineated on the wall by some friendly hand, in coal outline: —a critic on the fine arts, jealous probably of the honour thus paid, had endeavoured

to depreciate it by putting the words "ugly *theef*," in very prominent connection with this otherwise flattering imitation. The higher flights of the muse were not wanting in this collection of the effusions of elegant imaginations. The following verse seemed to me worthy of selection from several;

> "The tyrant thought our army to destroy,
> And Belgium to regain by his deceit,
> But British valour did his hopes annoy,
> And warm reception did each project meet."

Less splendid than these commemorations of individuals, was the small branch of fir, which had been stuck on the top of a heap of earth, at the back of the house, under which was laid the body of a French general, who had died here of the wounds which he received in the battle that raged below.

From La Belle Alliance we walked across the ridge of the French position, to the left, as now looking to the English lines, until we reached the ruins of Hugoumont, which formed a strong post in advance of the British right, held by a small detachment of the English guards and Hanoverians, in spite of the most furious at-

tempts of the enemy, to get possession of it. In the course of our walk, we stumbled into the deep holes made by the shot from our guns, which had plunged into the midst of the French columns. Every now and then we crossed broad rugged tracks, which seemed as if they had been swept by some fiery up-tearing stream, that had hardened in excrescences on the surface of the earth. These were the traces of the squadrons of French cavalry, and denoted the directions in which they gallopped into the battle. Here, too, the heaps of dead were scattered about, — and numerous parties of the peasantry were employed in raking more earth over the bodies, their first thin covering of mould having been in many instances washed away by the rains.

The gentle ascent, through a beautiful orchard wood, to the chateau of Hugoumont, presented the most delightful rural images, in close connection with the unequivocal signs of death and horror. Every tree here, also, was wounded by the balls, — and the fragments of caps and clothing, indicated what was covered by the many

brown hillocks of earth, over which we were obliged to step.

The buildings of Hugoumont were infinitely more shattered than even those of La Haye Sainte. They belong to a gentleman of independent circumstances, who, before the battle, had in this spot one of the pleasantest, and most tranquil-looking retreats that can be imagined. The garden, which had been laid out with great care, in the old style of parterres and walks, was the chief post of the English guards, who obstinately resisted the inveterate attacks of the large columns moved by the enemy on this, at times insulated, position. These attacks were the commencement of the battle, and were repeated in the violent style of Buonaparte, with encreased means, but were all finally unsuccessful. In one corner the most terrible ravages attested the violence with which the enemy strove to force a passage: trees were felled and laid cross-wise for the purpose of defence, —and in a single spot, — a mere point, — fifty dead bodies lie together, where they all fell. Near to this, there is a black scorched space, where six hundred human

corpses, found in these grounds, were collected and burnt. Fire had been set to the buildings in the course of the engagement, — and, in short, the whole place seemed to have been the theatre of some supernatural mischief, — some celebration of infernal rites, — or manifestation of heavenly vengeance.

Proceeding round, to return to the center of the British position by its right, we went along the ridge which here bends backward in the shape of a semi-circle. Near a cluster of trees, the fight seemed to have been very heavy: about this spot I observed the complete impression of a man's body on the ground, as distinctly marked as if he had fallen on the snow: — he had been of a large size, probably either a life-guardsman or a cuirassier, — and the hole, which had taken the shape of his head, was full of a corrupted fluid, that one shuddered to look at. Downward from this, along the easy slope, which slants off to the farm of La Haye Sainte, the charges of the cavalry had trampled deep scarrings into the ground: all the surface of the field here

was torn and scattered by the hurricane of the battle:—here too we came upon vast pits, in each of which hundreds of horses had been buried, and which flung a fearful stench over the whole extent of this most impressive scene.

Returned again to the Wellington tree, we walked from it, along the position of the left wing of the British army. A broken and ragged hedge fringes the top of the line of eminence after crossing the road, and a long rank of graves, lying under this hedge, intimates the loss of the brave highlanders, who from here met and destroyed the imperial guard.

But enough of particular description has now been given;—I hope, however, not too much. The public and private interests, connecting themselves with the events that have left these affecting vestiges, warrant a considerable minuteness of detail. Curiosity cannot be easily surfeited, nor feeling palled on such a theme; and I trust that I have not come too late to experience a portion of the advantage which has thus been enjoyed by the many writers who have

taken Waterloo for their subject. — But to my mind, I must confess, it appears, that there can be no tiring in dwelling on what directs and kindles the contemplation of gigantic efforts of character, called up by stupendous circumstances, including almost every ingredient of sublimity, such as pomp, terror, triumph, power, and weakness. I would set him down, at once, as either diseased or dull, who would object, either in the tone of humanity or philosophy, to the gross exhibitions of these scenes. It is true the materials are of blood, and the various signs of carnage, — but the temper that shrinks from the spectacle cannot know of what human nature consists, of what it is capable, and how it should be treated. Some who are forward to represent in a favourable light that faulty frame of personal disposition which engendors wars, shrink back within their pampered sensibilities, from all that can direct their imaginations to the actual features of these mortal contests. But this is surely reversing the healthy process of a well-constituted mind: the external phenomenon is often

grand, when the cause is dark and pestilential: — the effects in those who are influenced, belong to the highest order of poetry, — but the influence itself is hateful selfishness. For the few, there may be exaltations and exercises of spirit, of a purer and loftier kind than any that great battles can furnish, — but the animations of the latter are by far the most universally operative to lift, to inflame, to agitate, — to stir the human affections, — to extend the connected chain of feelings, — to call forth what is most peculiarly human in the nature of man, — what chiefly distinguishes him from the inferior animals. What genius can do for some by its exertions in literature and art, — a battle can do for all, — namely, strengthen the action of the faculties, widen the sphere of the sympathies, and encrease the ardour of the passions. A battle and a devotional exercise, are the only means of raising up the style of thought and feeling in common breasts, to the standard of keen spirits and refined fancies. There is on these occasions a grand community of soul, pervading multitudes, who,

in all common cases, and on all common subjects, have scarcely a point of contact, or a clue to sympathy. There will ever be exceptions; — there will ever be grovellers and dastards in war, and hypocrites in religion, — but enthusiasm generally takes place under these stimulants, — and enthusiasm causes "the toe of the peasant to come near the heel of the courtier."

The feeling on leaving the field of Waterloo, was that which attends committing a paltry desertion. What right had the living thus, as a matter of course, to quit the graves of the dead, — to go about their pleasures, and their profits, — to enjoy their friends and their families, — to talk, and to dress, to eat, and to sleep? Thousands of those who were accustomed to do all this, — who were dear to their friends and to their families, — who had tastes for pleasures, and calls to business, — entered it never to quit it more: — and what interest had they in the cause, more than the crowds who took a summer morning's walk over their bodies, to return when wearied, and derive consequence from the exploit! There is nothing to be said for it, but as he has

said, who says what is best for every thing and every body.

" Why, let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play:
For some must watch, while some may sleep, —
Thus runs the world away." —

On returning to the village of Waterloo, I went over from the inn to the church: — the boys around the door stood there in waiting for British visitors, and made rather a riotous play of shewing the simple monuments to some of the slain, which have been put up against the walls by their surviving brother officers. On two plain tablets of stone, the names of several gallant gentlemen of the foot guards, and of the fifteenth hussars are engraved, as having " fallen gloriously in the battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo;" and it is added, that these memorials have been erected by the officers of the regiments specified, in commemoration of their companions. The boys, who were not the most congenial associates in such a pilgrimage, but whom it was impossible to shake off, went on, laughing and calling, to shew us the way, along the path of a pleasant little wood, to the spot, rural,

quiet, and secluded, where two flat stones, lying on the ground, pointed out the graves of Lieutenant Colonel Fitzgerald of the second life guards, and of Colonel De Langrehr, commandant of the first battalion of Bremen.

I am now about to bid adieu to a theme which has occupied a very considerable portion of these pages, and from which to any other, must be a descent. A German, lecturing on the drama in Vienna in the year 1808, alluded, in the hearing of three hundred persons, many of them of high rank and reputation, and all of them of the respectable classes, to the astonishing public greatness and energy of the British nation. The most signal proof of these qualities, was then yet to come; — it has now been given, and the continent has received an impression of their existence, that will never be effaced. It remains for ourselves to provide for the future, and to render our country an exception to the common history of nations, which generally commences political and social decline from the apex of military fame. It is true, that the exertions necessary to attain to the latter,

have a debauching as well as an exhausting tendency, — but Britain has, more surely and fully than any other state ever had, the principles of counteraction and renovation within herself. Difficulties must follow these enormous efforts, — but what we have escaped is to be taken into account, when we sit down to estimate our national condition. The great matter is, that men of influence and power among us, should see with a clear eye into what forms the very essence of the strength of Great Britain, — and have hearts good enough, and intellects sound enough, to dispose them to address themselves to strengthen and encourage the only real vital principle of their country's pre-eminence hitherto, and the source from whence must come her recovery from an exhaustion, that need only be temporary, and that attaches no disgrace. From the miserable witling captiousness of an opposition, which, like the common cur, barks without discrimination, and bites at the heel when the body is above its reach, — it is not likely that they will consent to take any lesson: — the natural, and scarcely blameable feeling is to kick the yelping

creature away, the moment it opens its mouth. But there is a duty owing to the present time, to its reputation, and to its necessities, which presses most incumbently on all those who stand by the wheel that shapes the course of the state; — and a vast amount of hope depends on their being above turning, either in ignorance or irritation, from the honest discharge of this duty, because they have been pestered with false claims made in its name, and forced to cope with fearful evils, arising out of profligate perversions of its obligations. The most pressing necessity was to get rid of the wicked and injurious imposition, — but the great and lasting advantage must be found in acknowledging and practising what is just, valid, and wise. The political institutions of society are at least as far from having reached perfection, as the arts and sciences; and if change and experiment are not so practicable in the former as in the latter, yet, in proportion as it is mischievous to tamper with them but when the occasion is clear, the opportunity striking, and the call urgent, it is dangerous and guilty to withstand those great invita-

tions which at intervals summon mankind to improve their condition. We are all ready to acknowledge how much it has been improved, and nothing can be more clear than the proofs, that the improvement has been shamefully retarded by the selfishness and prejudice of individuals, who arrogantly pronounced judgment for the public, according to their views for themselves. It would be monstrous folly to suppose that the present race is quite out of the risk of suffering by such an error,—and it would be stupidly base to set down all these disturbances, that have of late years agitated Europe, to a wilful and unfounded temper of popular insubordination:—the convulsion can only fairly be considered as a natural working, accompanied with painful and diseased symptoms, but occasioned by the growth of men's minds beyond the institutions that had their origin in a very inferior state of information. Nor should England consider herself out of the need of advancing herself further, because she is already advanced beyond her neighbours; on the contrary, her strength and wisdom lie in maintaining

her wonted prerogative of being the first to move forward in a safe road, — of first catching the bright prospect of further attainments, — and securing for herself, in the independence and fortitude of her judgment, what others tardily copy from her practice. The vigorous habits of action and thought, which her rulers have found so valuable in the late struggle for national fame and pre-eminence, are only to be preserved, as they were engendered, — namely, by admitting popular opinion to busy itself with the internal affairs of the country, to exercise itself freely on the character of its political establishments, to grapple on even ground with professional and official prejudices and prepossessions, and finally to knock every thing down that does not stand firm in its own moral strength. — This is England's duty to herself, — and to the world at large she owes an equally sacred one: viz. so to regulate the application of her influence and power, that it shall oppose no tendency to good, — that it shall never be available to evil and bigotted designs, masking themselves under canting professions, — but justify those loud

and confident calls which she has every where addressed to generous hearts and fine spirits, demanding that they should feel and join her cause as a common one for the honor, the interests, and the hopes of human nature. It may be doubted whether she has, in every respect, duly maintained the high ground on which she assumes to stand, — and that this is said in no uncandid or malignant motive, the readers of the foregoing part of this work will surely have no hesitation to acknowledge. But I should blush for the exultation previously expressed, if it were hostile to discrimination, or sprung from a disposition careless of principle. If it was, as England pretended, in pure indignation against tyranny, and the pretensions of villainous imposture, that she fought in Spain, — and not solely against Buonaparte as the enemy of England's teas and muslins, her severe maritime code, and her suspicious Indian conquests; — if it was for the Spanish people, — meaning, in her description of it, the cause of liberty, independence, virtue, and good faith, — that she combatted so gloriously, — is it becoming, that

the signs of personal esteem should be conveyed from the head of the English government, to him, who, as an ungrateful despot, as an enslaver of his people contrary to law, as a perfidious ingrate, ought to be deemed quite as distasteful, if not so dangerous an *usurper* as Buonaparte? No one, surely, now-a-days, will be found in this country to maintain that mere birth alone constitutes royal legitimacy. If so narrow an interpretation were that, according to which the principle is understood by that combination of persons in authority over society who have done so much to render it paramount, and who say they are resolved to keep it so, — mankind would have much less reason for congratulation than they are instructed to believe they possess. The glory of the people of England has been well proved in what they have sustained and achieved; — the chief glory of their rulers remains still to be proved, in their shewing to the world at large the general rectitude of the motives by which they have been actuated in their policy: —in their showing that the expence and sacrifice of every sort, incurred to establish the preponderance of

English councils, and the invincibility of English arms, — have a better justification than the selfish arrogance of a state bent on enriching itself; — that they have originated in the consistent pursuit of fair and honourable views, embracing the great connection between safety and integrity, and the intimate union of political interests with the principles of political justice and gradual improvement.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE road from Brussels to Paris was by no means very open when I took my departure from the former to proceed to the latter capital. The rout by Lisle was a very circuitous one, but it was the only one by which the people at the diligence offices would guarantee the safe progress of travellers. I could not, however, brook the idea of being four days and nights in travelling between two places scarcely distant from each other two hundred miles; I therefore preferred taking my chance by way of Valenciennes, although the French army in that important fortress, and about its neighbourhood, had not yet so settled into submission to the reinstated government, as to render it certain that I should be able to accomplish the whole journey.

A Belgian lady who was going from Brussels to Mons, the last fortress within

the frontier of the kingdom of the Netherlands, gave me very agreeable proofs of the estimation in which the British army was held by the people of this country. The Scotch, however, I must say, — drily adhering to the evidence of facts, and protecting myself entirely (if such a thing be possible) from the partialities of a Scotchman, — seemed to occupy the first place of good-will in every breast. My fellow traveller, as one of her first questions, asked me if I was Scotch? Luckily I could answer in the affirmative: "ah," she said, they were *bien aimables et tres jolis.* — "Was I military?" Unfortunately I could not say yes to this; and her countenance rather fell from the height of its animated cordiality at my negative: — but it still retained much friendly warmth as she declared that the soldiers, my compatriots, were "*tres braves, et bien discrets.*" She had seen a military friend, with his arm in a sling, bid me good bye at the door of the diligence, — had he been severely wounded, she inquired? Yes, he had: — "*ah, pauvre jeun homme!*" "But was he recovering?" —

"Oh yes, certainly." "Ah, I am so happy!"

In the several towns through which we passed before reaching Mons, I discovered the same superior neatness to the French towns, that I have before noticed; and all the signs of means adequate to the comfort of the inhabitants in their various ranks.

We passed many detachments of English troops on the road, and in the towns I saw them sitting on the steps of the doors of the houses, resting after their march, and apparently on a most good humoured pleasant footing with the people of the country. As it drew towards evening, the monotonous sound and dull motion of the vehicle had thrown me into a kind of stupified half-sleep, in the course of which I heard, with an imperfect confused consciousness, a female voice, loudly exclaiming, in the true Irish accent, "*Coachman!*" — "*I say coachman!*" — "*Coachman, will you hear now!*" This singular address to a Flemish postilion, cracking his long whip at the tails of his horses, could not fail to rouse me with something of astonishment. I

was the more surprised because I had not before supposed that there was any body in or about the diligence who could speak English but myself. Putting my head out of the window, I almost encountered that of a soldier's wife, who was leaning half her body from the cabriolet, continuing to vociferate "*Coachman*," while the man on the horse was looking back at her, with the most ludicrous expression of not understanding, mingled with benevolent mirth on his face. I inquired of the woman what she wanted? At the first syllable of my interrogation she turned quickly round, and, in a tone of almost frantic joy, cried out — "*Oh, Lord bless you, Sir, — is it English that I hear again!*" She had a female companion with her; they were both soldiers' wives, — and had intended to go by the diligence to Lisle, near which town they understood they would find their husbands. They had, however, taken the wrong conveyance from Brussels, and were now not far from Mons, — considerably out of the line of march which the regiment they wished to join had pursued. Their distress was loudly, but

somewhat whimsically expressed, when I explained to them their unlucky mistake: but they prayed many blessings on my head, when I assured them that I would not leave them in Mons, without finding out some one belonging to our army, who would give them advice and assistance what steps to take.

About eleven o'clock, on a very dark night, the diligence arrived at the outworks of the fortifications of Mons. A centinel challenged us, — and we were obliged to stop till orders came from the guard house, before the gate was jealously opened. Strong temporary works had been formed with turf and palisadoes, and connected with the regular fortifications, as it was very likely that this town would have to sustain one of the first and fiercest bursts of the late war. These new works had entirely interrupted the usual road, and our vehicle had to wind slowly through the zig-zag embankments, — challenged by centinels at every few yards, — until at length it issued again into the old road. We had still to go over the draw-bridge, and through the town gates. These pre-

cautions were not unnecessary, though the war seemed in point of fact over; for the country between Mons and Valenciennes was infested with lawless corps of French soldiers, who were not at all unlikely to try a desperate enterprise, and had committed many pieces of violence and rapine.

The diligence at length stopped in the great place of Mons: most of the continental towns have spacious places, of which they are very proud, for holding their markets, and around which are built their municipal buildings, court-houses, &c. That at Mons is very fine and large. It was mid-night before we halted at the door of the office. The two soldiers' wives soon made their appearance from the cabriolet, to claim the performance of my promise. It took the people employed, however, almost an hour to untie and bring down from the top the immense mass of luggage; and until all was fairly arranged and checked by the way-bill, none of the passengers were permitted to move. They are certainly very accurate in the conducting of all these public establishments in the parts of the continent where I have been, — but they

are accurate by the strict enforcement of clumsy and unpleasant regulations, — by making restraints supply the want of good management, — by scrupling not to sacrifice the time, feelings, and convenience of the public, for the sake of preserving their property, which might be equally well preserved by gentler means, coupled with more business-like habits.

At last I set off with the women, on the hunt through this strange place, at one o'clock in the morning. For some time I could gain no information likely to be of any service to them. I was told that there was no British detachment stationed in Mons, and nobody, that I could find stirring at that unseasonable hour, was very sure that there were even any British troops at that time marching through it. On re-crossing the large market place for the fifth or sixth time, with the women and their countless bundles following me close, and groaning out many an "Oh, dear!" I was lucky enough to fall in with a serjeant of one of the highland regiments, who was then going to prepare for the early march of a few convalescent men. He very rea-

dily took my fellow passengers off my hands, assuring me that he could give them seats on a baggage waggon, that would pass through where they were likely to join their husbands. I had many blessings from these poor women when we parted.

The affair, however light it may look on paper, was nevertheless productive of serious embarrassment to me, in the peculiar circumstances of my situation. The luggage of a traveller requires him to look pretty closely after it, — nor is it a matter of course to get comfortably housed in these foreign towns, on arriving in them at so late an hour. But the difficulty and trouble I had thus incurred, were productive of a piece of very good fortune. My great anxiety was to get rapidly on to Paris, and by having been kept from my bed, in the way I have described, till two in the morning, I was able to avail myself of an opportunity that offered of starting, about half an hour before three, for Valenciennes, in one of the open carriages of the country.

We passed in the early twilight through the village of Jemappe, rendered famous by Dumourier's great victory over the Aus-

trians. This may be deemed the commencement of the system, which, with some changes of feature, but few or none of principle, continued to characterize the history of revolutionized France, till it was closed in the consummation of defeat and disgrace at Waterloo.

We had travelled, I think, about twelve miles from Mons, when we passed the French frontier, — and, shortly afterwards, stopped at a small inn, which, it was very evident, was worse furnished, worse arranged, and less ready, than those of the same class, that I had seen in Flanders. We arrived at the gates of Valenciennes, which is distant about twenty-one miles from Mons, at six in the morning, just as they were about to open them. We had, therefore, travelled pretty quickly.

The regular soldiers had been removed from this town when it sent in its submission to the King: — a motley straggling groupe of national guards marched up to the gates, with drums beating, and admitted our vehicle, together with a crowd of peasants, male and female, who brought their milk, vegetables, &c. for the supply

of the inhabitants, and who had been for some time waiting the moment of admission. These persons were subjected to a summary searching of their persons, by the douaniers who were in attendance. We were treated with politeness: my passport was scarcely looked at.

There are three lines of fortifications to protect this immensely strong place, the works of which are contrived according to the very best principles of the art. At a small distance you see its spires rising above its houses, and the approach seems without restraint or obstacle of any kind. Not an appearance of a wall shews itself: but, on coming nearer, you find high walls and deep ditches, massy gates, and sounding draw-bridges. Valenciennes, as is well known, sustained a severe siege early in the revolutionary war, and was at length obliged to capitulate to the allies. This piece of success, however, was followed by sad misfortunes, — and the military reputation of the powers then combined, suffered a long and melancholy eclipse, from whence, however, it has at last gloriously emerged. Valenciennes is a very

large town, situated in a flat, uninteresting, but not unfruitful country.

Little other description can be given of any part of the long extent of provinces up to Paris. A great deal of corn was every where on the ground, but there was no beauty to admire, either of artful ornament, or natural wildness. The roads ran in tedious straight lines, paved in the middle, and neglected at the edges. We rolled on, over the pavement, at a dull pace, of about four miles, or four miles and a half an hour, and were thirty-four hours on our journey, in going a distance of from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty miles.

The signs of a conquered, exhausted, divided, and wretched nation, were soon very visible. The villages through which we passed on the first day, were more than half empty. Every second house, at least, was shut up, or left entirely open, — both of which states equally proved it to be without inhabitants. From most of these wretched broken-up tenements, a whitish looking rag was suspended, coarsely tied to a stick, poked out of a broken window,

or the decayed roof. It was clear, that, amidst so much of real necessity and suffering, the refinements of loyalty were not likely to gain a very predominant place in the minds of the peasantry: — these flags, therefore, were to be interpreted for what they were, — namely, supplications for mercy at the hands of the foreign military who were filling all the roads, villages, and towns of unhappy France. From the forlorn appearance of the places where they were extended, it was very plain that their appeal had in many instances been disregarded.

We frequently saw troops of Prussian cavalry on the road: the men carried themselves with the arrogant air of conquerors, and each detachment had at least one ill-fed cow driven along with it, two or more sheep, and a supply of poultry hanging from the pummels of the saddles. These had all been seized from the farms and cottages about. A cart or two accompanied each, driven by French peasants, who were pressed into this service. In these vehicles a few women belonging to the troop, were seated very much at their ease: — they

stared at those who passed, quite as fiercely and dissolutely as the soldiers, who were smoking segars, as they swung from side to side in their loose seats, with every motion of the horses that carried them. The predatory aspect of armed bands of freebooters, was represented in a very lively manner among these Prussian corps. Their appearance was highly picturesque, but suggested very painful reflections. It is no light matter to subject the inoffensive inhabitants of a country to the will and call of this sort of gentry. The vague, unsubstantial, doubtful, and frequently deceptive connection, that exists between the true and felt interests of the people, and the measures of their governments which introduce these violent instruments to adjust national disputes,—forms a strange contrast to the positive, certain, and enormous damage which they sustain, in order that their rulers may congratulate them on their triumphs, or, at the very worst, on the preservation of their honour. Further, the share that the mass of a nation may have in any outrage committed by its government, is so necessarily small, and ge-

nerally venial through circumstances of delusion and misrepresentation, that the mind of the impartial observer, seeing no just proportion between the offence and the retribution, where the latter falls heaviest, — even in the case of a war that is successful against those who gave the provocation, — becomes lost in indignation and sorrow, in the contemplation of human misery, from which those who are chiefly accountable for it, always chiefly escape.

We continued, from time to time, to meet or pass the broken-up remnants of French battalions. Small parties of young men, in worn-out regimentals, retaining generally their swords, which they carried across their shoulders to support their bundles, were seen proceeding to their homes, — their warlike occupation being over. The French soldier carries with him, in a very peculiar degree, the look and air of military service; — there is also a shrewd intelligence in his eye, which is very striking; they in general look like rakes and spendthrifts of good family, driven by their indiscretions into the ranks. This appearance is to be accounted for easily enough. Young men

of the most respectable classes of society, appear in the French army as privates, and there soon acquire the most thorough contempt for all that is good in principle and practice, become initiated into the foulest contrivances of wickedness, familiarized to cruelty, and bent on rapine. This process was continually at work on the greater proportion of the youth of France, under Buonaparte: and its contagion was disseminated through the whole by companionship. But, in fact, there is no finding a young man in France who has not been in the army in some capacity or other, — and the effects of this system on the morals and intellect of the country, are hideous. There has grown up under it a thoroughly depraved generation, — a generation that has neither knowledge of, nor feeling for, the qualities of virtue, moderation, truth, or justice, — that has been trained to set its glory in what ought to be thought its shame. This generation, most unfortunately, has not only been educated to evil, but is, in a great measure, incapacitated from turning to good. The soldier, disbanded by the King, returned to his friends the most helpless

and destitute creature perhaps in existence: — certainly not the less pitiable for being filled with rancour, wrath, and all bad passions. When he should have acquired what would have enabled him to become an independent and a useful member of society, he was dragged away, a mere boy, and chained to the car of the imperial Moloch. Here his tastes were perverted to the abominations and degradations of his condition: his hopes were inseparably connected with the success of crime, the diffusion of slaughter, and the unbridled exercise of robbery; his feelings, in short, were poisoned in all their sources, — and when thus rendered completely fit for his master, he might be considered in a state of almost hopeless reprobation. This was the sort of the beings that I saw scattered over the roads of France; — despairing because there was joy for mankind, mourning because there was peace, wretched and cast down because there was deliverance. Returning to the homes of relations, they seemed calculated to do much mischief, — and they threw confusion and doubt on every train of events which the fancy might have

imagined for securing the blessings of tranquillity, by introducing settled dispositions and habits, and safer and truer views of interest and honour, into France. One of these young men got up in the front of our diligence, where I happened to be at that time seated. A beggar-child, from one of the swarms that are posted on the roads of France to assail the traveller, ran along by its side, screaming *Vive le Roi*, as a claim on our charity. "*Sacre Dieu*," said the soldier, — "you'll get nothing from me by that cry." *Vive l'Empereur*, shouted the child: — "ah, you are like the others," muttered my companion between his teeth, — "but there is a sous for you." — There was genuine character in this, and so far it was touching: there evidently were impulses about this person that might have been improved to excellent purposes. He told me he had not been in the battle of Waterloo, but he was in the neighbourhood, and had to retreat with the rest. The French army would certainly have gained the victory but for treachery: this he considered as so indubitable that it never entered into his imagination that I could differ from him.

I preferred listening to him to disputing with him, and he amused me very much. As a reward for my silence, which he accepted for assent, — he touched my shoulder, and said in a kind tone, — "*But the English are very brave, notwithstanding.*"

Every French town through which we passed was occupied by either British or Prussian troops. Perrone is called the *pucelle*, because it had never been violated by an enemy; but her immaculacy is now more than questionable. The diligence stopped for supper in this town, — and, as we had to wait for horses, I set out, between twelve and one in the morning, to walk in the dark through some of the streets. They were generally very narrow; the houses seemed ancient, with their ends chiefly to the street, and the whole, as far as I could judge, wore a peculiarly foreign aspect. When exploring my way round some stone steps, that bulged from the wall rather dangerously, I observed a mass of something lying on the ground, and only just observed it in time to prevent my stepping upon it. Looking more closely, I saw things that glittered like arms, and rather started back

when I fairly made out a dozen muskets. I soon found that they were men who were thus thrown upon the bare stones, and the free motion of drapery in the wind of the night told me that they were Highlanders. I was astonished, but used a privilege which I thought I possessed, and awakened one of the men. He was a stout, shortish, compactly-made fellow, who got upon his legs without any discomposure, or haste of manner, appearing rather to wait my commands than to wonder why he had been disturbed. I told him that, as a countryman, accidentally passing, I could not resist the desire of inquiring how he and his companions came to have such uncomfortable beds; — and I asked him if it was not usual to receive billets on the inhabitants for quarters?

"Na, Sir," was his composed reply — "we seldom trouble them for billets. They ca' this *bivuacking*, you see."

"It does not seem very pleasant, whatever they may call it. — How do the people of the country treat you?"

"Ow! gailies: particularly we that are Scotch: we ha' but to show our *petticoat*,

as the English ca' it, — an' we're ay weel respected."

"Were you in the battle of Waterloo?"

"Aye, 'deed was I,—and in Quatre-bras beside. I got a skelp wi' a bit o' a shell at Waterloo."

"And were all your companions, who are asleep there, also wounded?"

"Aye ware they; — some mare, some less. Here's ane o' 'em wakening, you see, wi' our speeking."

A robust soldier rose slowly from his hard resting-couch, shrugging his shoulders and stretching his joints, as if his bones ached. He said not a word on seeing a stranger, but deliberately placed himself by the side of my first acquaintance. I continued the conversation for some time, and heard with interest the particulars of the death of a brave officer, for whose fate I had been much concerned, in consequence of knowing his closest connections. This lamented person belonged to the regiment in which these men were privates; — they said he was the first who fell in their ranks on the 16th, — and, in two or three homely

words, gave me proof how much he had been esteemed.

The Scotchmen, having but small seduction to return to their beds, became quite inclined to talk, — particularly when they learned from what part of the land o' cakes "I cam' frae."

"The Duke," they said, "was'na to be blamed as a General at a'; nor wou'd the men ha'e ony cause to complain, if he wou'd but 'gi' them a little mare liberty."

"Liberty? — What sort of liberty do you mean?"

"Ow, — just liberty, — *freedom*, you see!"

"What, — do you mean leave of absence, — furlows?"

"Na, na! De'il a bit: God, this has'na been a time for furlows. I mean the liberty that ither sogers get; — the Prussians and them."

As I still professed ignorance of their meaning, one of them gave me, in a sudden burst, a very pithy explanation of the sort of liberty which the Duke was blamed for withholding. The other qualified it a little, by saying: "Aye, aye, he means

that whan we've got the upper han' we shu'd employ it. There's nae use in our being mealy-mou'd, if the ithers are to tak' what they like. The d——d Prussians ken better what they're about."

"Well, but you find that the Prussians are every where detested, — and you have just now told me that you Highlanders are every where respected."

"Ow, aye, we're *praised* enuch. Ilka body praises us, but very few gie us ony thing."

More readily interpreting this hint than the last, I proved myself an exception to the general rule, by putting into their hands a franc or two to drink.

The one who received the money looked at it very deliberately, and then, raising his head, said, "Weel, sir, we certainly did'na expect this — did we, John?"

"Eh, na," echoed John: "the gentleman has our thanks, I'm sure."

I inquired if the Duke of Wellington took severe means of enforcing on his army that regard for the lives and property of the inhabitants of the seat of war, in maintaining which he has evidently placed the pride

of his ambition, not less than in beating his armed adversaries?

"Na, sir, no here," — was the reply, — "for the men ken him gailies now. But, in Spain we aften had ugly jobs. He hung fifteen men in ae day, there, — after he had been ordering about it, God knows how lang. And d—n me if he did'na ance gar the Provost Marshal flog mare than a dizen of the wimen — for the wimen thought themselves safe, and so they were war' than the men. They got sax and therty lashes a piece on the bare doup, and it was lang afore it was forgotten on 'em. Ane o' 'em was Meg Donaldson, the best woman in our regiment, — for whatever she might tak', she did na keep it a' to hersel'."

The noise of the horses, brought out to be harnessed to the diligence, made me take a hasty leave of these Scotch soldiers.

From Peronne to Paris, the devastations committed by the armies had every where left more terrible traces. The fields on each side of the road were trampled down; dead horses were lying about, — and the carcases of animals, and the litter of forage, shewed that the waste of the troops

on a march of this nature must be almost equal to their necessary consumption. The diligence rolled through village after village, all deserted by the great majority of their inhabitants: not a house had a door or a window left, — yet there were no marks of fighting; all this destruction had been occasioned by the mere passage of the armies. The chateaus near the road were wretchedly dismantled and defaced: over their gardens, straw, garbage, burnt wood, &c. were scattered, and all wore a look of melancholy strange derangement. The features of all the scenes, and of every person, spoke of a great public calamity; it so surpassed in the magnitude of its effects, and the singularity of its operation, any of the common accidents of nature, that the spectator, unaccustomed to a theatre of war, felt as if he was placed amidst the vestiges of some fearful infliction from above, like those which fell on guilty lands of old.

At the door of an inn I saw an old man standing, and asked of him where the baskets of peaches were, which used to be handed to the travellers, at this season of the year, on

the French roads? "We are without bread now, Sir," said he, — "if we had that, we should be contented to lose our peaches. The troops have taken every thing from us." "Was it the allied troops," I inquired? — "The French army on their retreat behaved worse than the allies, — but the Prussians have been bad enough. Your countrymen, Sir, are the best — but soldiers must eat." He said the poor inhabitants of the villages were in a situation of misery that was not to be conceived. Having occasion, in my conversation with him, to allude to the public posts on the road, he used the words *poste imperiale.* "It is the *poste royale* now," said I. — "Yes, Sir, imperial to day and royal to-morrow."

Arriving, at last, within a few miles of Paris, my French fellow-travellers were amused with the appearance of a lusty, steady-looking British officer, in a drab shooting jacket, squatted on a dumpey poney, — with his double barrelled fowling piece in his hand. Two others were on foot, beating over the trampled fields with dogs. The party, certainly, had a singularly English character, and was mightily

tittered at by a very pretty French woman, who had been performing an admirable farce, all the way from Valenciennes, with her little mademoiselle,—a child of seven,—who was fractious, funny, tired, romping, sleeping, laughing, eating, and crying, all together,—or at least with a quickness in the variations that blended the whole into one indescribable effect.

CHAPTER IX.

WE arrived at the barrier of Paris. An original impression is always peculiarly strong, and there is a high degree of excitement occasioned by the first view of any great object, that has been long and actively employing the imagination, which, having once subsided, cannot be again kindled. In the account which I have given of my "Visit to Paris in 1814," I have endeavoured to convey to the reader's mind, something of that anxious, disturbed feeling of curiosity and wonder, rendered gloomy and feverish by recollection, which attended passing the barrier of this strange capital for the first time. It is in these excitements that the great enjoyment of travelling consists, — but the charm can be felt but once in regard to one place, — and the thoughts, on a second encounter, do not keep up their originally close and brisk attendance on every operation of the

senses of hearing and of the sight. — It does not follow from this, that the earliest impression is the least correct: — it is the first taste of ardent spirits that gives the truest and most salutary conviction of their properties.

The heavy frowning entrance of Paris, its jealous douaniers at the barriers, and its introduction to the most splendid and famous fruits of luxury, genius, and learning, — mingled with the grossest indications of profligacy, and the memorials of hideous crimes and terrible reverses, — had suffered no change, — but they had in some measure exhausted their influence on me. Many circumstances of importance, however, had changed, — and the alteration gave novel features to the approach to that city on the occasion of my revisiting it, which were of a striking cast. In the autumn of 1814, when I first saw Paris, — France had come well, and it might even be said proudly, out of another great revolution, — and, if defeated, had still to boast that the terms of the peace were undeniable proofs that her adversaries considered it advisable to treat her with respect. Paris had then lost

no solace of its vanity; she retained what was always enough to constitute her, in one respect, the capital of the world, — for the treasures of art and science, the common objects of the desires and wants, and the acknowledged ornaments of the intellectual and refined community of the world, were in her keeping. In possessing these she also possessed what most pampered the pride of even her vulgar, — and what furnished her with a ready answer to any taunting allusion to the reverses which her arms had sustained. In fact, she and her enemies had parted with at least all the external signs of civility, and a mutually good understanding, — and she had reason to hug herself on her bargain. A government had been destroyed — but that was a trifle, for the senate had pronounced the forfeiture of Buonaparte: — some of the eagles had been effaced, but the lily was a pretty flower, and *Vive Henri Quatre* an inspiring air. — If Napoleon was in Elba the Apollo was in the Louvre, — and, the allies having politely declined all contributions and seizures, — there were no visible or palpable signs of the humiliation of

France that could be intelligible to a Frenchman's sensibility. She had, therefore, only to pocket the money brought over by her British visitors, — to caricature them in the print-shops, — and exercise her ingenuity and industry, both of which qualities she possesses most eminently, in rivalling the manufactures of her most formidable rival — the nation against which she entertains the deepest grudge.

This was the state of things at the time I have mentioned, but their face had entirely altered, and plain indications were given on the road to Paris, and at its entrance, that the visitor in 1815 would find it placed in circumstances very different from those which it held in the preceding year. The time for the real humiliation and severe punishment of the nation had now arrived; there was no longer a disposition to save it from drinking out the bitter contents of the cup of defeat; — in short, Paris, as representing France, was now in the condition of one that is beaten and bound, previously to being mulcted in a heavy forfeiture. A period was about to be put to the days of its finery and its attractions; and

whatever good fortune might in future await it, could only be contemplated through a long and painful course of exertion, divested of noise, of brilliancy, — of all beloved *eclât.*

A Scotch and a Prussian soldier stood guard in company at the barrier St. Denis. The sight of a red coat in such a situation could not fail to strike a visitor from England very forcibly. The French lady in the diligence pointed to the Scotchman, who was in the Highland costume, and, looking at me, exclaimed, — "*Ah, que c'est drole!*" Going along the *rue du fauxburg St. Denis*, we saw many of the British privates, sauntering with a lazy air of enjoyment, — looking at the print-stalls where they were caricatured, — cheapening grapes with the fruit girls, — or treating themselves to a glass of lemonade from the portable supplies of that beverage which abound in the streets of Paris. Our officers, too, swarmed about, mounted, — some well, and some very badly, for those who could not procure a decent animal, put up with almost any creature that had four legs. — Contrasting themselves remark-

ably with the heavy cabriolets and clumsy dirty coaches, — the awkward calaches and grotesque voitures, — English equipages, complete, light, and genteel, glanced rapidly by, — spattering, as foreigners, mortification from their wheels on the vehicles of the country. — To estimate this exhibition properly, it is necessary to fancy its counterpart displayed by Frenchmen in London: — to imagine a French man of fashion, vested with magnificent amplitude of box-coat and commanding longitude of whip, spanking his four blood greys down Bond-street and St. James's-street, or drawing smartly up, in a knowing style of driving, to talk over the topics of the morning with the officer of the French Guards, on duty at the Palace of the King of England!

This superiority of style, equipment, and means of every sort, which was so visible in the British visitors of all ranks, over the Parisians, — coupled with the military command which the British held over the French capital, — constituted a grand and touching spectacle, as the consummation of a long series of national struggles, predictions, reverses, and trials, which had agi-

tated the minds, disturbed the conditions, and put to the proof the institutions of mankind, throughout what must be regarded as the most considerable portion of the globe, in consequence of its influence on all the rest.

I found Paris in a state of very discomposed feeling and opinion. Every Frenchman seemed acutely alive to the calamity that had fallen upon France, — and all diversities of political sentiment met in one point of union, — namely, that of indignation against those who acted as the conquerors of the country. A Royalist would say, — "Ah, it is very impolitic behaviour in the Allies, to think of taking any territory or money from France, for good Frenchmen, united under the Bourbons, will become more formidable than the nation ever was under Buonaparte, — and woe to Europe, in the course of a year or two, for what she now inflicts upon us." A military man would gargle a *sacre* out of his throat, and anticipate the day of revenge, under some new leader, when France would shew that she never had been beaten, although she had been betrayed. Of nothing like a deep settled sense of fact, and

its deductions, do this people seem capable; they are always upon the shift, the escape, or the contrivance, — and in one or other of these they always have occupation and consolation, no matter how far on one side of the real lesson, the proper duty, or the rational hope. Then, again, the course of their feeling ever runs in zig-zags, — it turns sharp about, forming the acutest angles, and in all sorts of directions, — only consistent in its rapidity. Going up to the fête at Saint Cloud, in one of the boats which, on that occasion of popular festivity, ply on the Seine, betwixt that place and Paris, — I overheard a conversation going on among some Parisian young men, at one end of the boat, apparently mechanics, or, at least, in that class of society: — they were talking of the excesses said to have been committed by the Prussians. — "Two nights ago they burnt a farm-house at Versailles," said one:

"Ah, — *b*——." was the reply.

"Then, at Meudon, they took a bed from below a poor woman of the village, and stole her poultry."

"*Ah diable!*"

"A party of these brigands made a travelling marchand exchange horses with them — giving him a poor broken down devil for his excellent little Norman."

"*Sacristie!*"

"Not a silver spoon or fork can be kept for them in all the country."

"*Peste.*"

"But all this is nothing to what we did in Prussia."

"*Ah, non, — vraiment!*"

"It is all very natural that they should treat us so."

"*Ah, oui, vraiment.*"

"But France will revenge herself."

"*Avec raison!*"

"The Emperor has behaved but badly."

"*Ma foi, oui.*"

"He lost his head."

"*Sans doute.*"

"And never had much heart."

"*Ah, diable, non!*"

"But he was all for France.

"*Et la gloire!*"

The dialogue finished with a spirited repetition of *peste, diable, sacre, &c. &c.*

This excursion to Saint Cloud may be

more particularly mentioned here, as it will help to illustrate our present subject, which is the appearance of Paris and its neighbourhood in the hands of the Allies.

The towns of France have all their particular fête days, on which are celebrated popular entertainments very similar to the pleasure fairs in England. That at Saint Cloud, which is held on three successive Sundays, forms a great attraction for the Parisians, on account of the moderate distance, — not more than five miles, — and the delightful nature of the place where the festivities go forward. The grounds about the royal chateau of Saint Cloud are particularly beautiful; and the Seine winds here a very noble stream through an exquisite valley compressed between picturesque mountains. The situation altogether is as romantically lovely as can be imagined, and the last sovereigns of France spared no expence in forming those magnificent gardens, grand walks, fanciful cascades, and regular basins and canals, which are so consonant to the French taste in all the fine arts. The peculiar charms of Saint Cloud, however, to most of its English

visitors, are to be found in the plantations that adorn its hills, in its rich views of a wildly ornamented country, and its display of Paris in the distance, supporting its towers and white stony projections, and flaunting the golden dome of the Invalids in the face of the sky. The view from the observatory is one of the finest that can any where be seen.

Along the river side there is a superb gravel walk, and near this a grand cascade: it is here that the bustling pleasures of the fête are collected: the jets here play their frisking tricks, — the lions vomit torrents, — and the cascade thunders down an inclined plane, at the enormous rate of several pail-fulls a second. Lines of painted booths for refreshment, are permitted to stand always in these royal gardens, — and on this occasion they are all opened. Marionettes, or puppets, go through the most nauseous operations, and indecent evolutions, for the amusement of the male and female spectators that crowd to their performances; and rival fire-eaters, conjurors, dancing dogs, and sagacious monkeys, make a din of invitation, and occasion a

corresponding pressing forward to enjoyment, that, with their various concomitants of dancing under the trees, and riding at the ring, &c. constitute altogether a display of the levity of public pleasure, that, in this characteristic, goes far beyond any similar scene in Great Britain. But the finest sight connected with these exhibitions, was the view of the whole, from a small distance, on the other side of the bridge, after the darkness of the night had fallen. The few lights then scattered among the groves on the sides of the hills, — the burnished lines formed by the lamps, running along the edge of the water, — the indistinct flighty appearances of the women's dresses, — the motion of the dancing parties among the trees, — and the reflection of the whole in the deep clear mirror of the river, where it was mingled with the quiet stars and the streaming milky way, — had an amazingly fine effect.

But it was not merely to describe the féte at Saint Cloud, that it has been noticed in these pages. Its introduction here is owing to the striking proof afforded, in one of the circumstances attending it, of

the military subjugation, and national carelessness of the people. They poured in joyous floods along the bridge, the center arch of which had been blown up by Davoust a few weeks before, in order to check the progress of the Prussians on their capital. The chasm, however, had been temporarily supplied with boards for the fête, and so all was well. After leaving this vestige of the war, the crowd was received by a strong detachment of our English horse guards. These soldiers sat sedately on their noble horses, looking down upon the motley procession, which abated none of its usual numbers, or usual gaiety, for so trifling a reason as that the public merriment was placed under the superintendance of foreign conquerors. At the gate of the garden, British dragoons again took cognizance of the French revellers; and in the paths, into which no native was admitted on horseback, the officers of the horse guards rode as they pleased up and down. Every now and then, the eye was caught away from a French grimacier, with his farcical wig and spectacles, by the moving forms of these portly soldiers, guiding their large horses

through the laughing crowd, and among the fine trees. No one, however, seemed to look upon them as intruders, — at least their presence neither interrupted the proceedings, nor clouded the faces of any present. A great variety of foreign military, and strangers from all quarters, walked in the gardens of Saint Cloud on this occasion, — and a concourse of this kind, under such circumstances, was as interesting in character as it was picturesque in appearance. The residence of Saint Cloud was a great favourite with Buonaparte; — it would have startled him a little, if some morning dream had displayed to him the figure which his admired gardens cut on the day in question, — in the absolute possession of British dragoons, and his subjects only admitted to hold their holiday there under the eye of a colonel of the English horse guards! Such a vision would have struck him with "a strange fear," even although it had been followed in the course of the morning by one of St. Jean D'Angeley's reports in the name of the senate, — holding destiny perforce to the destruction of "the islanders," and

speaking for providence the election of Napoleon to be its instrument. It is in the retrospect to these cold, tawdry, enormities, that the ultimate result appears most valuable and refreshing; — for it then seems the triumph of nature and truth over quackery, shallow cunning, and a cant that addressed all the world as dupes or as victims.

Going round, late in the evening, by one of the more unfrequented walks, running through the woods of Saint Cloud, I came suddenly upon a strong column of British infantry, posted in silence and order amongst the trees, on the hill immediately above the amusements, that jingled upon the ear from below. The regiment was in complete order for action: the officers were all at their posts; and, as I passed by them in the deep shadow, I heard not a word, or even a breath, though I was close to five or six hundred men.

The whole of the road from Saint Cloud to Paris, was patrolled by piquets of British and Prussian troops, — and the barrier on this side of the town, like that by

which I arrived, was in the possession of the former.

Equally striking were the features of military occupation and mastery in all the public situations of Paris. At the bridges strong detachments were posted, and at that which faces the royal palace, a cannon was kept always loaded, with a lighted match in readiness. There are guard-houses in most of the principal streets of that capital, and these were all filled with either British or Prussians; at the doors of the great hotels, centinels in foreign uniforms were generally placed, for in most of them there were one or more persons of distinction attached to the staff or the councils of the allied sovereigns in Paris. The latter were seldom seen but at reviews, for they did not now, as at a former time, go about to public places to scrape acquaintance with the Parisians and keep them in good spirits. The aspect of the alliance, as it was now settled on the inhabitants of Paris, was clouded and severe; and a very considerable degree of reserve was maintained by the representatives of the various

powers. Even the court of the Thuilleries was not frequently visited by them: there were few or no courtly entertainments and ceremonies: — however friendly the allied sovereigns might feel towards Louis personally, their determination to make France know that the consequences of war are sometimes serious, occasioned a sense of restraint, and an appearance of coolness, as between them and the royal family of the Bourbons.

"For some time after my arrival from Brussels, British and Prussian sentries were placed on the very palace of the Thuilleries, but they were at last removed from this post, and the gates were left to the French national guard. At all the other public buildings, however, the allies continued to keep up the outward formal signs of their occupation of the French capital,—although one national guard was in some situations permitted to stand along with the foreigners. This was the case at the Palais Royal, by the entrance of which a strong foreign guard was always on duty, with loaded cannon, centinels posted, and muskets piled. It was here, however, that the

French, probably, had their best revenge, —for the interior of this extraordinary place, the character and nature of which I have fully described in a previous work, was thronged with the conquerors of France, who did not enter it safely, or leave it without sustaining injury.

All the remarkable features of the Palais Royal were now aggravated. The numerous passages leading into it were choked with a living stream of all nations, ages, ranks, costumes, and physiognomies, driven as if by some irresistible impulse, towards its fatal vortex. The toils of service, the animation of victory, the carelessness of the military character, and the simplicity of young men, more fraught with confidence than with experience, all assisted to provide the Palais Royal with a glut of prey. The Prussians seemed to live in it: many of the officers of this nation were but fine boys, and the same may be said of the Russians: —these youths, with their flaxen hair, round caps, tightly tapered waists, bending gait, and measured step, were seen morning, noon, and night, smoking in the rotunda, or regaling in the cafés, or furnishing

themselves with jewellery in the shops, or in the hands of yet more mischievous dealers under the piazzas,—carrying themselves with a swagger, and looking out in the pride of supreme attainment, while, in fact, they were scorching themselves bare in the brilliancy with which they were delighted. The spectacle, however, was fine and interesting as a matter of observation: — four or five of the Austrian waggon corps, — whose dress is about that which one fancies for the robber Moor, — hanging linked together, would breast as many Cossacks of the imperial Russian guard, in their wide trowsers and high narrow caps: — close behind these a single highlander would be walking steadily along, with a hard-featured woman his wife in his arm, — both drinking in, with inflexible gravity, the sights around them. The fashionable lounge, and bold stare of Bond-street were to be recognized in the carriage of the young men of our hussar regiments: the slow heavy step of the horse-guardsmen, quietly bespoke for itself a pretty free passage, which the quick Prussian, nodding his lofty feather, forced without much ceremony. A veteran of Buonaparte's

imperial guard, or a tall cuirassier, was generally at no great distance, bearing himself fiercely in angry silence, to make out the picture, and give to it the strongest of its interests.

The gambling-houses were crowded night and day, and the British officers were much too close in their attendance. Those of the Palais Royal, however, were not found the most dangerous. There are in Paris establishments which unite almost every deleterious influence that can be imagined. A man of title, — a nobleman, — is found — whose gross debaucheries have left him almost as destitute of means as of character. A government institution, belonging to the police, provides him with the furnishing out of a splendid hotel, — and Madame, the Marchioness, presides at its table, which is covered with the choicest wines and viands, and to which strangers and Frenchmen are invited, who are received as esteemed guests. There is no sign of purpose or of expectation: you adjourn to the play-tables after dinner, — but there is no compulsion, — you may play or not as you please. The contrivers of this scheme, however, know what they

are about. Their parties always include a number of fascinating women — and these well understand the capacity in which they are to exert themselves. A small venture can scarcely be refused to the request of a pretty woman — besides, the champaign has been found excellent, and the conversation is not less sparkling. It is, however, thoroughly *amiable;* there is nothing to offend and all to allure. Politics are handled *en badinage;* a forged report is communicated *en confiance;* the adventurer, who skulks at night in a garret, sits with the German count or the English lord—and not a grace is violated, though you are surrounded with every mode and caprice of vice, — by individuals whose practices in profligacy reach to the utmost extent of depraved ingenuity, — by the devices of a deep and foul system of seduction, — by all that is most loathsome as well as fatal to purity of heart, and what would shock, were it clearly seen, any spirit in which honesty and manliness survived dissipation.

The Palais Royal had, as usual, distinguished itself during the agitation of the last revolution, caused by Buonaparte's re-

turn. The ladies and gentlemen of its purlieus were all for the Emperor, and its interior was the spot where his cause was most energetically supported. The *Café Montansier*, which, as I have said elsewhere, is the rendezvous of the worst of men and women, became the favorite and principal point of assembly for his partizans. Here a tribune was erected as in the times of the revolution, — and male and female orators made the place echo with *vive l'Empereur, et la liberté!* Buonaparte was rather annoyed when he was told of this, and still more so when he heard that a murderer, when on the scaffold, had bawled out "*Live the Emperor! No Bourbons! No Priests!*"

The Palais Royal was the scene of almost all the quarrels that occurred between the French military and the Allies. These squabbles seldom happened between the British and the French, — but the disputes and disturbances between the latter and the Prussians were endless. The truth, I believe, was, that the French were characteristically arrogant, and that the Prussians did not understand how to repress their insolence in a dignified, prompt, and effec-

tual manner. If a Prussian and Frenchman trod upon each other's toes, and had high words in consequence, the drum was ordered to beat out the guard, and a party took possession of the Palais Royal, where they contented themselves with bivouacking all night. This they were very free to do as often as they took the fancy, for any thing that the French, who went home to their beds, cared. The stories of conspiracies, explosions, and reactions at Paris, which were circulated in London about this time, had no more formidable foundation than these petty quarrels, that originated in no design, and came to no conclusion; —but these furnished subjects for the talk of the evening in the saloons where the correspondents of the English newspapers picked up their intelligence,—and the competition that necessarily existed among these gentlemen, as to which should furnish for his particular journal the most striking communication, was nothing, and could naturally be nothing, but a struggle in exaggeration. Any one who should now refer to the contents of the private letters published in the Daily Press, to guide the

opinions of the public of Britain as to the state of things in France, would find them a miserable mass of inconsistent falsehoods, in almost every particular disagreeing with each other, and scarcely ever, even by accident, corroborated by facts. At the time which I am now describing, there was no such thing as procuring even intentionally true statements from Frenchmen, — and if one could have been sure of their intentional honesty, their ignorance, in nine cases out of ten, would have been no less sure. Finesse, imposition, and trick, are the political weapons which the parties in France think it most advisable to wield, — and this only indicates that they are, as to politics, in a state of very imperfect information, and clumsy practice. Men are always cunning until they become wise: — the Chinese merchant cheats, and he of Lloyd's is honorable in his dealings: — the difference is to be accounted for, rather by the superior commercial skill and intelligence of the latter, than by any intrinsic superiority of his moral sense. —— The writers for the English journals were eagerly laid hold of by the politicians of France,

ladies and gentlemen: — according to the views of the mistress or master, the conversation of the evening assembly was framed; — the pun was ready where the argument was deficient; — the copy of verses clenched the doctrine, — and a lively story, vouched for, by a fair partizan, — who, while she delivered it, looked the most convincing logic at the English visitor, — put contradiction out of the question, and did not leave recollection enough for doubt. Thus charged home, the simple correspondent returned to his hotel, and gravely embodied in a letter, as authentic intelligence of the French capital, derived from peculiarly respectable sources, the wild lies of a heartless set of French impostors. This, in due course of time, was received and published by the editor of some daily oracle, — and then it became the text for political debaters: — the flimsy French fabrication was taken hold of, and examined, and tried, and searched, after the thorough manner of our country, but in a way that it was never meant to bear by its ingenious manufacturers. They would think it as reasonable to make a great coat

of French gauze, as to turn a serious essay on one of their own stories. The only thing in these proceedings creditable to England is, the respect paid to her press in the very attempts made to deceive it. This is certainly worth notice. A minister of the King of France lately said, that the greatest importance was attached abroad to the articles that appeared in the London news-papers; the same feeling, it is pretty well known, has been expressed by some of the highest individuals of more than one continental state, — and a singular proof was given by Buonaparte, in the course of his last short reign, of the distinguished consideration in which he held the editor of a certain morning journal, belonging to the British metropolis. A gentleman who described himself as a *collaborateur* in this print, was waited upon by order of Bertrand, pressed to appear at the imperial court, — and was received by Madame Bertand in the most graceful and gracious style.

The Parisians, however, were able to derive some spectacles and gaieties from the military occupation of their city, and so

far it was very pleasant. A fine band played every evening at the door of the hotel on the boulevard, where the Emperor of Austria had his quarters,—and a crowd of fashionables used to collect to enjoy the noble pieces of German martial music which they performed. A little farther down was the promenade of Coblentz, as it was called:—this crowding together of a mob of ladies and gentlemen, to press and incommode each other on a small space of the boulevard, when they might walk with ease by availing themselves of a little more of its fine shaded length, can only be explained by terming it a freak of fashion, which is sufficient to explain any thing. The foreign military brought some attractions to this place of resort for the Parisian ladies, and the latter drew the soldiers to the spot without fail. The summer air of France is an object of enjoyment, valuable beyond description to an inhabitant of these islands, who has constitutional susceptibilities that are unpleasantly affected by a humid and inconstant atmosphere. This great advantage gives a vivacity and comfort to the out-of-door meetings of the

French, which in England we can have no idea of. The spirits catch a clearness from the heavens, — there is a richness in all the feelings corresponding to the glow of external nature, — and we are helped to a freedom and quickness of thought and observation, by the width and salubrity of the scene about us. Rows of chairs were placed under the trees of the boulevard, where the beaux and belles would sit for hours of these fine evenings, until bonnets and feathers were gradually lost in the shadows of night. But an evening seat in the garden of the Thuilleries combined the greatest number of genuine beauties. The scenery of Paris, as well as its various other characteristics, I have described to the best of my ability in the account of my first visit to that interesting capital, — and I frequently refer to what has been done in that publication that I may not be accused of neglect in this. My business on this occasion is with the temporary, but important events of which it became the theatre. Yet I cannot avoid noticing incidentally the extreme beauty of the views of Paris, as seen in the fine weather; — its projections of massy

buildings and single towers, standing in the clear blue atmosphere, and connected, in some situations, by the dark green of lofty trees, produced very sublime effects. But nothing can be imagined more grand than the several aspects presented in and from the garden of the Thuilleries. One Sunday evening, when the sun was going down behind the great gilt dome of the Invalids, I was particularly struck with the appearances by which I was surrounded. The trees massed themselves into a fine composition: the water, thrown up in a line from the jets in the basins, descended in silvery showers, that twinkled as they were seen scattering themselves amongst the intervals of the bright leaves of the rows of orange trees. The foliage partly concealed and partly displayed the exquisite forms of the Gods and Goddesses, copied in marble from the antique, and presiding over the enclosed parterres of flowers. The public buildings of Paris elevated themselves in the neighbourhood; and, here and there, their fronts were displayed in strong lights, contrasting themselves to the vast shadows thrown out by the trees. The *Champs*

Elysees, on the other side of the Place of Louis the XVth. shewed themselves as a wood, rising to the considerable height of the Barrier *de l'Etoile*, where a piece of architecture crowned the summit. — In the middle of the clumps of the garden, there were numerous dancing parties of the Parisian young men and women. The dance is a circular one, the dancers joining hands and singing as they go round: — the songs were all loyal, — it seemed for a moment as if a heart had suddenly got into the people. The scene was highly animating and even affecting, and it became more so when the King appeared abruptly at a window, and presented himself to the cheering of the crowds below, regarding them with a mild beneficent expression of face.

I do not mention this last circumstance as a decisive proof of the loyal disposition of the public. Louis the XVIIIth at that moment looked out upon an unchanged nation, who danced as enthusiastically around the heads that were stuck upon pikes, and held up in the faces of Louis the XVIth and his Queen. He had before his eyes the very place where they were beheaded, and which was then, as

now, surrounded by external magnificence. The *sans culottes* that mutilated and exposed the bodies of their murdered, refused to fire at two poor Swiss soldiers who had taken refuge behind the statues in this very garden. To have injured these exquisite pieces of fine art would have been barbarous, — so the trembling wretches were pricked with pikes, till they were tormented down from their place of refuge, and then they were massacred. What a triumph for art, — what a specimen of national refinement!

That the French national character has sustained no material alteration since then, is very evident; and therefore it would be as idle to say that they were affectionate because they seemed so, as it would be to say that they had any imagination for what is poetically dignified, tender, and impassioned in sculpture and painting, because they form large collections of statues and pictures, and have the cant of art for ever in their mouths. But there was something very agreeable in the external appearance of public enthusiasm, excited in favour of a lately-returned monarch, who had suffered

many misfortunes and strange reverses. One did not feel inclined to break the spell at the moment; — the spectacle had the look of that of a father blessing his children, and of children expressing their love for a father. It probably could not have been got up so prettily in any other country, — for a mask can be made more prominent in its features than a real countenance, — and genuine emotion is apt to rest on its own consciousness, without adopting the strongest means of convincing others. — I observed several of the British soldiers in the crowds of these French exhibitors, and the national contrast was wonderful. The French were all motion, — the British all repose; the French were all challengers of observation, the British all bestowers of it; — the latter were occupied with others to the length of a perfect abstraction from themselves, — the former felt only themselves, in the bustle of addressing those about them. A Highlander, whom I watched for some time, kept his acute grey eyes immoveably fixed on a circle of French dancers; — the girls skipped on tiptoe past his steady hardy figure, — the young men threw back their heads, turned out their

toes, and loudly chaunted *Vive Henri Quatre*, and *à bas le Buonaparte*: he saw and heard all with the same equable, fixed, contemplative expression: one would have thought he had been listening to a Scotch preacher: — at last, by casting his eye accidentally about a quarter of an inch from the straight forward line of view which he had so long preserved, he caught sight of one of his comrades, who had been his very counterpart. The instant the mutual recognition took place, the same communication was made, in perfect independence of each other, by both. A loud coarse laugh burst out from each, — united as a volley of musquetry, and ending as abruptly. The two then linked their arms and went instantly away.

But certainly there were discernible, in the public behaviour, certain signs that it would be very difficult to reconcile with any violent feeling against the Bourbons. A fierce-looking soldier stood in the crowd collected below the King's window on the Sunday evening; he stood there unconnected with any one else, as the relic of a destroyed system. He was heard to utter

to himself an execration against the returned family. In an instant I saw him assailed with the utmost fury. It would be quite ridiculous to speak here of persons paid by the police; they were evidently self-animated who acted in this way. I endeavoured to notice what descriptions of the people were most active: they were those of the bourgeois, — such as shopkeepers and their wives, — the country folks who had come from the neighbourhood of Paris to enjoy the Sunday, — also all the young men who had not military decorations, — and particularly the women. The soldier was only saved from their rough treatment, which they were carrying to a great length, by the arrival of the national guard, who took him off in custody. It is a fact, notorious to every one who has been in Paris, that all the windows of the print shops, and all the stalls of the boulevards, were crammed with caricatures against Buonaparte, and his friends, of the most cutting, and often of the most indecent description. The invention and execution of these might certainly be the work of the police, but if the general disposition of Paris was so warmly in favour of the cause which

these prints traduced, as to threaten another national convulsion, would their exhibition lead to no paroxysm of popular indignation? Instead of their exciting any expression of disapprobation or disgust, they were all day surrounded by approving crowds, who seemed to take infinite delight in their bitterness. — In the theatres, when the air of *Vive Henri Quatre* was played, the peals of clapping were as fervent as those which were heard in the British play-houses when the Allied Monarchs visited them. This, probably, may not be so unequivocal an indication as the other; — the composition of the audiences is liable to suspicion, — but it would not be easy to explain how these assemblies could be packed so completely as to produce those lively appearances of genuine and general sentiment, if there were a deep and extensive real feeling towards the other side. It is said, indeed, by some, that the air in question is simply a national one, and is not necessarily connected with the existing government of France: — but, when it is considered that Buonaparte prohibited it, that it was never heard in France from the

expulsion of the Bourbons to their return, and was then vehemently sung as the most flattering welcome that could be paid to them, it must be held disingenuous to represent it as any thing else, in the popular estimation at least, than a Bourbon hymn.

The ballad singers, too, would seem to put the real political sentiments of the commonalty to the test. I stopped one night to listen to two men on the quays, who were singing a comic description of Buonaparte's various flights; they did it with infinite fun and severity. One of them, in particular, was an admirable comedian: he frequently interrupted his companion, who was going correctly on with the regular words, as if he had committed a blunder, and threw in an interpolation of his own, adding tenfold to the bitterness of the ridicule. The crowd was immense, and was most vociferously cordial in its mirth. All the individuals present seemed to enter with the greatest good-will into the satire, — and at any particularly sharp point their delight went beyond all bounds. The soldiers, on this occasion, seemed as pleased as the citizens. I assuredly saw in Paris

indications which were sufficient to convince me, that, with the bulk of its middle classes, Buonaparte was not now popular, — and that, notwithstanding certain hankerings after glory, and vague notions about the impropriety of priests, they were, nevertheless, conscious that the government of Louis the XVIIIth afforded them the best guarantee for national prosperity, and public liberty. It was very clear that the Emperor stood much higher in the peoples' estimation when he was at Elba, than he did after his return from that island. They attributed his first reverses to accident; they saw him treated with respect by the sovereigns of Europe, — retaining his titles, and exercising an independent sway in their neighbourhood. They could still solace themselves with the great achievements which he had led France to accomplish: — they had not been visited with enough of humiliation to impress them with any fear that their fame was not still pre-eminent over their misfortunes; — they retained all the public trophies, — and were, in the mean while, profiting to a very great degree by the peace. Their

public means were thriving unprecedentedly, and they were thus invited to talk bigly of the past, by the satisfactory circumstances in which they found themselves left. It will easily be understood how, in this frame of temper and condition, there might be a good deal heard of discontented reference to their noisy glories under Buonaparte, without their entertaining any serious wish to recur to their happy state under that beneficent Prince! The continuance of these grumbling allusions would probably have been considerable, for they seemed to a Frenchman a sufficient redemption of his own and his country's honor, which he could not quite conceal from himself, had been rather compromised. While he talked in high terms of the Emperor, he "fought all his battles o'er again," — and while he threw contempt on the peace, he fancied that he escaped from the odium of defeat. All this, however, was a very different thing from wishing the Emperor back, — though, until the trial was made, it seemed to indicate such a wish. It certainly appeared to me, when I was first in France, that there was an unaccountable bias in the

popular mind towards the imperial sway: — the people, in conversation, sunk its atrocities, and dwelt fondly on its splendours: — but, as it turned out, this was only conversation. If there be any one political fact to be gathered from mingling with those classes of the French that are out of the natural limits of faction, it is, that a startle of alarm spread itself over the nation, among all those whose interests were reconcileable with a healthy state of public affairs, when they received the news of Buonaparte's last enterprise. As time elapsed, the sweets consequent on the royal restoration, were more and more felt and enjoyed. The eleven months of the King's reign were the most fortunate that France had known for many years. I shall justify this assertion by particular facts: the common people at Amiens, who were in a starving state under Buonaparte, were in the habit of earning three francs a day under the King. On the re-appearance of the former from Elba, their daily wages instantly fell to seventeen sous, in the prospect of the consequences. The manufactures of Rouen were rapidly thriving under

the royal government. A wholesale house in Paris, with the circumstances of which I had opportunities of being acquainted, sold to the amount of five thousand francs a week, in the months of January and February 1815, and scarcely disposed of goods for five hundred a week when Napoleon replaced himself. The public finances were quickly disengaging themselves from all embarrassment; and it is pretty certain that, if Buonaparte's expedition had not taken place, the prosperity of France would, at this moment, have given England trouble enough to meet her rivalship. This is so forcibly felt by the French people, that they charge us with having turned Buonaparte loose upon them, in order to avert the danger to which we saw ourselves exposed, by renewing the reign of misery and discord amongst them. This, as every one knows who has lately been in that country, is the obstinate assertion in the mouth of almost every Frenchman.

It is very apparent, in the facts that have occurred, that Buonaparte was not supported by the French people; and there is scarcely a public man of any reputation,

who has not availed himself of some opportunity to state, that he never connected the hopes of his country, either as they related to domestic freedom or foreign respectability, with that person's return. They have most of them asserted, that, as a matter of comparison, they deemed the chances infinitely more in favor of eventual liberty and prosperity, under the Bourbons, according to the constitution of their government, than under any administration of the sovereign power by Buonaparte. But there was an union of persons, strong in talent, and faithful in intention, that would gladly have improved the last revolution, which they were far from desiring, so as to have made it the occasion of stedfastly settling the form of their government on the sound principles of popular rights. Louis's act, giving a constitution to the French, when he first arrived among them, was, in its essence, arbitrary, — though in practice it afforded a much larger share of liberty to the subject than had ever before been permanently provided for in France. The nation, with this beginning, might easily have gone on improving its institutions, if it had

been fortunate enough to acquire more judicious views, and sounder moral habits: — but the individuals are not to be blamed, who would have availed themselves of a change, in producing which they had no hand, to advance their political system a stage in the road of improvement. These persons afforded no support to Buonaparte, and had none of his confidence. They, in fact, were the chief causes of his very rapid fall, — for they took instant hold of his disasters to insist on his abdication; and, by their firmness in this respect, prevented that, which, but for their opposition, would most probably have happened, — namely, an assumption of despotic power by Napoleon, backed by his soldiers and creatures, availing themselves of the extremity in which they had involved the country, and convinced that they had no other chance of raising a force sufficient to resist their enemies. It certainly is a pity that the few rational and honest friends of liberty in France, — who by their dignified avoidance of intimacy with its perfidious betrayer, set a needful example to all those who take the name of the friends of liberty, and who

vindicated their intellects from reproach by refusing credence to his professions; it certainly is a pity that they were not more respectfully listened to by the leading men of those powers who professed to regard a just settlement of the internal discords of that country, and the establishment of a liberal and enlightened government over it, as essential to the security of all the European states, and the general tranquillity of mankind.

But the great question is still obviously unanswered, — viz. how Buonaparte was brought back, — and in what quarter, and from what motives, he found the support which enabled him to seize on the throne in violation of both his abdication and deposition, and to hold it until indignant Europe chased him for ever from public life? One specimen out of a large class of the modern French, will, if I mistake not, go a great way towards furnishing the solution.

Lefebvre Desnouettes was among the most audaciously early in declaring for Buonaparte when on his way to Paris, — and he must have been very principally

concerned in the conspiracy. His character is notorious as a breaker of his parole of honor, and his peculiar circumstances are worth explanation. He was particularly favored by the emperor, and was united by the imperial mandate to a young lady of fortune. It is well known, that this curious mode of rewarding military merit was frequently adopted by Buonaparte, and indeed all the unmarried females of France, whose persons were connected with fortunes, were placed at his absolute disposal by a law, that rendered his sanction of their nuptial engagements indispensible for their validity. Lefebvre Desnouettes, having been thus provided with a wife, was presented with a palace and its sumptuous furniture by his munificent master. The income of this man, under the Imperial government, is supposed to have amounted altogether to about twenty thousand pounds a year. Under the Bourbons, though he was always decently received at Court, and suffered no further reduction of his appointments than naturally accrued from the general change of system, — yet it was inevitable that he

should feel his consequence in society, his hopes, and even his reputation injured, by the disgrace and destruction of the fountain head of all his honors and profits. But, in regard to the latter, his loss was by no means of a speculative nature: he was at once reduced from twenty thousand a-year to about two; a sum scarcely sufficient to keep his splendid hotel in repair. Of course he was obliged to give it up,—and to fall into a sphere immeasurably below what he had occupied. Most of those who may be termed the offspring of the Imperial court, experienced the same sort of reduction in estimation, prospect, and income. Buonaparte had been sensible that he could only find a substitute for hereditary attachments in the enormous wealth and unbounded luxury of his adherents: the creatures of his system, therefore, were made to find in it a mine of riches. Their extravagance and dissipation were encouraged, that their desires might bind them fastly to the Imperial cause. The pomps and luxuries of the courtiers and officers of the new dynasty, almost surpass imagination:—their

hotels groaned under magnificence, that, in every thing told the anxious determination to be magnificent: — the princesses and duchesses of this modern creation, had much that they wished to expunge from remembrance as to the past, and they deemed that they could only effect this by making a lavish use of the present. The kind of moral principle bred up in this school has been proved to the world: — the new nobility were as luxurious, as profligate, and as intolerant as the old, — but, as they were totally without inborn sensibilities of any kind, they could not give that security which is to be found in a gentleman's sense of private honor, that he will abide by those fundamental rules of conduct, without the observation of which, society would be but an accumulation of ruffianism. — It will not to any one seem likely, that a set so formed and trained, would sit down patiently in that humbler state, to which they found themselves condemned by the restoration of the Bourbons, — or that they would be very delicate in using any means that promised to relieve them from irksome mortifications. The

Madames of this nurture were, I understand, even more irritable than their husbands, under an order of things so disagreeably opposed in its external quiet, decorum, and strictness to the habits of the Imperial court, — and the spirit of female intrigue, always so active and powerful in France, was very instrumental in bringing about the re-visit from Elba. In the final result, what a signal piece of retribution has this class pulled down upon itself. It includes individuals who have been the butchers of every system that has prevailed for a time by means of butchery, and the profiters by every varying visitation of mischief. These have been the instruments to inflict the most terrible sufferings on mankind, — but, under every change, they had hitherto escaped suffering themselves. Their baseness, in fact, had been the principle of their preservation: — but at last they fell into a ditch of their own digging. The greater number of them are now outcasts and wanderers. Buonaparte seems to have been led from Elba only to complete his own ruin, and give farther point to the lesson, by dragging with him to perdition

those who had poisoned by their crimes the well-spring of liberty, and darkened, in the storms of murder and desolation, that dawning day, to the light of which millions looked with anxious hopes that were soon turned to disgust and despair.

That these heads of revolt would find a body for it, in a soldiery whose former brilliant prospects, — under a ruler with a political system and personal character entirely military, — were now much clouded if not utterly closed, — was in the nature of things; and only proves, as has been observed by others, the "great hazard to which civil liberty, national morality, and general prosperity are exposed all over the civilized world, from the prevalence of military habits, and the conversion of an undue proportion of the people into a professional soldiery." — That a party, not only far from constituting the majority of the nation in numbers, but with an interest directly opposed to the national welfare — destitute of virtues, and degraded in estimation and condition, should be able to dispose of the kingdom by a sudden transfer, is to be explained only by a reference to the peculiarly lamentable

state of public opinion and information in France. The miseries of the revolution, succeeded as they were by the sullen severity of an imperial despotism, had totally indisposed the people towards any interference with politics. Under Buonaparte it became a common remark, in the exercise of private prudence, that it was a foolish and improper thing to take any concern with political affairs, — and this disposition was inculcated and diffused by the management of the government, which was most assiduous to persuade or terrify the people from approaching, even in thought, the operations of authority. Hence it has become the boast of good Frenchmen, that they leave events to take their course, and are always ready with obedience to the actual rulers. It requires but little discernment to see, that this principle of passiveness is a fruitful source of disturbance and revolution,—and that it deprives established institutions of their strongest security. But they have not generally acquired even the alphabet of political knowledge as yet in France; and it appeared to me but too plain, that the greatest danger to the Bour-

bons lay in the prejudice that existed against all opposition to the measures of their administration, however palpably reconcileable with a sincere attachment to the family, as constitutionally vested with the prerogatives of the limited French monarchy. Such an opposition must be in active and sanctioned exercise, draining off discontents, and impeding dangerous abuses, before the government can be deemed secure from those fatal convulsions, the effects of which on the freedom, morals, happiness, and general respectability of that country have been so deplorable.

This account of the state of public feeling and opinion in relation to the royal and Imperial causes, — and of the temper of the French nation towards Buonaparte's late enterprize, — would not probably coincide with that which would be given by any Frenchman of any party. It is too qualified to appear accurate to any warmly interested individual; but those who will open their eyes may soon see in France that information must be sought for any how but in direct testimony. A Frenchman can persuade himself of any thing in a moment, and he can get rid of

an important belief as easily and quickly. The political conversations of the saloons are not worth a moment's attention except as curious specimens of national character: according to their party is the complexion of their chattering, — but, what with pleasant fabrications, that would in England be taken for serious roguery, — and grave discussions, that would in England be thought exquisite pleasantries, — the simple listener is sure to be misled, and, if he carries his recollection about with him, he must be astounded with the conflict of inconsistencies and the jarring of contradictory reports. He would shew himself more confident than wise, who should pretend to have gathered a thorough understanding of the public mind of France from one or two visits to Paris; but a careful noting of indirect and circumstantial evidence, — a close observation of facts, and a habit of reasoning upon them independently, I may safely say, will be found excellent preservatives against imposition, and perhaps the best methods of coming to something like correct notions of the present most extraordinary state of this most extraordinary people.

CHAPTER X.

THE doubtful point that excited the greatest interest, both in the minds of the French and the foreign visitors to their capital, was the course which the Allies would pursue, in regard to the great collections of the monuments of fine art, and the curiosities of antiquity and science, which had been accumulated in Paris, chiefly at the expence of the states which, in the progress of the military invasions of France, had become the victims of the preponderance of her arms. The tide of fortune had at length turned; and these states, with the exception of one,—which the others, however, had taken specially under their protection,—were now in full possession of the French territory as conquerors, and with no other visible or likely restraint on their manner of dealing with the French people, but what their own notions of propriety might enforce. — France had stripped of these trea-

sures, which are as dear to the common feeling as precious in the estimation of cultivated minds, all the nations that had been unfortunate enough to fall under her iron yoke. In so doing there can be no doubt that she acted contrary to the usages of modern war, and in that coarse spirit of rapacious selfishness which distinguishes to her shame the whole of her revolutionary history. It is very possible to find out particular instances of very unjustifiable abuses of power, committed before she commenced the career in question; — but, so long as they stood exceptions to the general rule, they did but stand out to their own disgrace, in the exposure of their enormity. France it was, that first incorporated the most odious violations in her regular system of conduct; she it was, that first refused to own that any right could stand in the way of her power; and she gave an example of a cold cruelty of practice, quite equal to the worthlessness of her principles. Austria, Italy, Prussia, the Netherlands, and the various smaller states of Germany, were robbed of their finest works of genius and memorials of reputa-

tion: Rome had been stripped to enrich Paris; the Vatican had been despoiled to stock the Louvre. When Frederick of Prussia made himself master of Dresden, he only asked of the magistrates that he might have permission to sit in their gallery to admire its pictures: — the French generals made their selection of these, and packed them off for France! The armies of these plundered states, however, were now on the spot where all that had been taken from them was collected, and that they had the power to cause restitution no one could deny. It remained to be seen if such was their determination.

The French were not contented merely to express a hope in the forbearance of their conquerors, on this second occasion of the appearance of the Allies in Paris, because they had forborne the first time,—but they grounded a claim to the retention of the property in perpetuity on this circumstance. Few will be found to imagine for an instant that the nation which seized these articles from their possessors, would have relinquished any opportunity of replacing its own property that might have been taken from it

in the hour of bad fortune; but certain it is, that its people of all parties, royalists, imperialists, and republicans, affected, in an equal degree, a fine indignant surprise at the bare suggestion that the altar pieces of Antwerp, which were quite destroyed by the cross lights of the Louvre, had better be replaced in the situations for which Rubens painted them, — and that Italy had, upon the whole, both in feeling and fact, a stronger claim to the Transfiguration than France. The latter grand work was entered in the French catalogues as secured to them by destiny; but it is neither decorous nor safe for mortals to interpret the resolutions of this awful power. The various objections that have been urged against the measure of restoration which was finally adopted by the Allies, I shall notice and comment upon, after I have stated some of the interesting facts that attended this, in my view, very proper proceeding.

The Prussians alone seem to have made up their minds, that if ever they had occasion to pay a second visit to Paris, they would not leave it the spoils of their country to

boast of. Indeed it is declared officially, that a promise was demanded from the French government in 1814, that the property of this description, belonging to the state in question, should be quietly restored, in the way least hurtful to the feelings of the restored family, after the bustle of the arrangements was over,—and it is added that such promise was given but not kept. Prince Blucher, it seems, waited for no settlement of concert, and sought for no co-operation. When the commissioners came to treat for the surrender of Paris, he at once repelled their endeavour to preserve untouched the contents of the museums, and, in truth, he had previously commenced at Saint Cloud the work of retaking. From the first moment of his entrance into Paris, he proceeded spiritedly, and independently, in removing from the Louvre all that was in it of Prussian property; and the blanks on the walls shewed the daily progress of the French loss in this respect. The whole amount of it, however, would have been as nothing to the remainder of the collection, if the other members of the alliance could have been

induced to forbear, — and it was thought, by those who were interested in the retention, that the best way would be to keep very quiet as to the proceedings of Prussia, — to affect to take no notice of them whatever, — hoping that silence might cause the affair to die away after the first removals were over, — and that either the dull indifference or the singular good-nature of the states of Europe, might yet leave to Paris the darling boast of being the capital of the world as to Fine Art.

For some time there was reason to suspect that this manœuvre would be successful. The Prussians completed their seizures, congratulated themselves on their own good sense, and swaggered about the Louvre, which now possessed nothing of theirs, though it was still rich in the spoils of other nations. The splendid collection was scarcely thinned, and there appeared no signs of an intention to thin it further. The French had almost recovered courage enough to vaunt of what was left to them; and to insult the motives of that forbearance, the advantage of which they now made pretty sure of enjoying. This they did in

the most unqualified style, with reference to the abstinence of the Allies in 1814. Denon is said to have illustrated this, by the fable of the cock, who, scratching in a dunghill, found a diamond, which he spurned from him, while he eagerly picked up a barley-corn. It certainly was the general belief in Paris, that no people knew any thing of the value of paintings and statues, curiosities, and collections of natural history, but the French, — and that to this general ignorance, coupled with a feeling of dread, as to what the Parisians might have done in their vengeance, if it had been attempted to deprive them of what they so highly prized and relished, — they owed the continued possession of these treasures, after the events of 1814. Indeed no Frenchman permitted himself to entertain the slightest doubt of the consciousnes of the Allies, when first masters of the French capital, that they were far too weak to repossess themselves of what was held in it as trophies of their defeat. "You knew well, that we should have arisen as one man to destroy you, if you had dared to lay hands on what every inhabitant of

France feels to be his honor, his pride, his delight, his existence — of which our country is alone worthy, — which are the monuments of the days of French glory, — and proofs, that, in the reverse of her fortunes, she was still deemed formidable!" This was the language which the British and other foreigners heard in the assemblies of Paris, delivered with vehemence, and even with offensive arrogance, while their countrymen were standing guard over every public edifice in that capital, while they regulated the public festivals, and encamped in the public gardens! The French military were peculiarly loud and pertinacious in these declarations, — yet the majority of this class very inconsistently maintained, that all that was done in 1814 in France, was done by the dint of compulsion, that the Emperor was forced from a people that wished to retain him as their ruler, — and that the army took the oaths of allegiance to another Prince most unwillingly. It seemed strange, after this, to insist, that the Allies who, as it was said, were able to remove by force a beloved sovereign from his people, and dictate

hateful engagements to a numerous soldiery, could not repossess themselves of their own pictures! What was this but to affirm that a man might be strong enough to lift a hundred weight, and yet be so weak that he could not bear himself up under an ounce! But it very seldom happens that a Frenchman troubles himself to connect two facts together, that they may elucidate each other; — he is vivaciously affected with single circumstances, and forcibly struck with simple impressions, — but generalizing and combining are entirely out of his way.

It certainly seemed, however, as if the Allies at least hesitated very much, to mortify this offensive vanity. Every day new arrivals of strangers poured into Paris, all anxiety to gain a view of the Louvre before its collection was broken up: it was the first point to which all the British directed their steps every morning, in eager curiosity to know whether the business of removal had commenced. They who took the journey to France at this period were gratified: — the few pictures seized by the Prussians were scarcely missed, and all the

most celebrated works remained. The halls of the statues might be considered uninjured, — and, in the great gallery above, which was perpetually crowded with strangers, who found it a convenient rendezvous, earnest discussions and disputes were maintained as to the propriety and probability of further stripping its walls.

But the business was by no means at rest under this apparent inactivity. The towns and principalities that had been plundered, were making sedulous exertions to influence the councils of the Allies to determine on a general restoration; and several of the great Powers leaned decidedly towards such a decision. The esteemed sculptor, Canova, appeared as a claimant in behalf of Rome, which had only her venerable name to urge, having no force to support her rights. Attempts were certainly made to contrive an arrangement with the King of France's ministry, by which justice might be done to Europe, observing the greatest possible delicacy that the circumstances admitted of towards the French government and people. But Fouché and Talleyrand hung back, in that

unprincipled, cunning, selfish spirit, which ever characterized the Imperial school of politicians; — hoping that the Allies would either shrink from a forcible seizure altogether, — or that some of the smaller states, to whom belonged the most valuable articles in the museums, might fail to receive from their powerful friends that armed assistance which would enable them to repossess themselves of their property. The story went at the time, that Canova's representations, originally made to the French government, were treated with cutting contempt: Talleyrand was said to have dropped, by way of taunt, that no pictures or statues could be taken from the Louvre, unless there were at least fifty thousand soldiers to see that they were safely taken down!

But, at length, it seems, the patience of those, who saw the impolicy as well as the injustice of leaving to France these trophies of a monstrous system of aggression and spoliation, which it was the object of the great combination of Europe to destroy, — was utterly exhausted. It was resolved, however, that each power of the alliance

should act in the independent exercise of its own strength, according to its own views of this matter. Russia was generally understood to give some support to the pretensions of the French;—she had, in truth, lost little or nothing, and it was known to be either her taste or her policy, to recommend herself to France as the magnanimous moderator of the severity of her Allies.

Before actual force was employed, representations were repeated to the French government, — but the ministers of the King of France would neither promise due satisfaction, nor uphold a strenuous opposition. They shewed a sulky disregard of every application. A deputation from the Netherlands formally claimed the Dutch and Flemish pictures taken during the revolutionary wars from these countries; and this demand was conveyed through the Duke of Wellington, as Commander-in-Chief of the Dutch and Belgian armies. About the same time, also, Austria determined that her Italian and German towns, which had been despoiled, should have their property replaced, — and Canova, the anxious

representative of Rome, after many fruitless appeals to Talleyrand, received assurances that he, too, should be furnished with an armed force sufficient to protect him in taking back to that venerable city, what lost its highest value in its removal from thence.

Conflicting reports continued to prevail among the crowds of strangers and natives as to the intentions of the Allies, — but on Saturday, the 23d of September, all doubt was removed. On going up to the door of the Louvre, I found a guard of 150 British riflemen drawn up outside. I asked one of the soldiers what they were there for? "Why, they tell me Sir, that they mean to take away the pictures," was his reply. I walked in amongst the statues below. In one of the halls, I found two brown-complexioned, stout, good natured looking women, the wives of English soldiers, examining, very curiously, the large reclining figure of the Tiber; one of them exclaimed with a laugh, "See how the young devils run over his body!" The streams of visitors to this collection of antique beauty, had, for some time, presented the strangest contrasts between the observers

and the things observed. I once caught two Yorkshire men, privates of the Foot Guards, spelling out from their catalogues, syllable by syllable, the title of Poussin's picture of the Rape of the Sabines; when they had succeeded in putting the words together, and given one momentary glance at the production of the pencil, they went on to the next number, to pursue the same tedious exercise with regard to it,—and so they would probably continue at work, until they had laboured through the names of some hundreds of pictures. Going on from these, up the vast length of the gallery, I found a Cossack turning up his simple barbarian face to the Transfiguration. He was gazing at it with an expression of admiration, but it was the same sort of expression with which he would regard the buffaloes and sea-lions in the Cabinet of Natural History. A Highland serjeant was fixed opposite to him, before a picture by one of the early Italians, in which St. Cecilia is represented drawing a bow across a violin. His mind was evidently occupied, to the exclusion of every other consideration, with

speculations on the strange appearance of a woman playing on a fiddle.

I was called from the marbles, on the day which I have mentioned, by a sudden rushing of feet from without, and, on going to the great stair-case, I saw the English guard hastily tramping up its magnificent ascent: — a crowd of astounded French followed in their rear, — and, from above, many of the visitors to the Gallery of Pictures were attempting to force their way past the ascending soldiers, catching an alarm from their sudden entrance. We had, in Paris, our daily reports of the probability of convulsions, massacres, insurrections, and what not, that was terrible, — and the Louvre was by many deemed the spot where the disturbance was most likely to break out, — it being there that the highest degree of French exasperation would most probably be kindled. It was the general remark of even the people themselves, that no infliction of the Allies, or of their own government, — no loss of territory or violation of liberty, — would affect them with such mortification, rage, and sorrow, as the seizure of the monuments of art, and the curiosities.

This was taking the feather from their caps, and would therefore hurt them more than snatching bread from their mouths, or pulling the coat from their backs. No wonder, therefore, if it was at first imagined, that the English guard had been called into the Louvre in consequence of the appearances of some explosion of popular fury.

The alarm, however, was unfounded, — but the spectacle that presented itself was very impressive. A British officer dropped his men in files along this magnificent gallery, until they extended, two and two, at small distances, from its entrance to its extremity. All the spectators were breathless, in eagerness to know what was to be done, — but the soldiers stopped as machines, having no care beyond obedience to their orders. They proceeded to untie the oil-skins from the locks of their rifles. The bustle, and dust, and buz of the armed men, and of the curious, agitated crowds, presented a marked contrast to the tranquil dignity of the Raphaels and Titians on the walls, which, nevertheless, were the causes of all this hurley burley. It was, indeed, a fine

triumph for genius that was now in a course of celebration. Here was every heart agitated, every tongue voluble, every arm raised in a zeal to possess its productions, — here were Princes and ministers in earnest and warm discussion concerning their fate, — and here was a nation in a frenzy at the idea of losing them.

The work of removal now commenced in good earnest: porters with barrows, and ladders, and tackles of ropes made their appearance. The collection of the Louvre might from that moment be considered as broken up for ever. The sublimity of its orderly aspect vanished: it took now the melancholy, confused, dissolute air of a large auction room after a day's sale. Before this, the visitors had walked down its profound length with a sense of respect on their minds, influencing them to preserve silence and decorum, as they contemplated the majestic pictures: but decency and quiet were dispelled when the signal was given for the break-up of the establishment. It seemed as if a nation had become ruined through improvidence, and was selling off.

The guarding of the Louvre was committed by turns to the British and Austrians, while this process lasted. The Prussians said that they had done their own business for themselves, and would not now incur odium for others. The French door-keepers were entirely superseded: they who had been so active and official in their management of the place, when I first visited it, were now seen, — haunting their usual situations, it is true, — but without functions or powers of any kind, — and they appeared to have very bitter feelings of the sad change.

The workmen being incommoded by the crowds that now rushed to the Louvre, as the news spread of the destruction of its great collection, a military order came that no visitors should be admitted without permission from the foreign commandant of Paris. This direction was pretty strictly adhered to by the sentinels as far as the exclusion of the French, — but the words *Je suis Anglais*, were always sufficient to gain leave to pass from the Austrians: — our own countrymen were rather more strict, — but, in general, foreigners could, with

but little difficulty, procure admission. The Parisians stood in crowds around the door, looking wistfully within it, as it occasionally opened to admit Germans, English, Russians, &c. into a palace of their capital from which they were excluded. I was frequently asked by French gentlemen, standing with ladies on their arms, and kept back from the door by the guards, to take them in to their own Louvre, under my protection as an unknown foreigner! It was impossible not to feel for them in these remarkable circumstances of mortification and humiliation; and the agitation of the French public was now evidently excessive. Every Frenchman looked a walking volcano, ready to spit forth fire. Groups of the common people collected in the space before the Louvre, and a spokesman was generally seen, exercising the most violent gesticulations, sufficiently indicative of rage, and listened to by the others with lively signs of sympathy with his passion. As the packages came out, they crowded round them, giving vent to torrents of *pestes*, *diables*, *sacres*, and other worse interjections. This was in-

deed making the nation pass under saws and harrows.

Their only resource now was in absurd stories, bad jokes, and childish calumnies. It became the fashion to abuse the Duke of Wellington, as it had been the fashion to praise him, and no tale was too ridiculous for momentary belief, if it accorded with the national anger. England was to have the Venus and the Apollo: — this was settled: — Frenchmen would not hear a doubt of it: — they knew it to be a fact, — and, besides, would England assist in breaking up a collection of this sort, without securing something for herself? They were certain France would not. In the mean time the English news-papers came over with warm disavowals of a public wish in England to receive any part of the plundered property, — declaring, that it would have a bad look to accept of any of the objects that had been in the Louvre, even if tendered by the owners. Of the public spirit which dictated these articles, the French had no understanding, nor were they more affected by the general expression of indignation which broke from the British in

Paris, when the idea was thrown out that London was to be enriched with some of the works of art taken from the former capital. Those of my countrymen who felt the propriety of the measure which the Allies had adopted, had but one answer to all these suggestions: namely, that the statues were Italy's, — and that the pride of England would consist in restoring them to Italy, — as French glory lay in taking them from Italy. But there was a strong party of British who maintained, that Paris ought not to lose her plunder; — that she, — vindictive and arrogant as she was, — should be treated with generosity at the expence of justice to the weaker and aggrieved states whom she had oppressed. It was said by a German, that Englishmen alone would have thus argued in favor of their most inveterate national enemies: — that no inhabitant of any other country would have debated and disputed, on general principles, a measure that would fix for ever the remembrance of the superiority of his nation, and the humiliation of its most arrogant foe. The French, however, could see only the hand of England in all

that they suffered: she was the giant in their eyes that hid the rest of their enemies from their sight. Wherever an Englishman went in Paris, at this time, — whether into a shop, or a company, he was assailed with the exclamation — "*Ah! vos compatriots!*" — and the ladies had always some wonderful story to tell him, of an embarrassment or a mortification that had happened to *his* duke; of the evil designs of the Prince Regent, or the dreadful revenge that was preparing against the injurers of France. In short, every where we saw a people suffering severely, — but who neither knew how to suffer with resignation and dignity, nor to cast off their tormentors by a courageous exertion.

The great gallery of the Louvre presented every fresh day a more and more forlorn aspect; but it combined a number of interesting points of view, and for reflection. Long blank spaces of dirty blue wall daily encreased their size and number, — and told how rapidly the monuments of the glory of France were disappearing. Strangers continued to flock to Paris, particularly from Britain, hopeful to be yet in

time to see these fine productions, which few, comparatively, could command the means of seeing after they were dispersed. The gallery now seemed to be the abode of all the foreigners in the French capital: — we collected there, as a matter of course, every morning, — but it was easy to distinguish the last comers from the rest. They entered the Louvre with steps of eager haste, and looks of anxious inquiry: they seemed to have scarcely stopped by the way, — and to have made directly for the pictures on the instant of their reaching Paris. The first view of the stripped walls made their countenances sink under the disappointment, as to the great object of their journey.

The porters went on lowering the heavy frames, — and the last consolation of the French was in spreading reports that the pictures were very clumsily taken down, and that many of them were considerably injured. It appeared to me, however, that the work went on very comfortably, — and certainly no picture received serious damage. The great damage had been already done by the French repairers of

the works of Raphael, &c. The deputies of the different states who claimed the pictures, attended with catalogues of the lost property, and an Italian commissioner was present, under the authority of Austria, to superintend the whole of the arrangements. This gentleman attempted, on one occasion, to give his orders to some highlanders who were then on guard in the Louvre, but the parties were quite unintelligible to each other: — a person interfered as interpreter, — "I wish them," said the Italian, "to stand by the pictures as they are taken down, for it has been intimated to me, that some of those who are losing them, mean to cut, or otherwise mutilate them, before they are taken away."

Crowds collected round the *Transfiguration*, — that picture which, according to the French account, *destiny* had always intended for the French nation: — it was every one's wish to see it taken down, for the fame which this great work of Raphael had acquired, and its notoriety in the general knowledge, caused its departure to be regarded as the consummation of the

destruction of the picture gallery of the Louvre. It was taken away among the last.

Students of all nations fixed themselves round the principal pictures, anxious to complete their copies before the workmen came to remove the originals. Many young French girls were seen among these, perched up on small scaffolds, and calmly pursuing their labours in the midst of the throng and bustle. Our officers generally posted themselves close to these interesting artists, who seemed quite able to flirt with the foreign hussars, and copy a Holy Family at the same time. Both the males and females in this singular country possess the quality of reconciling themselves to all circumstances, — and of permitting nothing short of a physical obstruction to stop them. This quality would indeed be a most valuable one, if it could exist in union with the fine sensibilities of the mind, instead of being found, as it generally is, in their place. It is the province of philosophy, however, to bring them together, — and it is for those who pro-

nounce on the French character, to say whether it be its levity, or profundity, that produces the frame of temper which I have mentioned.

There was, generally, a large collection of English female beauty in the Louvre, and the military, who walked in attendance on the ladies, bore the air of conquerors and masters pretty strongly impressed on their carriage. A sight more inspiring of the patriotic affections and exultations in a British bosom, cannot be imagined, — and, considering it as the triumph of justice and good taste, as well as of our nation, — considering it as the downfall of a barbarous, cold, theatrical imposition, which, under the specious language and show of refinement, practised degradation and corruption, — the feelings of satisfaction might be encouraged safely and honorably.

When the French gallery was thoroughly cleared of the property of other nations, I reckoned the number of pictures which then remained to it, — and found that the total left to the French nation, of the fif-

teen hundred paintings * which constituted their magnificent collection, — was *two hundred and seventy four!* The Italian division comprehended about eighty-five specimens: these were now dwindled to *twelve:* — in this small number, however, there are some very exquisite pictures by Raphael, and other great masters. Their Titians are much reduced, — but they keep the Entombment, as belonging to the King of France's old collection, which is one of the finest by that artist. A melancholy air of utter ruin mantled over the walls of this superb gallery: — the floor was covered with empty frames, — a Frenchman, in the midst of his sorrow, had his joke, in saying, — "Well, we should not have left to *them* even these!" In walking down this exhausted place, I observed a person, wearing the insignia of the legion of honour, suddenly stop short, and heard him exclaim, — "*Ah, my God, — and the Paul Potter, too!*" This referred to the famous painting of a bull, by that

* The catalogues do not give so many; but there were many pictures not entered in the catalogues, from one cause or other.

master, which is the largest of his pictures, and is very highly valued. It belonged to the Netherlands, and has returned to them. It was said that the Emperor Alexander offered fifteen thousand pounds for it.

The removals of the statues were longer of commencing, and took up more time; — they were still packing these up when I quitted Paris. I saw the Venus, the Apollo, and the Laocoon removed: these may be deemed the presiding deities of the collection. The solemn antique look of these halls fled for ever, when the workmen came in with their straw, and plaster of Paris, to pack up. The French could not, for some time, allow themselves to believe that their enemies would dare to deprive them of these sacred works: — it appeared to them impossible that they should be separated from France — from *la France* — the country of the Louvre and the Institute; — it seemed a contingency beyond the limits of human reverses. But it happened nevertheless: — they were all removed. One afternoon, before quitting the palace, I accidentally stopped longer than usual to gaze on the Venus, and I

never saw so clearly her superiority over the Apollo, the impositions of whose style, even more than the great beauties with which they are mingled, have gained for it an inordinate and indiscriminating admiration. On this day, very few, if any of the statues, had been taken away, — and many said that France would retain them, although she was losing the pictures. On the following morning I returned, and the pedestal on which the Venus had stood for so many years, the pride of Paris, and the delight of every observer, was vacant! It seemed as if a soul had taken its flight from a body. The other statues followed rapidly. When I quitted the French capital, there were not a dozen articles in the three principal halls, and they were very quickly emptying the others.

All well-informed persons, whether French or foreigners, are well assured that nothing has been taken from any of the collections in the Louvre, beyond the spoils of the arms of revolutionized France. The stripped state of the Palace, which looked a mere wreck, caused many, who were ignorant of the facts, to suspect, that

the Allies had in part copied the system of plundering which they reprobated. But this was not the case. It must be recollected, that the original royal collection was by no means very large — putting the Luxembourg out of the question, which could scarcely be said to be disturbed by the Allies: — moreover, several pictures of the French school had been put away in precaution, and they would no doubt make their appearance again when all was settled, and the foreigners withdrawn. It is understood that the French attempted to hide several valuable works, which fell within the class of plunder. When these were not forth-coming, on demand, — or when what was claimed, from its nature or situation, could not be easily or conveniently removed, the Commissioners adjusted exchanges. This was done in the instance of some beautiful pillars which the King of Prussia claimed, and which could not, without causing mischief, be taken down. The great picture of the Marriage in Canaan, by Paul Veronese, though not originally French property, has been secured to the Louvre by exchange with Austria. Many of the

Flemish pictures were at first secreted: this led the Deputies from the Netherlands to wait on M. Denon, attended by a superior officer of their country, and to threaten him with the charge of a body of three hundred soldiers, if the pictures wanting were not immediately produced. The greater number of those deficient were brought forward, but some could not be found. Many, both Flemish and Italian, that were public property, were discovered in the private palace of Cardinal Fesch (at the end of the *Rue Montblanc*), which served for the quarters of the Prince of Orange. — The collection now possessed by France, as rightfully belonging to it, is still a good one, and may fairly be the boast of Frenchmen.

But the bitterest mortification of the people of Paris, yet remains to be described. The well-known horses, taken from the church of St. Mark in Venice, had been peculiarly the objects of popular pride and admiration. They were praised (probably without much judgment) as the most beautiful antiques in the world, — and the revolutionists who seized them, declared,

in their public announcement of the fact, that, after having been subjected to the greatest changes, they were "*enfin*" fixed in a *land of liberty and virtue!* Buonaparte had removed them from the low pillars where they were originally stationed, and where they could be seen,—and attached them to a very trumpery car of victory, with brightly-gilded harness, clapping the whole on the top of his arch of triumph in the Place Carousel. It was in a very bad taste that all this was done: — the forms of the four horses were quite lost, — the arch, copied from Constantine's, was by no means suited to the situation, — and the new car, the two new figures, and the new braces, all staring in bright gold, completely subdued the antique bronze. Still, however, being exposed in the public view, in one of the most public situations of Paris, this was esteemed the noblest trophy belonging to the capital, — and there was not a Parisian vender of a pailful of water, who did not look like a hero when the Venetian horses were spoken of.

"Have you heard what has been determined about the horses?" was every fo-

reigner's question: —"Oh! they cannot mean to take the horses away," was every Frenchman's remark. On the morning of Thursday the 26th of September, however, it was whispered that they had been at work all night in loosening them from their fastenings. It was soon confirmed that this was true, — and the French then had nothing left for it, but to vow, that if the Allies were to attempt to touch them in the *day light*, Paris would rise at once, exterminate its enemies, and rescue its honor. On Friday morning, I walked through the square: it was clear that some considerable change had taken place; the effect of the forms of the horses was finer than I had ever before seen it. While looking to discover what had been done, — a private of the British staff corps came up. "You see, sir, we took away the harness last night," said he. — "You have made a great improvement by so doing," I replied: — "but are the British employed on this work?" The man said that the Austrians had requested the assistance of our staff corps, — for it included better workmen than any they had in their service. I heard that an angry

French mob had given some trouble to the people employed on the Thursday night, — but that a body of Parisian gendarmerie had dispersed the assemblage. The Frenchmen continued their sneers against the Allies for working in the dark: fear and shame were the causes assigned. "If you take them at all, why not take them in the face of day? — But you are too wise to drag upon yourselves the irresistible popular fury which such a sight would excite against you!"

On the night of Friday the order of proceeding was entirely changed. It had been found proper to call out a strong guard of Austrians, horse and foot. The mob had been charged by the cavalry, — and it was said, that several had their limbs broken. I expected to find the place on Saturday morning quiet and open as usual; — but when I reached its entrance what an impressive scene presented itself! The delicate plan, — for such in truth it was, — of working by night was now over. The Austrians had wished to spare the feelings of the King of France the pain of seeing his capital dismantled before his

palace windows, where he passed in his carriage when he went out for his daily exercise. But the insolent ignorance of the people rendered severer measures necessary. My companion and myself were stopped from entering the place by Austrian dragoons: a large mob of Frenchmen were collected here, standing on tip-toe to catch the Arch in the distance, on the top of which the ominous sight of numbers of workmen, busy about the horses, was plainly to be distinguished. We advanced again to the soldiers: some of the French, by whom we were surrounded, said, "whoever you are, you will not be allowed to pass." I confess I was for retiring, — for the whole assemblage, citizens and soldiers, seemed to wear an angry alarming aspect. But my companion was eager for admittance. He was put back again by an Austrian hussar: — "*What! not the English!*" he exclaimed in his own language. The mob laughed loudly when they heard the foreign soldier so addressed: — but, the triumph was ours; — way was instantly made for us, — and an officer, on duty close by, touched his helmet as we passed. It was impossible not

to feel for the French thus left behind in their own capital. Entering into the interior, the spectacle became more and more interesting. It was here that Buonaparte held his reviews: it was from hence that his troops defiled off, when he sent them forth to establish new dynasties, and displace old: — it was here, according to some letters, written by Englishmen from Paris during the emperor's last reign of three months, — that the national guard and the boys of the schools, rolled, as if drunk with enthusiasm in his cause, — and afforded what the writers in question deemed an unequivocal pledge of the stability of his power, by proving, as they thought, that it rested deep in the hearts of the French nation. — It was here that I now saw one thousand Austrians, horse and foot, in full and exclusive possession: — debarring the French from using the square, and charging roughly back all who shewed any inclination to violate the prohibition. Five hundred of the soldiers were on the ground, — most of them sleeping with their heads on their knapsacks, as if they had been pillows of down. Many of their wives, dull-looking German women,

were seated in the midst of them. A strong guard of infantry surrounded their comrades, and the Arch: — on the outside of these, centinels walked about,—and cavalry filled up the rest of the space. The long range of the windows of the Louvre was crammed with the heads of the British and other foreigners, looking earnestly on this remarkable scene. Beyond each of the avenues into the place, the French crowds were to be perceived, stretching forward their necks, and raising their bodies, to discover as much as possible of what was going on, from the distance to which they were confined. The King and the Princes had left the Thuilleries, to be out of the view of so mortifying a business. The court of the Palace, which used to be gay with young *Gardes du Corps* and equipages, was now silent, deserted, and shut up. Not a soul moved in it. The top of the Arch was filled with people, and the horses, though as yet all there, might be seen to begin to move. The carriages, that were to take them away, were in waiting below, and a tackle of ropes was already affixed to one. The small door, leading to the top,

was protected by a strong guard: every one was striving to obtain permission to gratify his curiosity, by visiting the horses for the last time that they could be visited in this situation. Permission, however, could necessarily be granted but to few. I was of the fortunate number. In a minute I had climbed the narrow dark stair, ascended a small ladder, and was out on the top, with the most picturesque view before me that can be imagined. An English lady asked me to assist her into Buonaparte's Car of Victory: his own statue was to have been placed in it, *when he came back a Conqueror from his Russian expedition!* If it had, — I should have lost the opportunity of giving my hand to a countrywoman, to place her in that situation. I followed her and her husband into the car, and we found a Prussian officer there before us. He looked at us, and, with a good-humoured smile, said, "The Emperor kept the English out of France, but the English have now got where he could not!" — *Ah, pauvre Napoleon!* he added in a sneering tone: but not one of us could well answer him. I felt

my head turn round. Connecting one event with another, their reverses made one feel the place frightfully unsafe. — Below were the victorious Austrian soldiers; at a distance immense crowds of the defeated but enraged French; behind us the Palace of the Thuilleries, now for a moment tenantless after receiving so many tenants; on one side the long Louvre, filled with our countrymen, and almost stripped of its invaluable contents: close to us were the horses that from Greece had been taken to Rome, to Constantinople, to Venice, to Paris, — and were now to be sent back to Venice. These revolutions, more than the height of the arch, made one feel giddy. Buonaparte had stood where we were then standing: — he had brought his bride, Maria Louisa, to this spot, — and his statue, which was to have been fixed as the consummation of the trophy, was completed by the artist. One thing only was wanting: — it had not been erected.

The top of the Arch being very narrow, it was not possible to see the horses properly. I stooped below them, got up be-

tween two, — and rested my arm on these works (as it is said), of Lysippus. They partook of nothing of the whirl and alteration about them: they were of distant ages, and had come from distant places: the world might be said to have changed since they were young, — but they had changed in nothing. They turned the same unmoved faces on the mobs of modern Paris, as they did on the mobs of Corinth.

The English staff corps, helping the Austrians, were busy about them. I found myself in the way, and left the top of the arch. From the Place Carousel I saw the one to which the tackle was fixed make a considerable movement forward: it steadied again for a moment; — the people below pulled again; — it shook, — advanced farther, — its fore feet were beyond the arch. One other pull, and it sprung grandly off, and swung in the air. I turned to look towards the French: their crowds were in a movement, caused by violent feeling; arms were up, fingers pointing, heads waving. There was a general bustle too at all the windows of the Louvre.

The horse slowly descended, and was received safely in one of the cars. The others followed the same afternoon, but it became dark before the whole were removed.

The cry of the French now was, that it was abominable, execrable, to insult the King in his palace, — to insult him in the face of his own subjects, by removing the horses in the face of day ! I adjourned with a friend to dine at a *Restorateur's*, near the garden of the Thuilleries, after witnessing what I have described. Between seven and eight in the evening, we heard the rolling of wheels, the clatter of cavalry, and the tramp of infantry. A number of British were in the room : they all rose and rushed to the door, without hats, and carrying in their haste their white table napkins in their hands. The horses were going past, in military procession, lying on their sides in separate cars. First came cavalry, then infantry, then a car ; — then more cavalry ; more infantry, then another car, — and so on, till all the four past. The drums were beating, — and the standards went waving by. This was the only appearance of parade, that attended any of the removals.

Three Frenchmen, seeing the groupe of English, came up to us, — and began a conversation. They appealed to us if this was not shameful. A gentleman observed, that the horses were only going back to the place from whence the French had taken them: — if there was a right in power for France, — there must also be one for other states: — but the better way to consider these events, was, as terminating the times of robbery and discord. Two of them seemed much inclined to come instantly round to our opinion: — but one was much more consistent. He appeared an officer, and was advanced beyond the middle age of life. He kept silence for a moment, and then, with strong emphasis said, — "You have left me nothing for my children but hatred against England; this shall be my legacy to them." — "Sir," it was replied, — "it will do your children no good, and England no injury."

The following are some particulars collected from different sources of information, relative to the losses which France sustained, in her various public establishments. It is possible, however, that some

inaccuracies may have crept into the accounts.

The most unfavourable reports had gone about relative to the fate of the establishment of the Garden of Plants, and Museum of Natural History. It had been said that the Allies had not only claimed the restitution of what had been originally taken from them, but, that they had selected out of the French collections whatever was wanting to complete their own. The erroneousness of all these reports was ascertained. Monsieur Brugman, the superintendant of the Stadtholder's collection, and who, twenty years since, surrendered to the French power, whatever it thought proper to demand, was appointed by the Commissioners of the government of the Netherlands, to claim, from Louis the Eighteenth's government, the restitution of the things taken from Holland. The minister of the interior, in consequence of an application from this gentleman, gave orders that they should be restored; but, instead of the restitution of the identical objects that had been seized from the Dutch, an amicable arrangement took place, by which the greater part of them remain un-

touched in the French Museum — and a new collection, including a complete series of natural productions, was formed for their original possessors, out of the duplicates in the possession of the French cabinet.

The collection thus made of the different classes, consists of

260 quadrupeds,
800 birds,
338 reptiles,
802 fishes,
3, or 400 shells,

and it forms, consequently, a much more valuable possession than the productions originally taken would have been. None of the above mentioned articles were drawn from the French cabinet to which the public is admitted, but from a private store which the establishment possesses, and which is immense. As to the library of this establishment, it was very little indebted to the Orange collection, and the right of claiming the small number of books that might have been demanded, was waved, in consideration of the things received. No plants whatever were claimed. The cause of this amicable settlement of the

Dutch claims, may be worthy of mention. It appears, that, when Monsieur Thouin, (the celebrated professor of botany and agriculture, still living, and holding the direction of the botanical department at the Museum of Paris,) was commissioned by the French government to select from the Dutch collection whatever he thought best calculated to enrich the French one, it was represented to him by Monsieur Brugman, that not only a public injury was sustained by this act of the French government, but a private one also in his own instance; for that the employment which he held must of necessity cease. In consequence of this representation, M. Thouin allowed M. Brugman three days to remove and conceal some of the most valuable objects, and was sufficiently moderate in what he took himself not to affect materially the existence of the establishment. This circumstance, which has not been unremembered, together with the consideration which Monsieur Cuvier and all the professors of the establishment of the Garden of Plants, enjoy abroad, gave rise to the friendly arrangement in question.

The removal of the natural productions

from Holland was never sanctioned by any treaty. The Prussians, on their first arrival wanted to encamp in the garden of Plants, as they did in that of the Luxembourg Palace. This would have exposed it to much damage, but, in consequence of the Baron de Humboldt's * interference, the troops received orders to the contrary.

This museum had been enriched a little at the expence of the Verona collection, which had supplied it with a good many specimens in the class of fishes. The Emperor of Austria, who claims in the name of Verona, took birds in exchange.

The library of the Arsenal is not barely a repository of military works, it embraces knowledge of every description. It was formed by Monsieur de Pauly d'Argenson, minister of war under Louis XVI. The story told at this establishment is, that, shortly after the entrance of the Allies, some Prussian officers visited the library, and enquired for different works, which were shewn to them. A few days after,

* The celebrated traveller, brother of the minister, and chamberlain of the King.

the same officers returned, attended with a strong guard, and desired that works, according to a list which they produced, should be delivered into their hands. Some difficulties were made, but the works, it is said, were at length brought forward. M. de Treneuil, the librarian * repaired in all haste to the Baron de Muffling, the Prussian governor of Paris, to submit his complaint; — this gentleman referred him to M. de Pful, who held Paris, by whom he was again referred to M. de Muffling. In the mean time the works in question were carrying off. Finding all expostulation with these officers unavailing, M. de Treneuil solicited the intercession of the minister of the interior, but French influence could be of little weight, and the collection was about to be despoiled of its most valuable works, when the fortunate interference of M. de Humboldt effected what no other power could have accomplished. He obtained an order from the King of Prussia for the immediate restitution of the effects, and

* A poet, author of the *Violation des Tombeaux*.

was unremitting in his exertions till it was carried into execution. The works taken away were thus restored, with the exception of a few maps of Cassini's, which had got dispersed into different Prussian hands.

The manuscripts of the Vatican and others brought from Florence, Venice, &c. — the whole of which were kept in the *depot des Archives, Vieille rue du Temple*, were claimed partly by the Pope, and partly by the Emperor of Austria, and restored. They were very numerous. Some manuscripts which had been deposited in the Imperial, now the Royal Library, have also been restored. The other libraries, such as those of St. Genevieve, and the *Quatre Nations*, contained no revolutionary or predatory acquisitions.

The depot of the models of the fortified towns of France at the Invalids, was occupied by the Prussians from their first arrival in Paris. I visited it some time after the entrance of the Allies. Twenty-two of the beautiful models had been carried off by the Prussians, who had selected all those of the towns situated on their frontier. It was the stupid clamour of the capital that

the English intended taking the models of some of the sea-port towns, such as Brest and Cherbourg. This collection of models has been forming ever since the reign of Louis the XIVth. The execution of them is singularly correct and elegant. They exhibit a bird's-eye view of the town in miniature, and its fortifications. They were constructed for purposes of study, and none were formerly admitted to see them but engineer officers, privileged persons, and foreigners of high distinction. Speaking of the Hotel of the Invalids, it may not be unworthy of notice, that the veterans of the establishment secreted, as some say, the colours taken in battle entrusted to their care, that they might not fall into the hands of the Allies.

It appeared from all my enquiries, that with the exception of the circumstances related in regard to the library of the arsenal, no act of violence has been committed in any of the public establishments of Paris; and that, when force was resorted to, as in the instance of the museum of paintings and statues, the only object and

result have been to restore property to its original possessors.

The *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers*, the *Cabinet des Medailles*, the *Hotel des Monnais* or Mint, the *Manufacture des Gobelins*, have all been respected.

The manufactory of arms at Versailles, perhaps the finest in Europe, is said to have been destroyed by the Prussians. The manufactory of powder at Essone has also been destroyed by them: all the machines and implements (some of which may be curious since a new process of making gunpowder had been invented at that manufactory), they carried off and sent in boats along the Seine.

The exactions enforced, and devastations committed by the Allies collectively, since their invasion of France, may be valued at a hundred and fifty millions of francs. This is independent of the regular contribution, till the payment of which, a hundred and fifty thousand foreigners are to be maintained at the expence of the nation. The Prussians have not cost less to France than three francs a-day, each man, during their stay.

The loss sustained by the possessors of landed property may be estimated, at least, at one year's income, and in many instances at more. The difficulty of raising money upon property may afford an idea of its insecurity, or at least of the opinion of its insecurity. Before the enterprize of Buonaparte, money was to be raised at four, or even three and a half per cent. upon landed property, and at five per cent. upon emoluments from office. Now money is to be had upon hardly any terms: — and this difficulty of raising money occurs at a period when demands for it are made from all quarters; which may give an idea of the general distress of the country.

The following is a list of the statues, and other works of sculpture, conquered by Buonaparte in 1797, and sent to France, all of which she has now lost:

The Apollo.
The Meleager.
The Torso.
The Antinous (of the Vatican).
The Adonis.
The Hercules of Commodus.

The Apollo of the Muses.
The Discobolus.
The Piping Faun.
The Torso of Cupid.
The Paris.
The Zeno.
The Discobolus 2d.
The Julius Cæsar.
The Augustus.
The Tiberius (with his toga).
The Terpsichore.
The Polyhymnia.
The Melpomene.
The Thalia.
The Clio.
The Calliope.
The Euterpe.
The Erato.
The Trajan.
The Posidipi.
The Menander.
The Shepherd (plucking the thorn).
The Dying Gladiator.
The Crouching Venus.
The Cleopatra.
The Laocoon.
The Adrian.
The Phocian.
The Demosthenes.
The Sardanapalus.

The Sextus Hipperius.
The Antinous (of the Capitol.)
The Melpomene, } different from the
The Urania, } foregoing.
The Venus.
The Juno.
The Flora.
The Ariadne.
The Vestal.
The Little Ceres.
The Amazon.
The Minerva.
The Hebe.
The Cupid and Psyche.
The Jupiter.
The Homer.
The Alexander.
The Jupiter Serapis.
The Menelaus.
The Junius Brutus.
The Marcus Brutus.
The Ocean.
The Cato and Porcia.
The Two Sphinxes.
The Urania.
The Three Candelabras.
The Three Altars.
The Tomb of the Muses.
The Tiber, and several other pieces.

The following is a list of pictures taken by the same personage at the same time, and now restored to the owners:

The Transfiguration.	*Raphael.*
The Assumption.	Do.
The Crowning of the Virgin.	Do.
The Annunciation.	Do.
The Adoration of the Magi.	Do.
The Baptism of our Saviour.	Do.
Faith, Hope, and Charity.	Do.
The Resurrection of our Saviour.	Do.
The Resurrection.	*P. Perugino.*
The Holy Family.	Do.
St. Augustin and the Virgin.	Do.
The Marriage of the Virgin.	Do.
The Virgin and the Saints of Perugium.	Do.
The Prophets.	Do.
St. Benedict.	Do.
St. Placida.	Do.
St. Scholastica.	Do.
The Eternal Father.	Do.
St. Sebastian.	Do.
St. Augustin.	Do.
St. Bartholomew.	Do.
St. Paul.	Do.
St. John.	Do.
The Virgin.	Do.
The Deposition of the Cross.	Do.
A Virgin.	Do.
The Circumcision.	*Guercino.*

St. Petronilla.	*Guercino.*
St. Thomas.	Do.
St. Jerome.	*Dominichino.*
Martyrdom of St. Agnes.	Do.
The Virgin of St. Jerome.	*Corregio.*
The Virgin a l'Ecuelle.	Do.
The Descent from the Cross.	*Caravagio.*
Piety.	*Hannibal Carracci.*
The Nativity.	Do.
St. Romualdo.	*Andrea Sacchi.*
A Miracle.	Do.
A Virgin of St. Francis.	*Alfani.*
Fortune.	*Guido.*
Martyrdom of St. Peter.	Do.
The Virgin.	*Garafalo.*
Martyrdom of St. Erasmus.	*Poussin.*
Martyrdom of St. Gervais.	*Valentino.*
The Crowning.	*Procacini.*
The St. Sebastian.	Do.

Venice and Modena afforded many other pictures and curious works of art; and no notice is taken here of the spoliations from Germany, the Netherlands, &c., — so that the above include but a small portion of the restorations.

To the Museum of Natural History Buonaparte sent

The Hortus Siccus of Haller.

Spallanzani's Collection of Volcanic Substances.
The Minerals of Pére Pirri of Milan.
The Minerals of the Institute of Bologna.
The Minerals of Aldrovandi, in sixteen volumes.
The Collection of Marbles and Gems of the Institute of Bologna.
The Manuscript Figures of Aldrovandi, in seventeen volumes.
The Needles of Rock Christal.

The following articles were sent to the National Library:

The Manuscripts of the Ambrosian Library, and of that of Brera.
The Manuscripts of the Abbey of St. Salvador of Bologna.
The Donations made to the Church of Ravenna, on Papyrus, in 490.
The Manuscripts of the Antiquities of Josephus, on Papyrus.
The Manuscripts of the History of the Popes.
A Manuscript of Virgil, which had belonged to Petrarch, with Notes in Petrarch's hand-writing.
The Manuscripts of Galileo in his hand-writing, upon the Flux and Reflux of the Sea; and upon Fortifications.
The port-folio of the Works of Leonardi da Vinci.

Twelve Manuscripts of Vinci upon the Sciences.
The Anatomical Tables of Haller, with additions and corrections in his own handwriting.
The Books of ancient editions, proceeding from the Ambrosian Library, as well as from those of the Institute of Bologna, of the Abbey of St. Salvador, and of the University of Pavia.
Five hundred manuscripts of the Library of the Vatican.

All these articles are now lost to France, and many more, which were taken from other states at different times, and in different ways. That the people should be exasperated at their loss is not strange, for we none of us like to refund, however objectionable may have been the means of acquiring. What has been harshly commented upon in these pages, is that light, superficial turn of public character, which cannot even settle itself into steady anger or sorrow, under a public mortification or calamity, but solaces itself with paltry boastings, encreasing in offensive arrogance as the national condition becomes more debased, — which assumes the air of wis-

dom on the strength of ignorance, — and gratifies itself with a phrase, when it is proved deficient in a quality, or is deprived of a thing.

But there are others, beside the French, who reprobate the breaking up of the Louvre, and these objectors out of France, are chiefly of our own country. So far as they thus shew an independent frame of thinking, and impartiality of disposition, their opinions are very creditable to them, — and, as has been said before, Britain is perhaps the only country in the world, that would furnish a strong party to attack the humiliation and impoverishment of her enemy. Nothing can be more proper than that these measures should be judged on general principles, and not according to the suggestions of pique, prejudice, or selfishness; — but it is precisely when tried by the test of general principles that the propriety of breaking up the collection in the Louvre, is most apparent.

The question resolves itself into one of good taste, — and one of political and moral justice.

As a matter affecting the interests of Fine

Art, it is by many thought a pity that this great collection should not have remained entire, — to be easy of access, — to furnish instruction to the student, whose slender means may not permit him to travel to distant and various places, — and to stand as a great temple, to which the world of taste might flock to offer its adoration. — All this is specious, and will probably remain the favourite doctrine with the many, in spite of any thing that can be here said against it. Nothing, however, can be more fundamentally wrong. It grounds itself entirely upon principles and motives, which have no natural connection with high excellence in the works of art, nor with deep feeling of their beauties. These are facility, common popularity, and economy: — and, on the other hand, it is in opposition to all the qualities and circumstances that have ever chiefly elicited genius, kindled sensibility, and refined the perception. The idea of the great benefit of these standing collections, and organized academies, originates in the mistake of thinking, that excellence, in the arts which derive their essential graces and value from

the imagination, is to be built up in a regular ascent from the merits of their first followers, as in those that are guided solely by reasoning, and are entirely composed of the gains of human knowledge. This is to confound fancy with fact, — and to suppose that what is favorable to the latter, must encrease the powers of the former: — yet, when thus fairly put down on paper, this position will appear to every one absurd. In the imaginative arts, whatever dissolves a charm of the feeling, does more mischief than can be compensated for by any saving of money or trouble. This being the case, it follows that a picture or a statue in Rome must be of more use to art than two pictures or two statues in Paris. It will be said, and truly, that they are more easily seen, copied, and studied in Paris; — that many can go to see them there, that could not go to Rome; — that it is allowing the young artist to save his money, and to save his time, to put all the fine works of art together, and enable him to sit down before them with every accommodation. This mode of reasoning has

reference to an artificial and improper state of things: — it will generally be in the mouth of the practical artist, as things are, — for the practice of art is now a trade, or at least a profession, to which thousands are annually devoted, as to the bar, or to surgery; — and must therefore be systematically bred up, as young lawyers go to the courts to learn precedents and forms, and young surgeons attend hospitals to see all the varieties of diseases. The convenience and support of a system like this can command no indulgence from sound criticism. If great collections did nothing worse than seduce and sustain this large stock of artists, they would deserve to be decried as pernicious mischiefs, — as any thing would, that should make fathers talk of making their sons poets, — poetry being a very genteel and profitable way of gaining a livelihood! — To be a good painter is as exclusively the gift of nature, as to be a good poet, — though a bungler of the former class is certainly more endurable than a bad versifier. In England, we have put the practice in question on the most reasonable footing that it will admit of, — by constituting

portrait painting a regular branch of our manufactures: — eminence in which may lead a man to the honor of knighthood as certainly as if he were eminent as a soap-boiler, or as a cotton-spinner, or as a vender of lottery tickets. Now, though it does not fall within common natures, however trained, to produce poetical paintings, yet there are few who may not be taught how to get up a portrait which shall be very much prized when hung up over family chimney-pieces. These, then, have their sufficient uses, and draw for themselves their own *natural encouragement.* But, in France, they do by imposition, and in theatrical affectation, what in England is done as a genuine exertion, appealing to a real feeling. In Paris there are some hundreds of historical painters, as they are called, who execute academical studies from the statues, which are colder and harder than the marble itself; and who fill spaces of canvas with representations that are utterly uninteresting to any human being whatever, — evincing neither sentiment nor resemblance, — being neither

lofty nor familiar, — neither gratifying common feelings, nor inspiring any thing beyond them. As they are uniformly trained according to one pedantic system, to which they all belong, so they are supported, not in a natural way, but by the immediate interference of the government. They are not left to produce, by their powers, corresponding sympathies in the public breast, leading to the encouragement of their labours; but the summary way of employing them and paying them by authority is had recourse to, — moreover, they have lodgings found them in the Sorbonne, — and thus, without the liberality or feeling of individuals being in any way appealed to, or, in fact, doing any thing worth speaking of, to nourish art, the French brag of their taste, of their patronage of genius, and the splendour of its productions among them. In England, the thing is left to take a simpler and more independent course. The state of the public mind is permitted fairly to shew itself, and the powers of the artists are left to maintain themselves. These, as the general rule,

should be allowed to act and re-act on each other: — if it be regarded as one of the regular functions of the government to support art, a kind of art is sure to be supported, which is not worth its expense.

It is very true, that the greatest intellects and most penetrating imaginations, are most sensible of the importance of study, and of the necessity of looking closely to the merit that has preceded them in their own line. But study may be either the sign or the substitute of native feeling: in the former case only will it lead to any worthy result. I would contend that these vast collections, which are inseparably connected with the dogmas of standard awards, and which enable people to talk and criticize, without its being first necessary to understand or to feel, — are precisely calculated to put study in the place of sensibility. Nor is it perhaps their worst tendency to enable the mere trained pedant to arrogate beyond his title. It is the hackneyed complaint that England is without a fine public collection, — and she is so: — it happens however, that with all the faults of her art, it

is more distinguished than that of any other country, or period since the days when there were few or no great public collections, by the vigour of individual humour, the deep impression of particular character, and the reality of acute observation appearing on the face of its productions, and honorably distinguishing them from the cold and laboured effects of academical discipline, forming a monotonous manner, and mediocre standard. It is always safest that the student should be left to search out for himself the means of study — provided they are not put quite beyond his reach. There is not, probably, any circumstance that would render abortive the workings of genius, or overwhelm its powers; — but it may be safely said, that genius has more to struggle with in these days of aids and rules, than it had in former times, when it was left to choose and effect in its own spirit and strength. The medium state between the absence of models, and their elevation above original conceptions, seems to be that which is best calculated to produce noble works, in an art, the perfection of which is

to be found in an union of dexterity, judgment, and imagination.

But all argument is rendered unnecessary by the proof afforded us in the modern French art, which has grown up under the influence of the great collection in the Louvre. It shews the deplorable effects of studying a manner in preference to cherishing a spirit: it shews, that the weakness of the human mind will not admit that sedulous attention shall be given to what is little and subordinate, without losing the perception of what is great and principal: it shews that, inasmuch as meditative observation seldom exists where there are numbers, and variety, and daily intercourse, a large collection is by no means so useful as diffused specimens, even admitting to models and means of study their highest claims. It is proper that it should be stated broadly, for it can be proved, that the taste of the French in fine art is as bad as their taste in poetry, — and that their practice is consequently bad. This is speaking of their general style, — some exceptions may be found in individuals.

The present opportunity seems a fit one for repelling those aspersions against England, as utterly barbarous in taste and talent for the arts, which, with a culpable indifference, have been permitted to pass uncontradicted from the mouths of our self-sufficient neighbours to the rest of the world. The assertion will be found easier made than proved. Of paintings, England is supposed to possess as fine a collection as any in the world; but then she preserves them in the retirement of her private families, where they have been gathered under the influence of a real feeling, and by whom they have been acquired in a regular and honest way. The strong sense of individual independence and domestic reserve, which belongs to the national character, and which one would not wish to see forfeited for the sake of a little more national decoration, has kept these treasures in the back ground, kindling only the fervour of private devotion, and administering only to an unaffected delight. It is well observed by the author of two volumes of "*Travels in France*," lately published, that Frenchmen "do not seem to

understand why a man should ever be either ashamed or unwilling to disclose any thing that passes in his mind; — they often suspect their neighbours of expressing sentiments which they do not feel, but have no idea of giving them credit for feelings which they do not express." — This at once explains much of that stupid defamation which has been directed against England by foreigners, and which has been chimed in with by some amongst ourselves, who have thus tried to be thought advanced in refinement beyond their country.

It certainly happened that England was not among the earliest to distinguish herself in Fine Art: — we must derive some consolation under the reproach of this, from the circumstance that religion was reformed of its worst and most absurd superstitions, and political tyranny was checked and controlled among us, for some hundred of years before any of our neighbours stirred in these public undertakings, which are surely not quite insignificant. Literature, being essential to the deliverance of the human mind, and the elevation of hu-

man feelings, was always sedulously attended to in England, and in regard to it she has no reason to blush either for her want of taste or want of power. Painting and Sculpture certainly lagged behind; — it would be easy enough to account for their lateness in a way that would rather prove it to reflect credit than dishonour on the *mind* of the people; but it is not necessary to say any thing invidious of two elegant arts. When the accomplishment of great public duties, involving gallant enterprises, had afforded a fair opportunity for relaxation, — when the process of thoughtful inquiry, and the fiery trials of conflict and disputation, had issued in the settlement of a substantial fabric of public strength, freedom, and opulence, — when, the useful having been pretty generally attained, the merely agreeable might be safely cultivated, — England evinced neither a want of taste or talent for elegant imitations. Reynolds, Hogarth, and Wilson, are names which suggest high degrees (some of them the highest) of almost all the variety of excellence belonging to painting.

London is certainly deficient in the elegancies of architecture: though less so than common report declares in consequence of the little parade that is made here of any thing we have. Our palaces are very mean and clumsy: and as these are the first objects to which a foreigner looks, he seldom looks beyond them, being satisfied that they would be elegant if any of our buildings were so. But he ill understands England: — he must turn to what has been done by private wealth or popular spirit, — by commercial prosperity or public charity, for her most magnificent displays: — her sovereigns have seldom had it in their power to build even a cottage, but subject to the severest questioning. The point to be settled is, which is most honourable to a country's *taste*, to say nothing of its general character; — the enjoyment of public liberty, exercising a controul over the authorities of the state, — or the erection of such beautiful palaces, as those which the Bourbons gave to their mistresses.

Referring again to the collection in the Louvre, it ought to be noticed, that many of the finest pictures there, were utterly

destroyed by being in that gallery. No cruelty of violation can be imagined which has not been perpetrated in the formation of this collection, and scarcely an injury to its objects which they have not sustained, as the price of the honour of standing in Paris rather than in Rome or in Florence. The pictures which Rubens painted for the churches of his favourite town, and adapted to the lights of the situations which he himself selected, were taken and hung up in the narrow gallery of a French palace, where, if they were admired by any one, it was by faith and not by sight. — The Venus which presided in the majesty of her loveliness in Italy, which struck a solemn feeling of admiration into every breast that approached her single shrine, was sought out with trouble, and found with difficulty, among the numbers of a long Parisian catalogue. When at last observed, what could be thought of her, amidst such a congregation of busts, and pillars, and colossal statues, but that she was smaller than life, and had been injured in the carriage. Not six feet off, and overwhelming her by its neighbourhood, stood the group of the

Laocoon, and at a few yards distance was the Apollo! Each of these had before held an undivided empire, and drew wise men to worship them in their sacred recesses. But in Paris they were but as feeble auxiliaries to the Champaign of Beauvilliers, and the profligacies of the Palais Royal: they were included in the guides to the amusements of this gross city, along with the *Marionettes*, and the exhibition of a living hermaphrodite. Thus have objects, that formerly gave a fame and attraction to a number of towns and spots of Europe;—which stood singly, or in small collections, fastened to their places by all that men knew of the past, or felt for the present,—which had connected themselves with the foundations of property, as well as with all received and cherished recollections and associations,—been violently torn away, packed up, and crowded together, to fill long tawdry halls, to give employment to a tribe of cleaners, keepers, and porters, and conversation to the mob of the most heartless city in the world. Surely the country to which Milton made a poetical pilgrimage, should not be rendered bare of

its curiosities and beauties, for the sake of a land which has given models chiefly to dancing masters, cooks, and tailors; which has never meddled with any thing fine but to debase it, and never professed a just principle but to the disgrace of its own practice.

Each nation being now in possession of its own treasures of this description, — and their value being fully impressed on the public mind, by the noise that has been made about them, we are now more likely to see good effects result from their study and contemplation, than when they were altogether in the keeping of the French, who corrupted and weakened their influence by low practice and pernicious maxims.

Something has been said in favour of France because she has always opened her exhibitions very freely, and given every accommodation to those who visited them for the purposes of pleasure or of improvement. More disgrace ought to attach to those that are deficient in this courtesy and wisdom, than credit to her for acting as she did. Her collections, be it remembered, were the offspring of her public

policy, — not the signs of her genuine feeling. Her system, therefore, required that they should be unboundedly displayed. She amassed them for external effect more than for internal enjoyment; she could no more think of restricting their exhibition than a lady could think of keeping her ribbons in the mystery of her cabinet. But, as England is miserably and most impolitically churlish in regard to what she possesses, as public property, of the curious and the beautiful, she deserves severe reprehension. It is to be hoped that, as the stir encreases on this subject, sounder notions will spread, and all cause for blame be removed by a more liberal course of management.

The moral and political justice of these restorations, it might have been supposed could not have suggested itself as doubtful. Attention to the claims made by the smaller and weaker states to receive back their property of this description, seems to belong to the general purpose of the Alliance, which was to break up the French system of forcible spoliation, and restore the relative importance, and natural independence, of European states.

No calamity attending French invasion was so much deplored as these rapes: the Grand Duke of Parma offered a million of francs to be permitted to keep one of the finest works of Corregio, and when the robbers refused his offer, saying that it was worth more than twenty millions as calculated to inspire the French mind with the love of "glory," he caused a black marble to be inserted where the picture was formerly hung, to attest his grief. The anxiety shewn to procure the restitution of the works of art is the finest tribute that could be paid to the genius of their authors,—and, by proving the value attached to the possession of them, forms a strong reason for their being replaced. As to saying that France held some of them by treaty, what is that to the purpose, when it is known that she held Spain, and Italy, and the Netherlands, and Holland by treaty? Her plan of putting the language of agreement and approbation into the mouths of her victims, is what chiefly raises the indignation of manly natures against her. Her slaves were made to bless her for the cudgeling they received at her hands,—and to

record that it was by their own free consent that she enriched herself with their property. But much of the spoliation collected in Paris was mere seizure, in utter carelessness of all forms. It was said, when the territory of a formerly independent state became French, that France had a right to take from its towns what she pleased: —, thus a second wrong was justified by the first. But the infamous nature of this pretence becomes most apparent, when it is considered, that the property of particular towns and places in the works of fine art, had not usually been disturbed, even by their national governments. It was never before thought a regular or just thing to enrich the collection of the capital at the expence of every church and gallery throughout the dominions: — on the contrary, the pride of cities, districts, and provinces in their ancient inheritances, and modern performances, was respected, — the benefit of their exhibition was left to them, — and the patriotic attachments, thus fostered, were found of signal use in causing a general gravitating tendency towards the centre of the state. It is by a combination of small

orbits, that the steadiness and order of a large system is produced.

The French urged that it was unjust to strip them on the second visit of the Allies to their capital, because they had been left in full possession of their spoils when Paris first fell into the hands of the foreign armies. Their most plausible argument to illustrate this position was, that, on the second occasion, the Allies came professedly as the friends of the King of France, and even as the friends of the nation, which by no means identified itself with the enterprise of Buonaparte. The answer, however, is easily given. The plundered works of art were not left as belonging of right to the French nation; nor — (and it is material to observe this) — were they so unequivocally and fully left as is pretended. Prussia stipulated with the King's government, in 1814, that her property should be restored, and, if the engagement was not kept, France surely ought not to derive a right from her wrong. If Prussia did not quarrel with her on this score, it only shews that France was treated with more forbearance than she had ever shewn.

Most of the other powers, it is true, consented, that, as a pledge of union and forgetfulness of the past, the French nation should retain its trophies. This was an instance of great generosity, — but it had a distinct and understood object. It was to reconcile and attach all classes of the nation, — and most particularly the army, — to the restored government, by enabling them to regard it unconnectedly with circumstances of humiliation. In fact, it was to shew that no disposition was entertained, in any quarter, to reduce France below the standard of a great and even a glorious state, while she gave proofs that her greatness and her glory were kept in harmony with the rights of mankind and the safety of the world.

But the attempt failed of success; and, whether the French people were, or were not, participators in the scheme that again threw Europe into confusion, the result was the same, and the end of leaving the trophies was disappointed. As no right to them had ever been acknowledged to rest in France, — or rather as the pretence to this right had always been denied and op-

posed, — it remained fairly with the Allies to retract their indulgence in consequence of their experience of its inutility.

Further, however, it was pretty certain, that the intended remedy had an influence to encrease the disease. The favour shewn to France was attributed to the fears of her enemies, — and the bad propensities and fiery passions of the factious and selfish, were stimulated and kept in play by the presence of the memorials of the days of her aggressions. The dangerous classes of her people were nourished in their vicious dispositions by the trophies of their violence, — and these supplied a hurtful excitement to the public mind. The insolence with which they bore themselves towards the indulgence which had been shewn to them, rendered it necessary, not as a matter of pique, but of strict justice and prudence, that the second lesson should be given the other way, and a deep conviction be forced on all the parties of France, that punishment is sure to follow provocation, — that the days are over when war was always a safe game for France to play, and that what is due to good neighbourhood may be

enforced from her weakness, if it is not to be found in her disposition. As to the pretensions rested on the terms of the convention of Paris, the Duke of Wellington's letter, which is a public document, completely refutes them. He states that it was distinctly refused to the commissioners' request, that France should be secured in the possession of the property in the Louvre.

CHAPTER XI.

THE political temper and condition of France, afford but little that is encouraging or even certain. The degradation of a people cannot be contemplated with any satisfaction, but as a measure due to the general safety, or likely to lead to the reformation of the suffering party. As far as relates to the security of the Continent, the first end seems to have been for the present entirely attained, — but the duration of the blessings of tranquillity is confessedly acknowledged to have a material dependence on the settlement of the French people into contented feelings, and a comfortable condition. — That this desirable event is in progress may be possible, — but assuredly it has not yet happened, and there are many perplexing circumstances to interfere with our hopes, and leave us at a loss in the midst of our deductions.

I have considered the severities inflicted

on France as necessary, and therefore justifiable; but their immediate effect has been to kindle the irritation of party, and diffuse misery among the people. These causes, operating on a light, ill-informed, inflammably-constituted public mind, — completely unfit it for acquiring, what it so much wants in these times of restored governments and proposed constitutions, — viz. rational views of its duties in connection with its rights, — and a conviction of the strength which the claims of the latter can derive from an honest observance of the obligations of the former.

It has already been noted in this work, that the deadliest misfortune of France, is the training which she received under her late ruler, to render her fit for his purposes. This has detached the interests of a large part of her population from the welfare of their fellow men, — it has left them without taste for virtue, or hope in peace, — and it has generally corrupted the principles of the mass. Coming, as he did, when the nation was wearied and terrified with the bloody scenes of the revolution, he found the people inclined to submit to

any power that could maintain itself, and would afford safety to their persons. Of this principle of submission, and of the aptitude of the nation to be intoxicated with itself, he took advantage to debauch the general feeling and pervert the public habits, — until at last glory was in every one's mouth, and honesty in no one's. He continued the process, — opposing splendour to refinement and boasting to worth. — Herodotus tells of a king, who built a great monument by the gain of his daughter's prostitution, and this was the system of Buonaparte in regard to the French nation.

His reverses, and the extremity to which he had reduced them, inclined them to pass over to the government that was found agreeable to the wishes of their conquerors, and which was permitted to negociate for them better terms than they could have demanded in their exhausted condition. This was an alteration, upon the whole, certainly for the better, — but there were considerable alloys of the good, and much to impede and counteract its tendencies. The king's government came in too much

on the strength of an old title, — which was neither generally acknowledged by the nation in point of fact, nor very worthy of being so. It should have conceded more to the temper of the time, and the claims of sound principle, by chiefly resting its re-elevation on the foundation of popular choice, and considering its inheritance as only valid, so far as it was sanctioned by the former. But it reversed this ; and regarded the principle of authority as vested in itself, — conceding certain modifications and abatements of the original royal prerogative, as of its own indulgence, rather than as a debt due to the right of the subject to stipulate for the form of his government.

This was a great error, — but, in justice, it should be said, that the constitution granted by Louis the XVIIIth, established a limited monarchy in France ; and, after it was passed into law, the liberties of the people were better guarded and respected, both in the spirit and the practice of the government, than they ever had been before, unless, perhaps, in the first stage of the revolution, when Louis the XVIth

was willingly acting with the wishes of the nation.

It was easy to see, that there were many imperfections in the Bourbon constitution; and that it was by no means what a sensible, determined people, would remain contented with, as establishing a just degree of public freedom. But it required a good deal of confidence to say, that the fault was all on the side of the government. The French people, whatever may be pretended to the contrary, are in a state of great ignorance, — and this leaves them in a condition to be practised upon for any factious purpose. The grossest absurdities will be believed by them, if recommended by what flatters their vanity, or seems to address their interests. It is too much to decide at once that the unlimited liberty of the press was desirable for a people of this description, and ought to have been instituted amongst them on the instant of their rising from the depths of slavish submission, in which they had been sunk for twelve years, under the weight of Imperial tyranny.

The despotism in question had naturally

many friends of influence remaining, — and almost the whole of the military were known to be in its favour, from motives the most opposed to those which are calculated for a free state. But the cant of liberty might have been used by infuriated and unprincipled men, if the means of appeal to the public opinion had been left as open as they ought to be in more matured and settled states of society.

Of all the accusations brought against the Bourbon government, that of attempting to restore the reign of bigotry and superstition, has been most eagerly listened to in England, and has excited the greatest prejudice against the family. It is to be remembered, however, that the decay of religion in France has been deemed the most fatal and disgusting symptom of her condition; the hideous source of the mischiefs she has committed, and the miseries she has suffered, — and that it has been said she could give no security for preserving public faith until there appeared in her domestic condition a renovation in this particular. The religion of France before the Revolution was the Catholic religion, — and whatever

remained to her after the Revolution was chiefly the Catholic religion. It includes ceremonies and priests, rather more pompously displayed than our own, but of the same family, — and if the King was to endeavour to restore religion in France, he could not be expected totally to abolish processions and expel priests. There was a provision in the constitution for the toleration of sectaries; and while, in point of fact, Protestants, in great number, are settled in France, — while they have their preachers and places of worship, — while the regular clergy continue destitute of rich endowments, and degraded in the consequence of their characters — the reign of bigotry in France can never be what it was, — nor can there be rationally much fear entertained of falling back into the superstitious follies and severities of the dark ages. The disturbances in the south of France, of which we have recently heard so much, have, beyond a doubt, been greatly exaggerated, and materially misrepresented as wholly religious when they have been chiefly political. In this quarter the fire of political discord has always been alive; and

parties have always here had a desperate struggle for the upper hand, at every revolution of public affairs that has occurred in France.

A scanty portion of liberty, therefore, — but sufficient, as it would seem, to serve as seed for future abundance, I consider to have been established in that country by the restoration of the Bourbons: and surely no violation of the principles of popular rights, that was connected with their return, ought to be considered so odious or so dangerous as the general profligacy of the Imperial system, which was founded in gross apostacy from freedom, — the existence of which was utterly irreconcilable with independent sentiment, — that acknowledged in nothing a right sacred from the interference of its power, — and that drew its growth from the rankness of corruption, moral, political, and personal.

I have discussed in a previous chapter, the feeling with which Buonaparte's last enterprize was regarded. The nation shewed no strength of attachment to the Bourbons, — but as the visitor from Elba had not been desired by the people, so he did not

receive what can fairly be called popular support. The army joined him on the principle that full pay is better than half pay, and the chance of promotion than the certainty of reduction.

His fall this time, seems final, — and so far the Bourbons are relieved from a danger: — but it may be questioned whether the course of things was not proceeding, on the whole, better for them, and for the cause of improvement in France, before Buonaparte made his second appearance. The passions of parties have now been kindled with encreased violence; — *ultra-royalism*, as it is called, has raised its monstrous head, — professing to see in the last disturbance the necessity for giving a stronger hand to authority, and for its holding a higher language of prerogative. The punishments of some of those most active in the revolt, of necessity followed the return of the King, — though nothing, in the shape of a plan of punishment, could well be more mild than that which the royal administration chalked out. But in these collisions, and exercises of royal authority, they, whose interests are con-

nected with the foundations of the Revolution, see ground for alarm, — and the general want of political information, and the demoralized state of the public character, render it impossible for the King, whose inclinations and principles are decidedly moderate, to reckon on a substantial support, supplied from the sense of his subjects, which would enable him to resist the zealotry of the friends of arbitrary usages, without incurring danger from the opposite side of disappointed anarchists.

That the Allies would have made a very dangerous experiment by trusting to the peaceable and virtuous professions of Buonaparte, when he was Emperor for the second time, will be allowed by most people. I am inclined to think that they acted very wisely and justly in disregarding them, — for it seems that no well-informed Frenchman, even of those about his person, deemed that he had any sincere intention in what he declared in favour of a liberally constructed government. This being the case, — and the alterations made by him in the Bourbon constitution, being, on the

whole, in a despotic spirit, — the world was imminently threatened with a renewal of all his old perfidies and violations. The army was as much devoted to him as ever, and would have done his bidding as readily. Many of the old republicans had become tainted in his despotic school, and had fallen in love with titles and rich appointments. The nation stood in awe, even to infatuation of his personal influence, — and had not improved in any one quality, since his banishment, which would have been of use to them in opposing his encroachments. His marshals were professionally indifferent about civil liberty, — or rather, in their interests as military men, hostile to it. It is difficult, therefore, to understand on what ground it has been argued, that it was very unlikely that Buonaparte, if established as Emperor for the second time, could have backslided from his engagements. That he would have done so is most probable, — for the spirited manner in which the House of Representatives forced upon him his second abdication, is to be traced to the circumstances of distress in which he was then placed, and shews only their distrust of the man.

His removal, I repeat, was indispensable as an example and a security, — but the means employed, and their consequences, demand vigilance, and even suggest anxiety. France, through her own vices and ignorance chiefly, has left herself at the mercy of mere authority: rulers have been accustomed to contemplate the exercise of power in its most absolute shape — and they have found what they can do in combination. On the other hand, it seems evident, that in general, they see the prudence of softening down the harsher features of the old political institutions of Europe, and of, in some degree, incorporating public sentiment among the forces of government. They have felt and acknowledged, that the popular spirit was the soul of their cause in the hour of its trial, — and there are signs abroad which give little short of an asurance that this spirit must still continue to be respected.

In conclusion, the writer would justify the general turn of his political views as expressed throughout this work, by a repetition of his conviction, that the cause of liberty is *on the growth in the world;*

— and that, though the hopes of society may still be encompassed with dangers, yet that the greatest danger has been escaped, — viz. that of wandering from the path of real improvement, in the fatal mistake of following an *ignis fatuus* for a light of the time. Slowness may be quickened into activity; a stoppage may be goaded into an advance; even a retrograde motion still leaves the right line in view: — but if mankind had plunged with confidence and joy into the way that falsely promised to lead unto life, their progress would have caused one evil and error to succeed to another, and return would have been prevented by a Circean intoxication of faculty and poisonous corruption of heart. Every thing genuine, cordial, and good, would then have been killed or depraved, in the deluge of that abominable style of acting and thinking to which Buonaparte has formed the public character of present France. According to this, fine words are substitutes for fine feelings, loud boastings for excellent qualities, and the cant and counterfeit of taste and morality are employed to beguile the consciousness of the multitude, while the

people are made the instruments and dupes of a system essentially savage, coarse, and guilty. — But from this danger mankind have been relieved: — they may not, it is true, now seem to proceed so rapidly towards all that is desirable in condition as some of zealous temperaments may wish; but most of those, who complain of tardiness, would shew themselves more worthy of the cause they profess, if they were to discover a due sense of joy that the world has escaped from death.

FINIS.

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